

OVER 132 PAGES IN THIS ISSUE

# Modern Screen

FEBRUARY



10 CENTS

THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION OF ANY  
SCREEN MAGAZINE

ORETTA  
YOUNG

**SPECIAL! EXTRA 16 PAGES**  
WITH  
**COMPLETE LIFE STORY OF  
CHARLES BOYER**

**1937 Forecast For TAYLOR, GARBO, GABLE,  
COLBERT, COOPER, HARLOW, HEPBURN**



# Highly Indelible Lipstick by SAVAGE



Let your lips be savagely red . . . warmly moist like dew... and tenderly soft... so soft that to touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan, junglish reds of Savage Lipstick  
TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE



...and nothing is so sure to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indelible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your lips to lure . . . and longer. None other is like Savage!  
TWENTY CENTS AT ALL TEN CENT STORES



# A Clean Face

● How *clean* is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be *sure* of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new *Golden Cleansing Cream*—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

## A New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold*, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

## Contains Colloidal Gold

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the only cream that brings you the deep-pore cleansing of colloidal gold. You can't see or feel this gold because it is not a metal—any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form, similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream. What you *do* see is a smooth, non-liquefying cream, rose-pink in color, suitable for cleansing every type of skin.

## Costs No More

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**is the secret of radiant beauty!**



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● Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?



● Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

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Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream.  
(This offer is good in United States only.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dealer's Name.....

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM**

Copr. 1937 by Daggett & Ramsdell



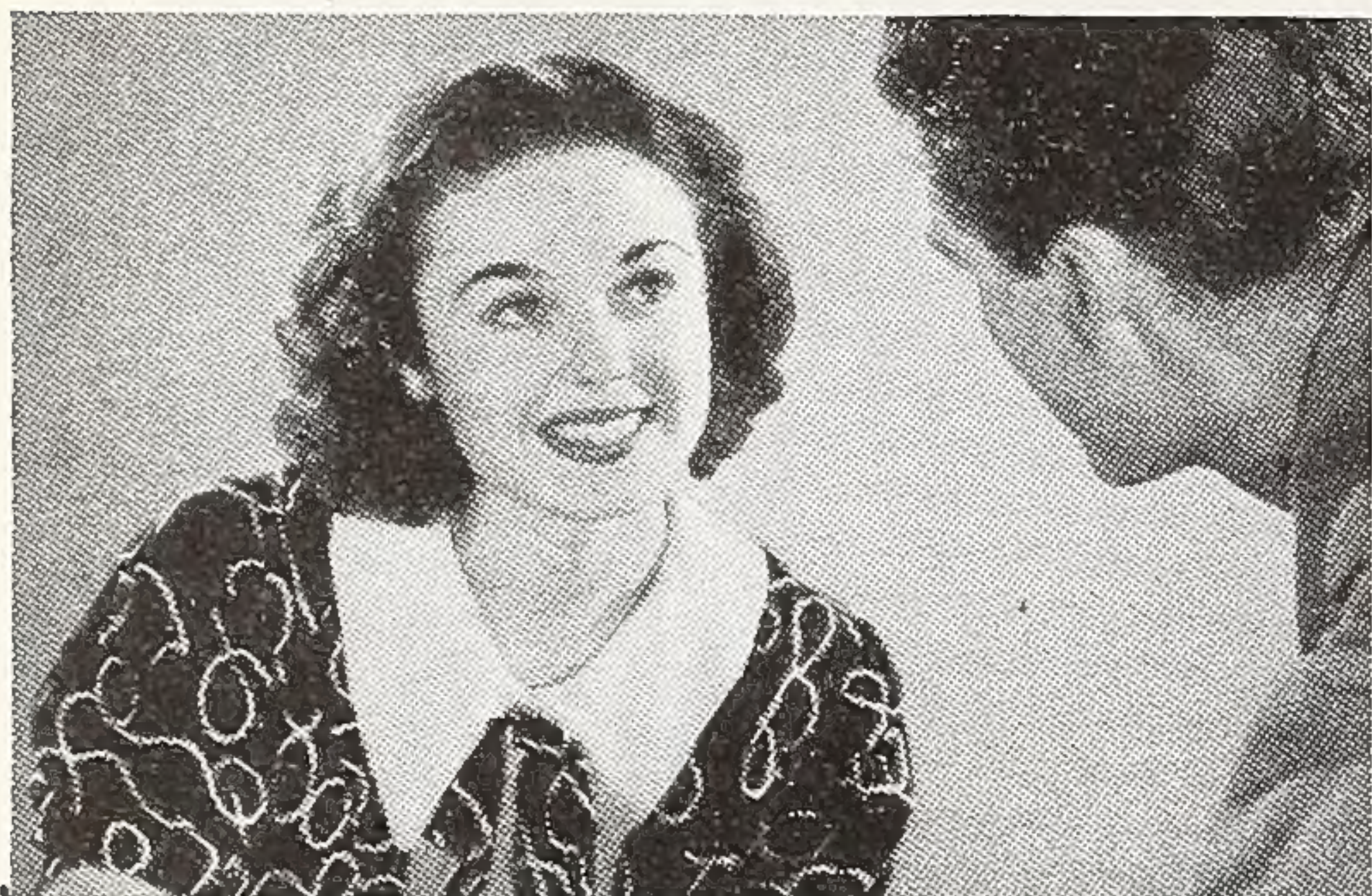
WHAT AN  
AWFUL  
HEADACHE!



● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.



Family-sized boxes  
only  
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

# Modern Screen

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*The fragrance of  
her camelias intoxi-  
cated his senses . . .*



*"Crush me in your arms  
until the breath is gone  
from my body!"*

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

*Greta* **GARBO**  
*Robert* **LOVES**  
**TAYLOR**

IN

*CAMILLE*

with **LIONEL BARRYMORE**  
**ELIZABETH ALLAN** • **JESSIE RALPH**  
**HENRY DANIELL** • **LENORE ULRIC**  
**LAURA HOPE CREWS**

*A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel  
"La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre  
Dumas. Directed by George Cukor*





# Our Trip Abroad

Lilliane and John take off for an air view of England.



THEY'RE BACK! And what fascinating experiences those two lucky winners of our "New Movie Types" Contest had to relate.

Even while their baggage was going through Customs, Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie talked enthusiastically about what they did from the moment they sailed for England on the *Queen Mary* until their last few minutes on board the *Berengaria*, coming home.

Going over, both Lilliane and John got a great kick out of meeting and mingling with famous people. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. was on board and they met him. One night a party was given in honor of Lilliane. And every day there was the constant round of shipboard activities—all a new scene for the two.

We asked John what he thought was the highlight of the trip as far as he was concerned. He answered quickly that he got the biggest thrill out of their trip through the House of Commons and the (Continued on page 88)



Gaumont-British make-up artists get Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie ready for tests.

## Our lucky "New Movie Types" Contest Winners tell all!



Sonnie Hale directs Lilliane and John.



# NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL..ONCE WORN AWAY..  
NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!



be  
safe.

**Protect precious enamel  
Once lost, it's gone for  
ever. Be safe and with  
flashing new luster with  
absolute security!**

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them... decay attacks teeth. The days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! No science brings you the *utterly safe* tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit—no harsh abrasive.

#### *Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM*

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately, freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action* known in tooth pastes.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring, scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to brilliant luster you never even saw before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone notices. Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin now to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with *absolute safety*.

#### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM...**

Pepsodent contains NO GRIT  
NO PUMICE. —*Utterly Safe!*

#### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM...**

Pepsodent contains NO SOAP... NO  
CHALK. Gently floats film away,  
instead of scrubbing it off.

—*Utterly Thorough!*

#### **BECAUSE OF IRIUM...**

Pepsodent tones up gums and  
promotes free-flowing saliva.

—*Utterly Refreshing!*

Pepsodent alone among  
Tooth Pastes contains **IRIUM**

be safe.

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**  
IT ALONE CONTAINS **IRIUM**







(Left to right) Annette, Marie, Yvonne, Emilie and Cecile "between scenes" on the "Reunion" set, just outside their door up Callander way. World Copyright, 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

# Five-Star Capers

The unpredictable Quintuplets go Hollywood again

By Henry Phillips

SPEAKING of the Quintuplets as "The Five Most Famous Screen Stars" may seem like a haphazard statement. Nevertheless, there are many astounding facts to support the contention that the Dionnettes might have a slight edge on even Shirley Temple if a showdown were possible. No one desires a poll, however, and there probably never will be one. Setting aside all facts and figures, the five little Canadians still command first place in the human interest headlines throughout the universe. All without a press-agent!

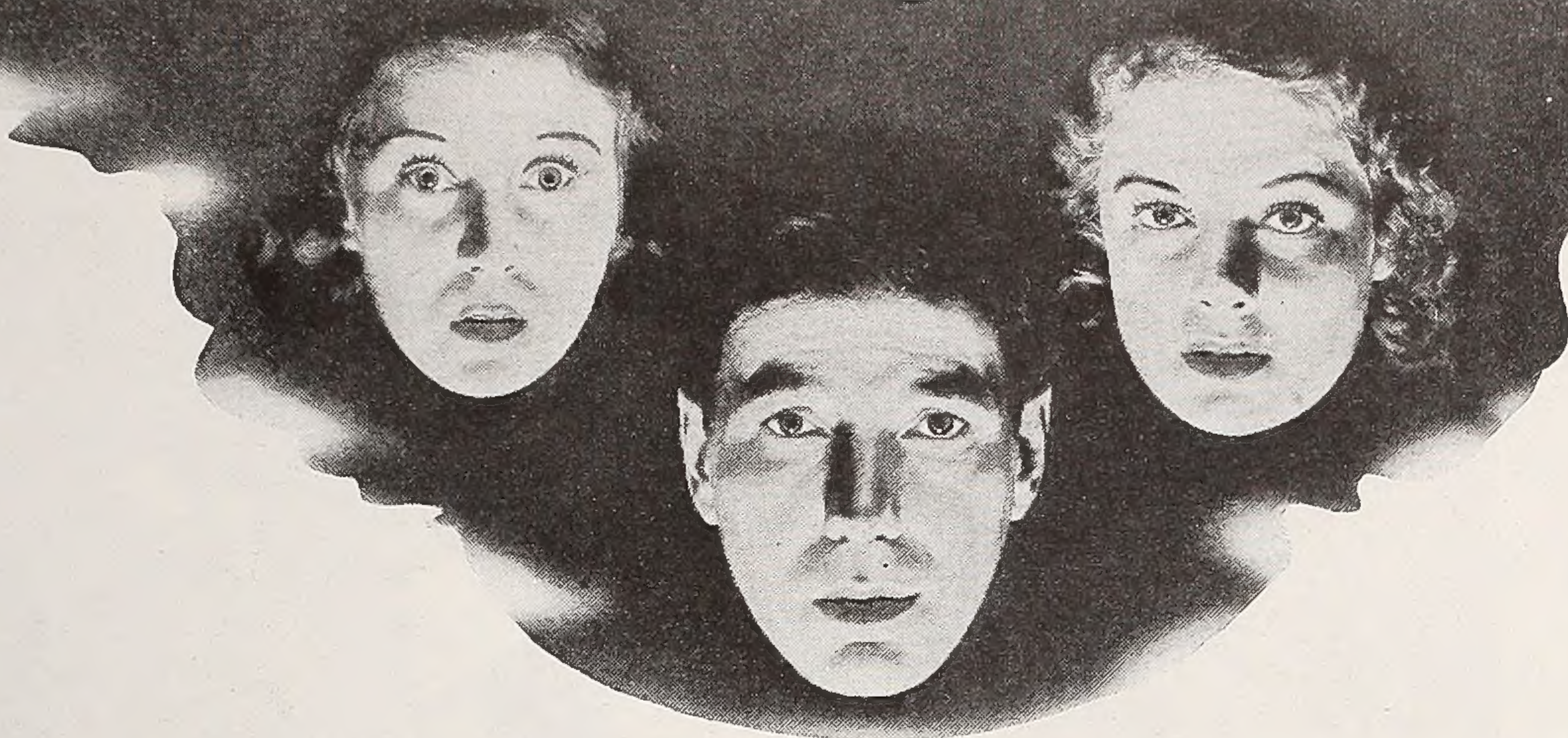
And no wonder! The youngsters put on a show twice daily on their "lot" in far-off Callander, Ontario, "if the weather permits." The performance goes on throughout spring, summer and autumn and during a great part of the winter. At the last showing we witnessed, the "house" numbered ten thousand persons, and according to the records, we were in the neighborhood of the two-millionth onlooker. Automobiles from nearly every State in the Union and all the Provinces of Canada were parked by the hundreds on the hill and stretched for miles down the road. This was the second show; three thousand more had been there in the morning and departed for their distant homes—Texas, California, Georgia. . . .

The show is unique because there are no precedents, the performers have no prototypes. The little stars don't even know that a show is going on, or that they have an audience!

Just how to preserve all the sweet naturalness that is the essence of the Dionne Quintuplets was the hardest job that ever confronted a moving picture director. When Norman Taurog directed their first picture a year ago, "The Country Doctor," the task had been comparatively simple. The budding stars had just passed their first birthday. They were just sweet babies, barely able to creep about and do all the cunning things that most all babies do—multiplied by five. However, in making the newest movie, "Reunion," they found five husky, mischievous young ladies, each with a mind of her own and a pair of sturdy legs ever ready to carry her in the direction her strong will had predetermined she was going to go. For a whole year the youngsters had been driving along extreme, "natural" lines of non-restraint in their bringing up. Though they were born at the same time and looked exactly alike to the stranger, externally, they were as utterly different in their ideas as though they had been members of an infantile (Continued on page 96)



The Screen Brings America's  
**INVISIBLE TERROR** Right Out Into the Open!



# "BLACK LEGION"



## DEATH TO! SQUEALERS!

That's the law of this devil cult—the body and soul pledge made by every man who *for thirty pieces of silver* buys the privilege of killing his neighbor!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to be the first to bring to the screen the *whole* savage, terrible behind-the-scenes story of these Midnight Marauders of the Midwest! All of it—every bullet-riddled paragraph—hurled across the screen with the dramatic fury of another "G-Men" or "I Am A Fugitive".

To producers, to director and to a great cast—brilliantly headed by Humphrey Bogart in a role even more intensely dynamic than his "Killer" of "Petri-fied Forest"—alike are due the plaudits of a million fans for making this thrilling indictment of the *world below the underworld* this month's tops in cinema excitement!

### BLACK LEGION OATH

In the name of heaven and hell,  
by the powers of light and dark-  
ness. ¶ I pledge my heart, my  
brain, my body and my limbs  
to executing the orders of  
my superiors. ¶ I will show no  
mercy and will submit to all  
the tortures man can inflict  
and suffer the most horrible  
death rather than reveal a  
single word of this, my oath...

**THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH**

*Warner Bros.*

**HUMPHREY BOGART**

DICK FORAN · ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE

ANN SHERIDAN · Helen Flint · Joseph

Sawyer · Addison Richards · Eddie Acuff

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO



"Green Light" is the winner this month of Modern Screen's Award of Merit.

Here are the leads, Anita Louise and Errol Flynn, receiving the placque from our Hollywood Editor, Leo Townsend.

The entire cast was delighted with the honor conferred upon their picture.



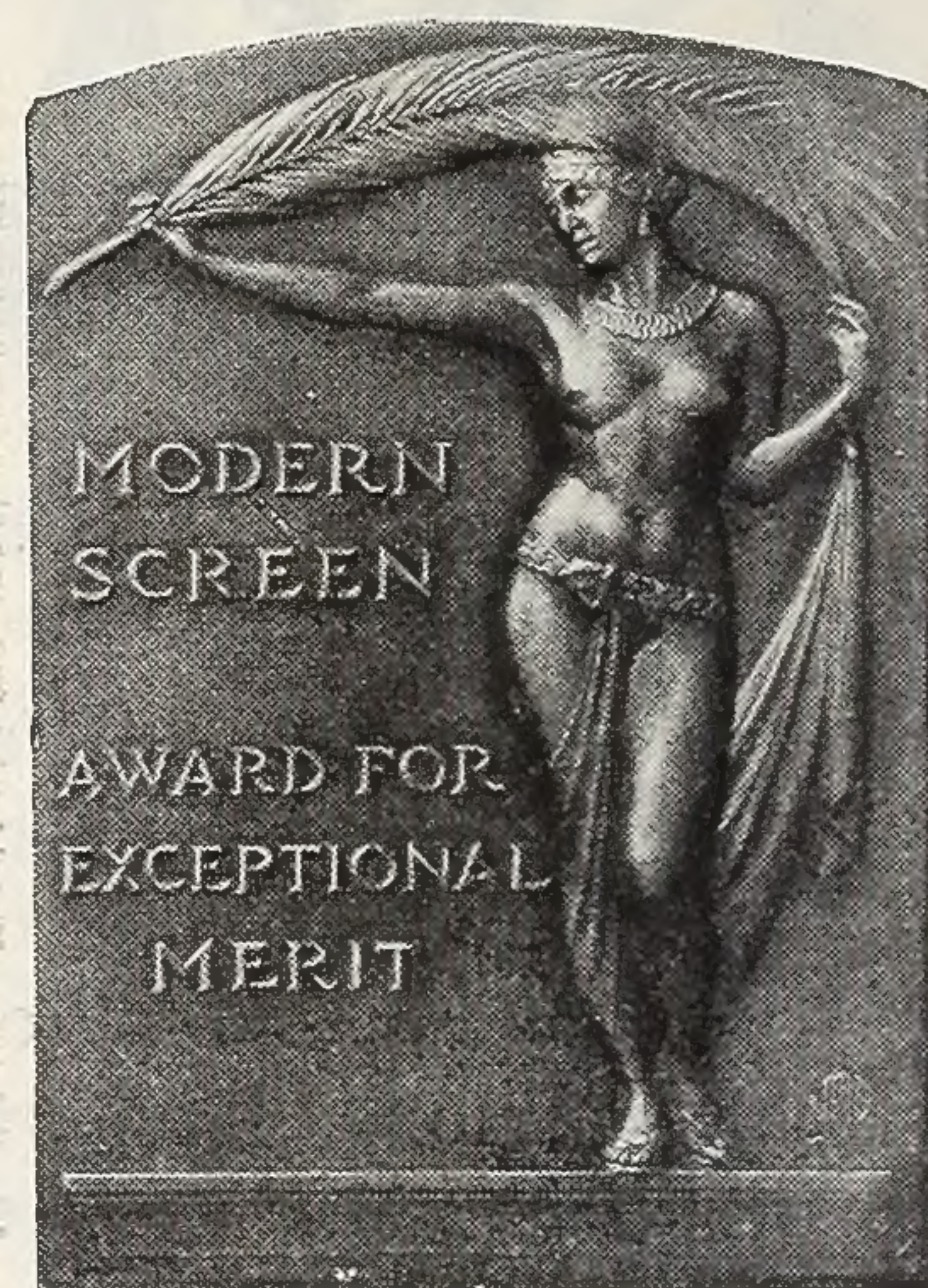
We

## Salute "Green Light"

Our congratulations, this month, are tendered to those capable people who have made possible such a splendid picturization of the Lloyd C. Douglas best seller, "Green Light."

These monthly awards by Modern Screen are your guides to the cream of the year's picture crop. Only those pictures rate the medal which offer the finest in entertainment value for you. These are the about-to-be-released pictures which you will want to put on your "must" list. Watch for our next month's Award of Merit—it means another evening's assured entertainment for you!

Director Frank Borzage, a master hand at turning out fine pictures, gets the most out of the original novel, dramatizing it with a nicety that spells big box-office appeal. And he gets the most out of his talented cast. Errol Flynn and Anita Louise both reach new acting heights in their characterizations. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Margaret Lindsay, Spring Byington and Walter Abel share honors.



### Modern Screen's Medal Award Picture, "Green Light," a First National-Cosmopolitan production, reviewed by Leo Townsend

Author Lloyd C. Douglas owes a deep bow to the picture industry. In his novels, his inspirational themes and his "Glory, Hallelujah!" shouting are often overdone and are certainly not regarded with enthusiasm by critical or sophisticated readers. "Magnificent Obsession," for instance, was hardly a literary triumph, yet its picture version was one of last year's biggest box-office attractions.

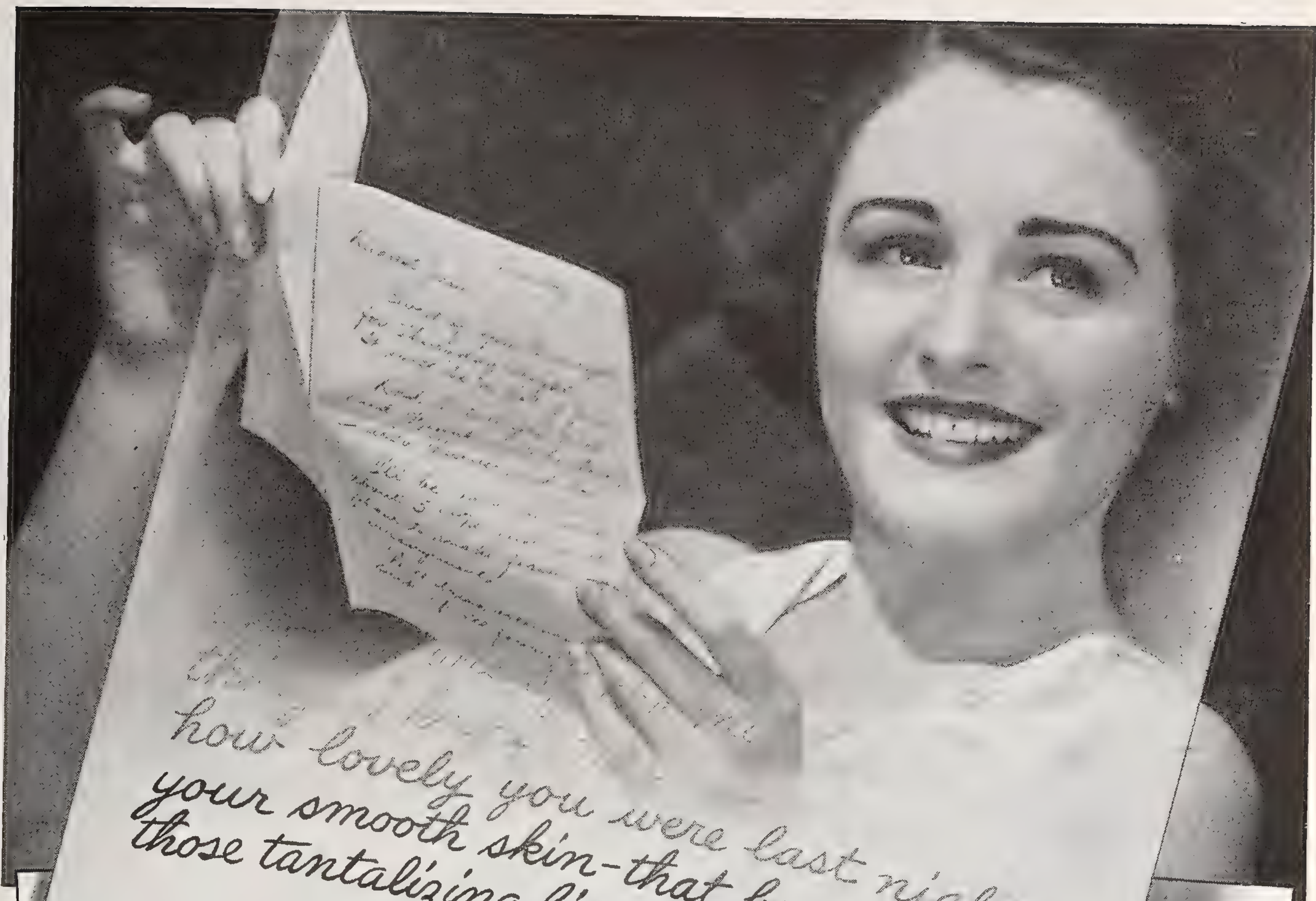
As a novel, "Green Light" parallels the earlier Douglas work, while as a picture it offers strong audience appeal which will undoubtedly place it among the most popular films of 1937. It excels "Magnificent Obsession" in construction and execution, for it is much more plausible than its predecessor. Its greatest asset is that it offers Errol Flynn in his first non-costume role, and for that it deserves considerable applause, for young Mr. Flynn proves beyond all doubt that he is one of the most interesting new players to come to the screen in several years. In this, his third picture, he establishes himself as Robert Taylor's leading rival for the hearts—and also the patronage—of the country's feminine theatre-goers.

Briefly, the story concerns a young surgeon (Flynn) in a metropolitan hospital. Dr. Endicott (Henry O'Neill), head surgeon of the hospital, has allowed himself to become more interested in Wall Street than in his own institution. When Mrs. Dexter (Spring Byington), one of the hospital's wealthy patronesses, needs an emergency operation, Dr.

Endicott is busy at his broker's office. Flynn orders the operation begun immediately. In the middle of proceedings, Dr. Endicott bustles into the operating room, nervous after just losing a fortune in Wall Street, and commits an error which leads to Mrs. Dexter's death. Dr. Endicott allows the blame to fall on Flynn, who resigns from the hospital, embittered and sour on life. A chance meeting with Dean Harcourt (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), whose radio sermons had been an inspiration to Mrs. Dexter, also leads him to meet Phyllis Dexter (Anita Louise), who believes him responsible for her mother's death. It is the Dean's problem to adjust his two young friends to themselves and to the world.

In the role of the young surgeon, Errol Flynn offers a vital and moving study of a man to whom life has lost its meaning. The handsome young Irishman has virility, charm and—in case you didn't notice it in his costume pictures—considerable acting ability. As Phyllis Dexter, Anita Louise gets her best screen opportunity to date. Perhaps the loveliest of the younger screen stars, she is definitely advancing as an actress. Next to Flynn's performance in excellence is that of Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the role of Dean Harcourt. Long a favorite of London stage and screen audiences, he establishes himself here as one of the finest of character players. Spring Byington is entirely believable as Mrs. Dexter, and there are good performances by Margaret Lindsay, as a nurse in love with Flynn, and Walter Abel, a fellow surgeon at the hospital.





*how lovely you were last night!—  
your smooth skin—that becoming blush—  
those tantalizing lips, I'll love you always  
Bill*



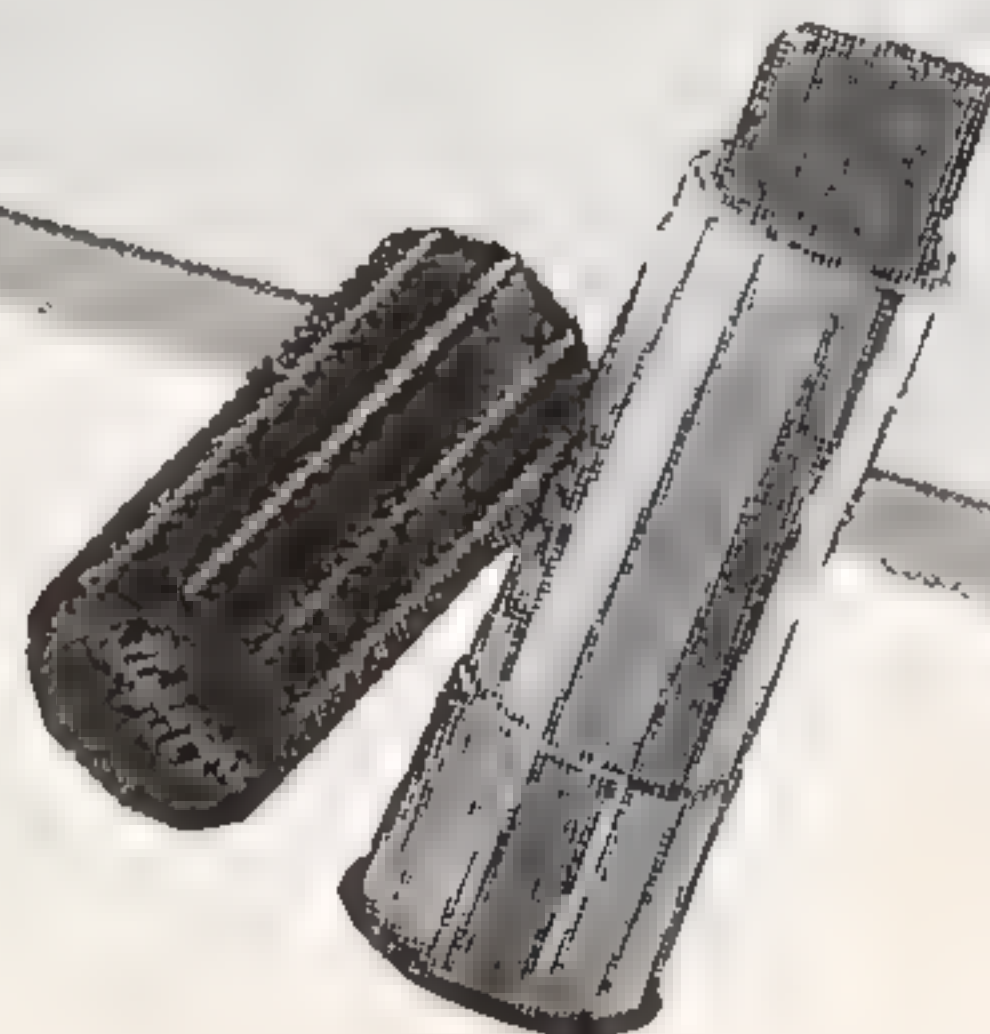
**Avoid Wrinkles, Large Pores**

Skin must be healthy to be lovely. Stimulate skin tissues with Hollywood Mask Facial. Purge pores of blackheads, rancid oils. Marvelously simple to use. Large tube \$1. Trial size 10c.



**Natural Color Harmony . . .  
New Clinging Rouge**

Rouge must give youthful effect by accenting your natural individual color skin type. Try Hollywood Mask Rouge in Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 50c. Purse size 10c.



**Lipstick to Match Rouge . . .  
for True Harmony**

Luscious tantalizing reds that flatter most because matched with rouge. Keeps lips soft—prevents chapping—lasts out many more kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra size 55c. Trial size 10c.



**End "Plaster-of-Paris"  
Made-Up Look**

Now—powder that won't show—because subtle, flattering shades complement your own color skin type. Stays, stays, STAYS on—hours longer. Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large size 75c. Purse size 10c.

Lovely girl!—she knew what to do to hold him! No hit-or-miss cosmetics for her. You, too, can follow her simple plan—just as thousands of modern women all over America are doing. Turn to Hollywood Mask matched make-up—make-up keyed to your most important make-up feature—your natural skin color. Choose Hollywood Mask's new blending secrets, new balanced color ingredients—for gloriously natural-appearing loveliness! It's the *natural* thing to do!

Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 10 cent stores. Use the coupon to list your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge and lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Send now for purse sizes.

**Hollywood**  
HOLLYWOOD  
AND CHICAGO  
**MASK**

**MAIL FOR HOLLYWOOD MASK MATCHED MAKE-UP**

**HOLLYWOOD MASK, Inc.,**  
105 W. Monroe St., Dept. 127, Chicago.

Send purse size cosmetics checked.  
I enclose 10c for each as checked  
to cover packaging and mailing.

Name . . . . .  
Street . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .

**Lipstick**  
☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐ Orange ☐ Raspberry

**Rouge**  
☐ Orange ☐ Poppy ☐ Raspberry ☐ Peachbloom

**Powder**  
☐ Rachelle Brunette ☐ Dark Rachelle ☐ Creole ☐ Peach ☐ Natural ☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan



# A Culinary Cruise

## WITH ERROL FLYNN

By Marjorie Deen



Errol Flynn has a "quick lunch" in the studio commissary after finishing "Green Light."



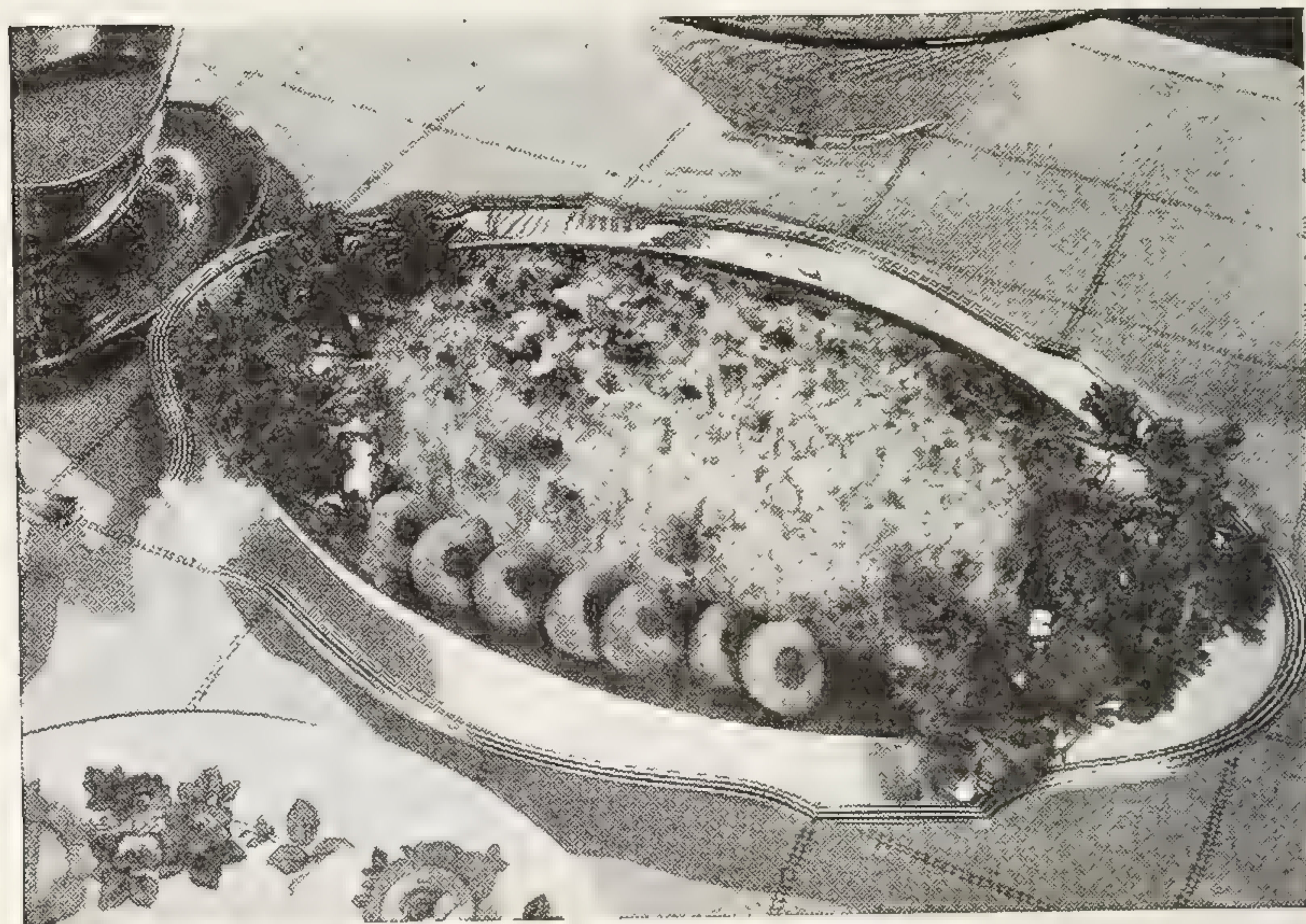
Solve the "What shall I cook today?" problem by serving this delicious Mexican Tamale Loaf with Spanish Sauce. The Modern Hostess will send you the recipe for the asking.

I'VE JUST been around the world with Errol Flynn! What if our magic carpet was only a tablecloth in the studio commissary; what if our voyage did take but one fleeting hour—the trip was a gay and memorable one just the same. And I came away convinced that life is full of pleasant surprises—even for a cooking editor!

For, much as I looked forward to meeting this dashing and adventurous young man, I certainly never expected to find him at all helpful for an article on foods, of all things. "Here was a man," I had thought, "who has sailed the seven seas and traveled on every continent—a man for whom life has been a continuous series of adventures. Why, if I question him about anything as commonplace as the things he likes to eat, he'll just shut up like a clam."

But to my complete amazement he did nothing of the kind. For, as it happens, Errol has "eaten his way around the world," so to speak, loves to talk about the strange and delicious foods he has sampled on his travels and even admits he can cook. "Admits," did I say? Well, that's too mild a word, since he actually boasts of his culinary knowledge and ability. And judging from one of the menus he outlined for me—and which I shall give you later on—when it comes to eating he is quite the connoisseur.

Hard for you to imagine the swashbuckling pirate of "Captain Blood," the dashing, handsome officer of "Charge of the Light Brigade," as a food enthusiast, isn't it? And, I imagine, practically impossible for you to think of him as actually knowing how to cook. But you must remember that before his arrival in Hollywood,



Errol's life was one of adventure and exploration in most of the known and some of the unknown spots on this globe of ours. Not only has he sampled many novel and appetizing dishes on his travels, but there have been times when he himself had to take a turn at the cook stove in the galley; or fix up a South Sea equivalent of an Irish stew over an open fire in the depths of the jungle. All of which, added to a naturally keen appetite, has made the debonair hero of this story unusually food-conscious. As a result, the ideas on foods that he has to offer are well worth knowing about.

But if you are perfectly satisfied to serve the usual things, cooked in the usual manner for days and years on

**This traveled Irishman suggests some "different" foods to**





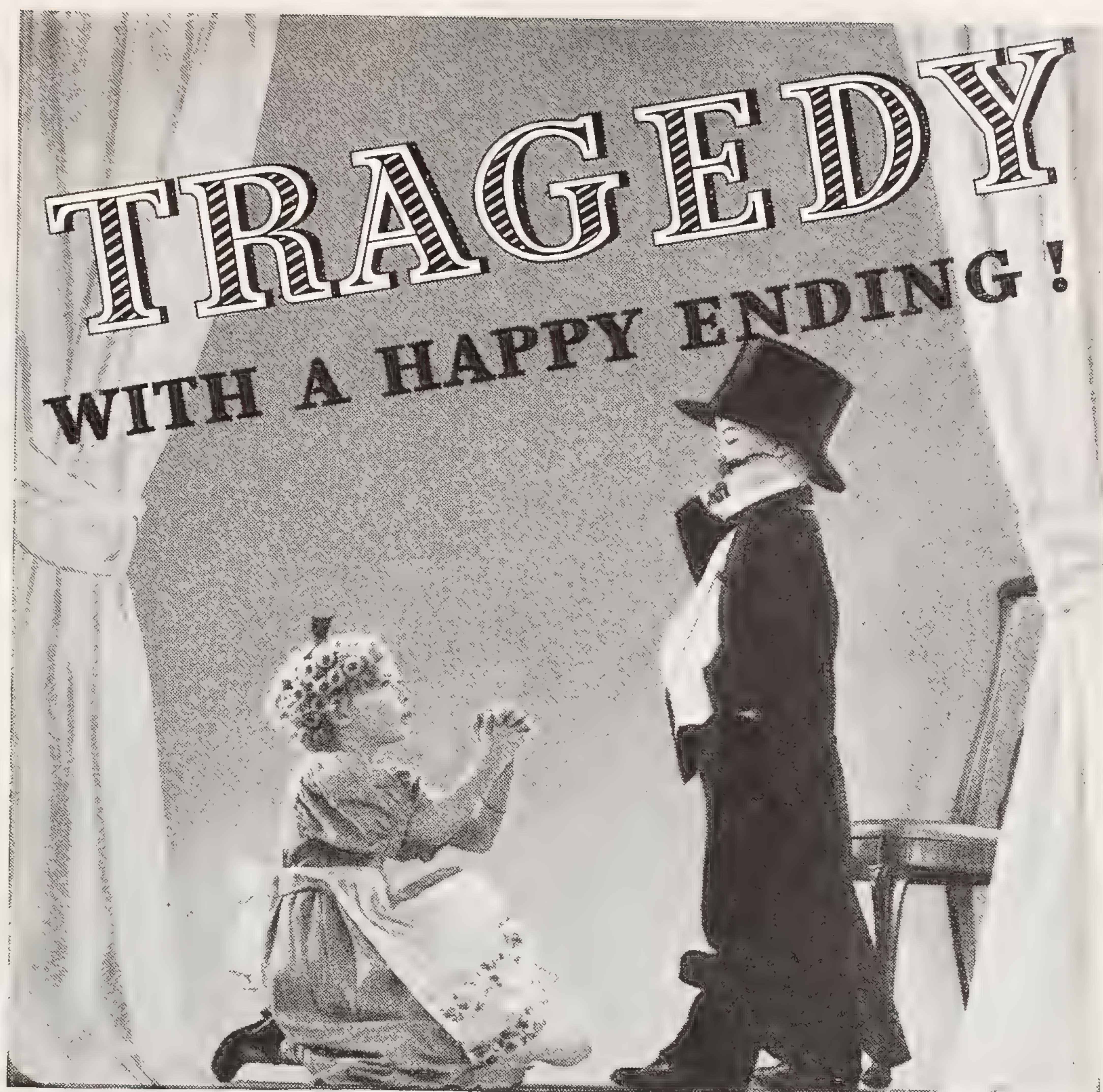
end, you will find little to interest you here; for, even on the food subject, this enterprising young Irishman refuses to keep to the beaten track of familiar mediocrity. If you like novelty—foods that are different—flavors and combinations that are unusual; if your family is the kind to welcome a change with appreciative cheers, then here is a golden opportunity to add something new in the line of recipes to your collection.

However, at the very outset, I think I should assure you that none of these dishes described to me in detail by Mr. Flynn will require a trip to the many countries he has visited in order to lay in your own supplies. Though each dish Errol recommended, originated in some foreign land, the ingredients that go into their making can be purchased at a point no more distant than your own corner grocery.

Let's see, then, what "different" foods he has to suggest. Foods that will take us on a cruise around the world and land us finally in Hollywood, where we'll end up by ordering—at Mr. Flynn's suggestion—a Mexican Tamale Loaf with a tasty Spanish Sauce as a final salute to the chefs of other nations.

The recipe for this last-named dish will be found in this month's recipe leaflet, together with other recipes for many (Continued on page 90)

**pep up your menus**



Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .



Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtains—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! Is the gray one yours? It looks sick beside that nice white one.



Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtain say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! They said your clothes have tattle-tale gray 'cause your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got *heaps* of *naphtha* in the *golden soap* and that chases out every speck of dirt.



Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a *real* show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"  
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**



Gary Cooper, from Montana, might still have been just a cowboy or maybe a cartoonist, if fame hadn't caught up with him! Gary is making "Souls at Sea" as his new opus.



Carole Lombard had tried her luck vainly in a number of bathing beauty comedies before Zukor discovered her. He made her the dazzling star she is today. "Swing High, Swing Low" is her next picture, Fred MacMurray, her leading man.



# His Jubilee Days

**Adolph Zukor looks back proudly upon twenty-five years**

FOR TWENTY-FIVE years a quiet little man, almost taciturn, in his laconic brevity, has been in the glamorous business of making stars. A quarter of a century ago he rescued a little girl named Mary Pickford from the ignominy of two-reelers, and established the full-length feature productions as we know them today. He paid the little girl \$10,000 a week and made her world-famous. He has been at it ever since.

His name is Adolph Zukor, the founder, organizer, and still the chief and guiding spirit in Paramount Pictures. This same Mr. Zukor, once a master furrier, can't remember when

he saw his first motion picture, but he became interested in the new type of entertainment when it was little more than a glorified peep show in the penny arcades and rescued it from the somewhat cheap and tawdry nickelodeon then in vogue.

He haunted the sets of D. W. Griffith, then ensconced in a brownstone house at 11 East 14th Street, where the little girl named Mary Pickford was working, and decided himself to become a producer. He fetched from Paris a staggering opus in four reels called "Queen Elizabeth" with Sarah Bernhardt. The "divine Sarah" was Zukor's first star. "My

one chance for immortality," exclaimed Bernhardt. "Visionary and fanatic," squeaked Broadway.

SINCE THEN he has inspired the rise of more film personalities than any one man in the industry now world-wide. He persuaded Minnie Maddern Fiske, James K. Hackett, James O'Neill, father of the famous playwright, Eugene O'Neill, to join the band of thespian pioneers in celluloid. During the years which followed he has been an inveterate first-nighter, keeping an eye on new talent, ferreting out beginners and developing new actors and actresses





It took "The Barker," a stage play, to put the producer on the heels of Claudette Colbert. She signed a contract and was rushed to fame by a series of successful pictures. "Maid of Salem" is her latest picture.

By Martha Kerr

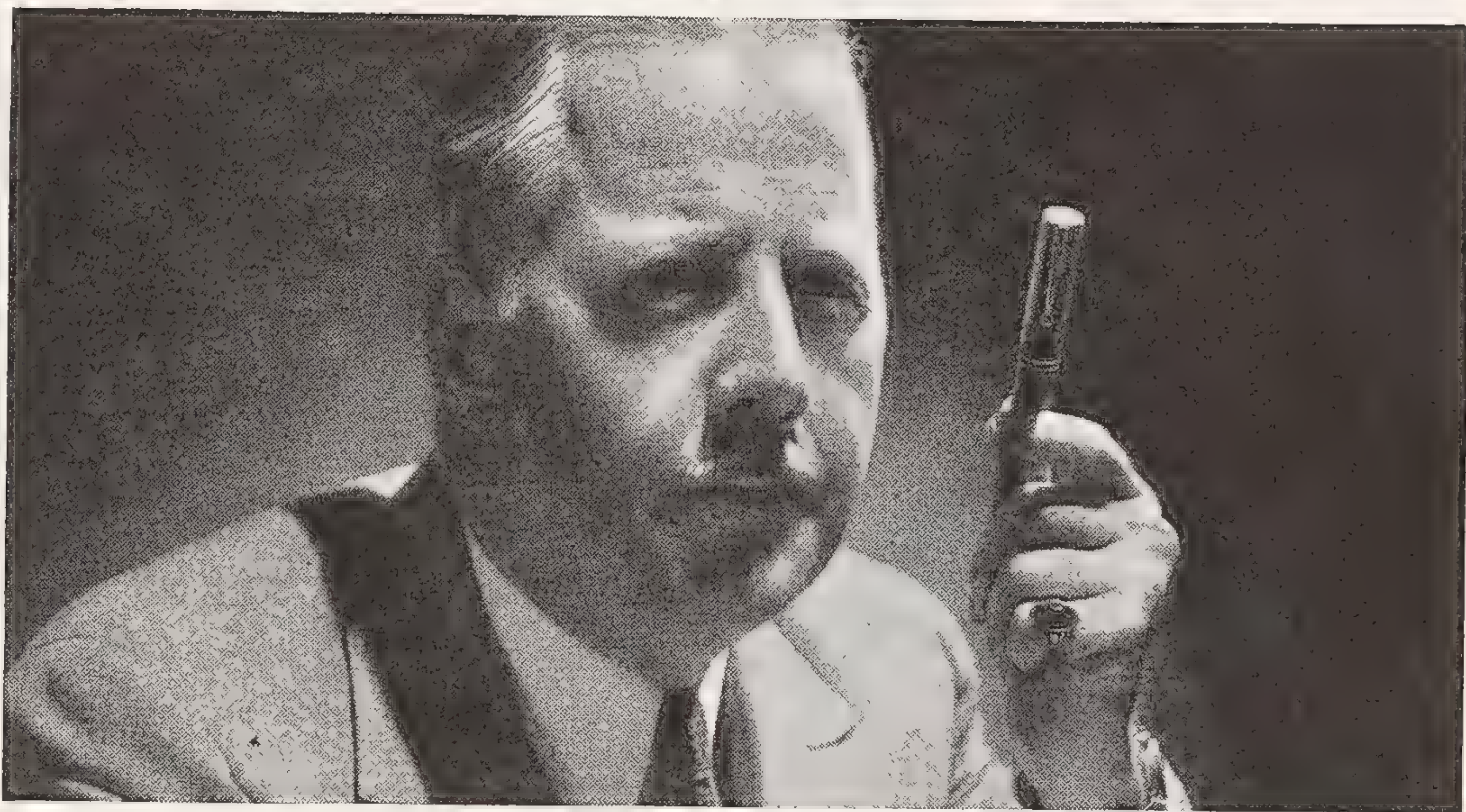
## of picture-making

from every field. In recent years he's gone so far as to establish his own school right on the Paramount lot from which emerged such talented newcomers as Frances Farmer, who has been put through her paces by Paramount scholastics and developed in no time into a full-fledged star, and Fred MacMurray, now at the top of the heap.

In the early days Zukor sought names. Geraldine Farrar was summoned from the opera to make "Carmen" on the screen. John Barrymore, a matinee idol on Broadway, was transferred to the funny little studio in (Continued on page 118)

# "A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

#### THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.  
It should be mild and gentle.  
It should be thorough.  
Its merit should be proven by test of time.  
It should *not* form a habit.  
It should *not* over-act.  
It should *not* cause stomach pains.  
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

#### EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfac-

tion, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

#### DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

#### EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures. . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at our expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

#### TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-27  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Age .....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

# EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# Modern Screen

**SYLVIA  
SIDNEY**

*in her most dramatic role!*

## The HIDDEN POWER

... A great story by  
JOSEPH CONRAD ...  
masterly direction by  
ALFRED HITCHCOCK  
of "39 Steps" fame ...  
a brilliant cast with  
SYLVIA SIDNEY  
OSCAR HOMOLKA  
JOHN LODER and  
DESMOND TESTER

**A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT  
NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS**

*Coming to your favorite theatre*

**A GB Production**

\* Sylvia Sidney through the courtesy  
of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.

### Picture and Producer

General  
Rating

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Abdul the Damned (Columbia).....                   | 2½★ |
| Absolute Quiet (M-G-M).....                        | 2★  |
| The Accusing Finger (Paramount).....               | 1½★ |
| Adventure in Manhattan (Columbia).....             | 2½★ |
| *Along Came Love (Paramount).....                  | 2★  |
| And So They Were Married (Columbia).....           | 2★  |
| And Sudden Death (Paramount).....                  | 1½★ |
| Anything Goes (Paramount).....                     | 3★  |
| The Arizona Raiders (Paramount).....               | 1★  |
| As You Like It (20th Century-Fox).....             | 2½★ |
| Below the Deadline (Chesterfield).....             | 1★  |
| The Bengal Tiger (Warners).....                    | 2★  |
| The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount).....         | 3½★ |
| Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger).....                | 2½★ |
| The Big Game (RKO).....                            | 3★  |
| The Big Noise (Warners).....                       | 2★  |
| Blackmailer (Columbia).....                        | 1★  |
| Border Flight (Paramount).....                     | 2★  |
| The Border Patrol (20th Century-Fox).....          | 2★  |
| *Born to Dance (M-G-M).....                        | 3★  |
| Boulder Dam (Warners).....                         | 1★  |
| Brides Are Like That (First National).....         | 2½★ |
| The Bride Walks Out (RKO).....                     | 2½★ |
| Bullets or Ballots (First National).....           | 3★  |
| Cain and Mabel (Warners).....                      | 2★  |
| Call of the Prairie (Paramount).....               | 2½★ |
| Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox).....         | 1½★ |
| Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....            | 3★  |
| *The Captain's Kid (Warners).....                  | 1★  |
| The Case Against Mrs. Ames (Walter Wanger).....    | 3★  |
| The Case of the Black Cat (Warners).....           | 2★  |
| *The Case of the Velvet Claws (Warners).....       | 2★  |
| Champagne Charlie (20th Century-Fox).....          | 1½★ |
| Charge of the Light Brigade (Warners).....         | 4★  |
| *Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2★  |
| China Clipper (First National).....                | 2½★ |
| Come and Get It (Sam Goldwyn).....                 | 3★  |
| Come Closer, Folks (Columbia).....                 | 1½★ |
| Coronado (Paramount).....                          | 1★  |
| Counterfeit (Columbia).....                        | 2★  |
| The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....         | 2★  |
| Craig's Wife (Columbia).....                       | 3★  |
| Crash Donovan (Universal).....                     | 1½★ |
| The Crime of Dr. Forbes (20th Century-Fox).....    | 3★  |
| Dancing Feet (Republic).....                       | 2★  |
| Dancing Pirate (Pioneer-RKO).....                  | 3★  |
| Dangerous Waters (Universal).....                  | 2★  |
| Daniel Boone (RKO).....                            | 2★  |
| The Devil is a Sissy (M-G-M).....                  | 3½★ |
| Devil's Squadron (Columbia).....                   | 2½★ |
| Dimples (20th Century-Fox).....                    | 3★  |
| Dodsworth (United Artists).....                    | 5★  |
| Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....             | 1½★ |
| Don't Turn 'Em Loose (RKO).....                    | 2½★ |
| Down the Stretch (First National).....             | 2★  |
| Drift Fence (Paramount).....                       | 2★  |
| Early to Bed (Paramount).....                      | 2½★ |
| Earthworm Tractors (First National).....           | 3★  |
| East Meets West (GB).....                          | 2★  |
| Easy Money (Invincible).....                       | 2★  |
| Educating Father (20th Century-Fox).....           | 2★  |
| End of the Trail (Columbia).....                   | 2★  |
| Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....       | 2★  |
| Everything is Thunder (GB).....                    | 2½★ |
| Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....                       | 2½★ |
| The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO).....                    | 3½★ |
| Fang and Claw (RKO).....                           | 2★  |
| The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....                  | 1½★ |
| 15 Maiden Lane (20th Century-Fox).....             | 1★  |
| The Final Hour (Columbia).....                     | 2★  |
| The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....             | 1★  |
| Follow the Fleet (RKO).....                        | 4★  |
| Follow Your Heart (Republic).....                  | 2½★ |
| Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....                   | 2½★ |
| Freshman Love (Warners).....                       | 2★  |
| The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....                | 2½★ |
| The Garden of Allah (Selznick-International).....  | 3★  |
| The Gay Desperado (United Artists).....            | 4★  |
| The General Died at Dawn (Paramount).....          | 4★  |
| Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....               | 2½★ |
| The Girl on the Front Page (Universal).....        | 1★  |
| Girls' Dormitory (20th Century-Fox).....           | 3★  |
| Give Me Your Heart (Warner).....                   | 3★  |
| Give Us This Night (Paramount).....                | 1½★ |
| The Golden Arrow (First National).....             | 2½★ |
| The Gorgeous Hussy (M-G-M).....                    | 4★  |
| Go West, Young Man (Paramount).....                | 2½★ |
| Grand Jury (RKO).....                              | 1★  |
| The Great Impersonation (Universal).....           | 2★  |
| The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....                    | 4★  |
| The Green Pastures (Warners).....                  | 5★  |
| Half Angel (20th Century-Fox).....                 | 2★  |
| The Harvester (Republic).....                      | 2★  |
| Hearts Divided (Warners-Cosmopolitan).....         | 3★  |
| Hearts in Bondage (Republic).....                  | 2½★ |
| Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....                   | 2★  |
| Here Comes Carter (First National).....            | 1½★ |
| Hide Away Girl (Paramount).....                    | 1★  |
| High Tension (20th Century-Fox).....               | 2★  |
| His Brother's Wife (M-G-M).....                    | 2½★ |
| Hollywood Boulevard (Paramount).....               | 2★  |
| Hot Money (Warners).....                           | 2★  |
| Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....                | 2★  |
| I'd Give My Life (Paramount).....                  | 2½★ |
| If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....             | 4★  |
| In His Step (Grand National).....                  | 2★  |

### Picture and Producer

General  
Rating

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| I Stand Condemned (London Films).....             | 2★  |
| It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....          | 2★  |
| It's Love Again (GB).....                         | 3★  |
| Jailbreak (Warners).....                          | 2★  |
| *The Jungle Princess (Paramount).....             | 1★  |
| Kelly the Second (Roach-M-G-M).....               | 2★  |
| Killer at Large (Columbia).....                   | 1★  |
| King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....         | 3½★ |
| King of the Damned (GB).....                      | 1½★ |
| King of the Royal Mounted (20th Century-Fox)..... | 2½★ |
| Ladies in Love (20th Century-Fox).....            | 3★  |
| Lady Be Careful (Paramount).....                  | 2½★ |
| The Lady Consents (RKO).....                      | 2★  |
| Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....                   | 1★  |
| The Last Journey (Twickenham).....                | 2★  |
| Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....                   | 2★  |
| The Last of the Mohicans (United Artists).....    | 3½★ |
| The Last Outlaw (RKO).....                        | 2½★ |
| Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....               | 1½★ |
| The Law in Her Hands (First National).....        | 1½★ |
| The Lawless Nineties (Republic).....              | 2★  |
| The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....              | 2★  |
| Legion of Terror (Columbia).....                  | 1½★ |
| Let's Sing Again (RKO).....                       | 2★  |
| Labeled Lady (M-G-M).....                         | 3★  |
| The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....        | 3★  |
| Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....      | 4★  |
| Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox).....          | 3½★ |
| The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....             | 2★  |
| The Longest Night (M-G-M).....                    | 1★  |
| Love Begins at 20 (First National).....           | 2★  |
| Love Letters of a Star (Universal).....           | 2★  |
| Love on the Run (M-G-M).....                      | 3★  |
| *Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal).....      | 1★  |
| Mad Holiday (M-G-M).....                          | 2★  |
| The Magnificent Brute (Universal).....            | 2★  |
| Man Hunt (Warners).....                           | 2★  |
| The Man I Marry (Universal).....                  | 2★  |
| The Man Who Lived Twice (Columbia).....           | 2★  |
| Mary of Scotland (RKO).....                       | 3★  |
| Meet Nero Wolfe (Columbia).....                   | 2½★ |
| Millions in the Air (Paramount).....              | 1★  |
| The Mine with the Iron Door (Columbia).....       | 2★  |
| Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....                 | 1½★ |
| Missing Girl (Chesterfield).....                  | 1½★ |
| *Mister Cinderella (Hal Roach).....               | 2★  |
| Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....            | 4★  |
| Mister Hobo (GB).....                             | 2★  |
| M'Liss (RKO).....                                 | 3★  |
| Modern Times (United Artists).....                | 4★  |
| Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....                     | 2½★ |
| The Morals of Marcus (GB).....                    | 1★  |
| Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....            | 1★  |
| The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....  | 2★  |
| Murder on the Bridge Path (RKO).....              | 2★  |
| Murder with Pictures (Paramount).....             | 1★  |
| Muss' Em Up (RKO).....                            | 2★  |
| My American Wife (Paramount).....                 | 3★  |
| My Man Godfrey (Universal).....                   | 4★  |
| Nine Days a Queen (GB).....                       | 4★  |
| Nobody's Fool (Universal).....                    | 2★  |
| Old Hunch (M-G-M).....                            | 1★  |
| O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....   | 2½★ |
| 1000 a Minute (Republic).....                     | 2★  |
| One Rainy Afternoon (United Artists).....         | 2★  |
| One Way Ticket (Columbia).....                    | 2½★ |
| Our Relations (Hal Roach).....                    | 2★  |
| Palm Springs (Paramount).....                     | 1★  |
| Panic on the Air (Columbia).....                  | 2★  |
| Parole (Universal).....                           | 2★  |
| *Pennies from Heaven (Columbia).....              | 2★  |
| Pepper (20th Century-Fox).....                    | 2½★ |
| The Petrified Forest (Warners).....               | 4★  |
| Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....                      | 3★  |
| Piccadilly Jim (M-G-M).....                       | 3½★ |
| Pigskin Parade (20th Century-Fox).....            | 3★  |
| *The Plot Thickens (RKO-Radio).....               | 1★  |
| Polo Joe (Warners).....                           | 2★  |
| The Poor Little Rich Girl (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★  |
| Poppy (Paramount).....                            | 4★  |
| Postal Inspector (Universal).....                 | 2★  |
| The President's Mystery (Republic).....           | 2½★ |
| The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....       | 3★  |
| Pride of the Marines (Columbia).....              | 1★  |
| The Princess Comes Across (Paramount).....        | 3★  |
| Prisoners of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3½★ |
| Private Number (20th Century-Fox).....            | 2½★ |
| Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....      | 3★  |
| Public Enemy's Wife (Warners).....                | 2★  |
| Ramona (20th Century-Fox).....                    | 3★  |
| Red Wagon (Alliance).....                         | 1½★ |
| Reunion (20th Century-Fox).....                   | 3★  |
| Revolt of the Zombies (Halperin).....             | 1★  |
| Rhythm on the Range (Paramount).....              | 3★  |
| Road Gang (First National).....                   | 2½★ |
| The Road to Glory (20th Century-Fox).....         | 3★  |
| Roaming Lady (Columbia).....                      | 2★  |
| Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....              | 2½★ |
| Romeo and Juliet (M-G-M).....                     | 5★  |
| *Rose Bowl (Paramount).....                       | 2★  |
| San Francisco (M-G-M).....                        | 4★  |
| Satan Met a Lady (Warners).....                   | 1★  |
| Second Wife (RKO).....                            | 1½★ |
| Secret Agent (GB).....                            | 3★  |
| Seven Sinners (GB).....                           | 3★  |
| Shakedown (Columbia).....                         | 2★  |



# Movie Scoreboard

| Picture and Producer                       | General Rating | Picture and Producer                            | General Rating | Picture and Producer                            | General Rating |
|--|----------------|---|----------------|---|----------------|
| Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)..... | 3★             | Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M).....                     | 3★             | Two in the Dark (RKO).....                      | 2½★            |
| Silly Billies (RKO).....                   | 2★             | Thank You, Jeeves (20th Century-Fox).....       | 1★             | Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....         | 3★             |
| Sing, Baby, Sing (20th Century-Fox).....   | 3½★            | The Texas Rangers (Paramount).....              | 3★             | Under Your Spell (20th Century-Fox).....        | 2★             |
| *Sing Me a Love Song (First National)..... | 1★             | Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia).....              | 3★             | The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....                 | 3★             |
| The Singing Kid (Warners).....             | 3★             | These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....               | 4★             | Valiant is the Word for Carrie (Paramount)..... | 2½★            |
| Sins of Man (20th Century-Fox).....        | 2½★            | They Met in a Taxi (Columbia).....              | 2★             | The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....             | 2½★            |
| Sitting on the Moon (Republic).....        | 1½★            | Things to Come (United Artists).....            | 3★             | The Walking Dead (Warners).....                 | 2★             |
| Sky Parade (Paramount).....                | 2★             | 13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....                | 3★             | Walking on Air (RKO).....                       | 2★             |
| Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....               | 3★             | 36 Hours to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....        | 2½★            | Wanted: Jane Turner (RKO).....                  | 2★             |
| *Smart Blonde (Warners).....               | 1★             | Three Cheers for Love (Paramount).....          | 2★             | Wanted Men (British & Dominion).....            | 1½★            |
| The Smartest Girl in Town (RKO).....       | 2★             | The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....               | 2★             | Wedding Present (Paramount).....                | 2★             |
| Snowed Under (First National).....         | 2★             | Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....                  | 2★             | We're Only Human (RKO).....                     | 2★             |
| Soak the Rich (Paramount).....             | 2½★            | Three Married Men (Paramount).....              | 1★             | We Went to College (M-G-M).....                 | 2★             |
| A Son Comes Home (Paramount).....          | 2½★            | Three Men on a Horse (Warners).....             | 3★             | *We Who Are About to Die (RKO).....             | 3★             |
| Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox)..... | 1★             | Three on the Trail (Paramount).....             | 2½★            | Whipsaw (M-G-M).....                            | 2½★            |
| *Song of China (Douglas MacLean).....      | 3★             | Three Wise Guys (M-G-M).....                    | 2½★            | The White Angel (First National).....           | 4★             |
| Song of the Saddle (First National).....   | 2★             | Ticket to Paradise (Republic).....              | 1★             | White Fang (20th Century-Fox).....              | 2★             |
| Sons O' Guns (Warners).....                | 3★             | Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....             | 3★             | White Hunter (20th Century-Fox).....            | 1★             |
| Special Investigator (RKO).....            | 2★             | Times Square Playboy (Warners).....             | 1★             | The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....       | 2★             |
| Speed (M-G-M).....                         | 1½★            | To Mary—With Love (20th Century-Fox).....       | 2½★            | Wife vs. Secretary (M-G-M).....                 | 3★             |
| Spendthrift (Paramount).....               | 2★             | Tough Guy (M-G-M).....                          | 2½★            | *Wild Brian Kent (Lesser-RKO).....              | 1★             |
| Stage Struck (First National).....         | 2½★            | Trailin' West (First National).....             | 1★             | *Winterset (RKO-Radio).....                     | 4★             |
| Star for a Night (20th Century-Fox).....   | 1½★            | The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)..... | 2½★            | Without Orders (RKO-Radio).....                 | 2★             |
| The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....  | 4★             | Trapped by Television (Columbia).....           | 2★             | The Witness Chair (RKO).....                    | 2★             |
| Sutter's Gold (Universal).....             | 2½★            | Trouble Ahead (Pathe).....                      | 1½★            | Wives Never Know (Paramount).....               | 2★             |
| Suzy (M-G-M).....                          | 2★             | Trouble for Two (M-G-M).....                    | 2★             | A Woman Rebels (RKO).....                       | 2★             |
| Swing Time (RKO).....                      | 4½★            | Two Against the World (First National).....     | 2★             | Woman Trap (Paramount).....                     | 1½★            |
| Sworn Enemy (M-G-M).....                   | 2★             | Two Fisted Gentleman (Columbia).....            | 2★             | Yours for the Asking (Paramount).....           | 2★             |
| Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....                 | 2½★            | Two in a Crowd (Universal).....                 | 1★             | Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....       | 2★             |
| A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....          | 5★             | Two in Revolt (RKO).....                        | 2½★            |   |                |

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



**"My test of a powder  
...it just must not  
show up in strong light"**

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you?

By showing too much! That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

The powder that stood first with them for not giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

**Pond's never  
looks powdery  
—It clings  
voted the 2 most  
important points  
in a powder**



**FREE** 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades  
(This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 9MS-PB, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





**THINK A MOMENT!**

*Has more than  
one day  
gone by?*

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them always on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them on the evening before the second day. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'

*Olive Tablets*

THE LAXATIVE  
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

# Between You

Movie fans, win cash prizes for your



The movie industry demands "new faces" all the time, but does it do them justice in the long run? queries a reader.

**\$5.00 Prize Letter**

**But Do They Want  
"New Faces"?**

The movie industry is the one industry whose doors are kept constantly open to newcomers; "new faces" are even demanded! Many times a young person wins his way to fame from absolute obscurity. The skyrocketing plane which Robert Taylor used as his passage to fame should certainly be ready for the use of some other young enthusiast.

During the past year there have been many newcomers on the screen, among them: Carol Hughes, Marsha Hunt, Robert Cummings, Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Nagel, Eleanore Whitney, etc. Although their first roles consisted only of the so-called "bits," they are gaining the notice of many movie fans. They received their opportunity through their ambition to work; they used the opportunity which has been given them to the best of their ability, then waited for the approval or disapproval of those patrons for whose commendation they have struggled so valiantly.

Here, however, lies the one factor which producers have overlooked; after the first appearances of their prodigies in minor parts of important pictures, they are given roles which are unimportant and unsuitable vehicles in which to star players who deserve more opportune roles to insure their futures. Certainly, this isn't the ultimate success to which their perseverance has guided them. Their careers are at a standstill; and those patrons who seemed so enthused about their appearances in first performances have evidently been unsatisfied with them in leading roles of "drab" pictures. I do not think producers should risk a great loss by financing their appearance in expensive films but there could be a more careful choice of roles to suit their personalities.—Ardith Rayevich, Wisner, Neb.

**\$1.00 Prize Letter**

**Do You Agree?**

A theatre is no longer a theatre when it takes on "Bank Nights." Pictures were once considered a source of education and entertainment that proved profitable for fan and producer alike. Today, despite much public protest, they are rapidly becoming lottery houses.

This is the result: a constant buzz and hum of voices throughout the showing of the film, "Wonder if I'll win," "How much dough is in it," "Wish the darn picture was over—wanta see if I'm lucky," etc.

I, personally, much prefer paying my admission and seeing but one feature picture than seeing a double bill and having to contend with the noise and confusion that accompanies "Bank Nights." I say, put the picture first, forgetting the lottery scheme, and keep the confidence of the



Lottery schemes, such as "Bank Nights," have no place in theatres, argues an Indiana gal.

theatre patrons who appreciate good pictures.—Bernice Meehan, Indianapolis, Indiana.

**\$1.00 Prize Letter**

**She Likes 'Em on the Air**

If you can't see your favorite on the screen, the next best thing is to hear him or her. I have listened to Robert Taylor's thrilling voice come drifting right into my room and I felt that he was speaking only to me. I have heard Gable, Harlow, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone, and—well the list could go on and on. Why, I even like to hear people dance over the radio—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and Bill Robinson. With my imagination, I can see them strutting their stuff right in my living-room. Give me more stars on the air and the better I will like it. I'll sit back now quietly awaiting television.—Dontine Sligh, Darlington, S. C.



# 'n' Me

## movie thoughts

### CASH PRIZES FOR LETTERS

There's no reason why YOU can't win one of the cash prizes. Every month lucky ladies and gents receive checks for their observations on matters pertaining to the movies. All you do is this: Write us a letter. If you've been following this column—or even if you're just becoming acquainted with us—you know that anyone who has anything worth while to say, is given space here—and what's more, he gets a cash prize to boot. Send as many letters as you like. Ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter

#### An Acute Attack of Tayloritis

You are my "Magnificent Obsession." But who am I? I am not a "Small Town Girl," I am not a "Gorgeous Hussy" and least of all I am not a "Times Square Lady" with the "Broadway Melody of 1936" at my heels. Then who am I? I am just one of several million young girls who walk this earth.

In my dreams I visualize you as a "Society Doctor," not as a sort of "Handy Andy" at a "Murder in the Fleet." Strange, but it is not only young girls who dream of you and admire you, but also young married women. Take, for instance, a friend of mine, "His Brother's Wife," who idolizes and praises you to the point where I'm afraid her husband is becoming jealous. I can continue for hours on end giving other cases quite similar to this.

I would love to have you as my "Private Number," (Continued on page 117)



A South Carolina Miss is all for hearing her favorites in bigger and better radio programs.

# "DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!



**When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!**

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

#### Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out*! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores*! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

#### Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on

the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

#### Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30)

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

**FREE**





"I kept on losing weight  
... what did I do?"



"I found an easy, grand  
way to get back those  
precious pounds"

**T**O regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



Here's last month's mail-bag rating of your stars!

## Information Desk

**HERE ARE** the biographies you have been clamoring for. Whether one is printed or not depends on the number of requests recorded for it. **REMEMBER**... every request counts... and mailing the little coupon on this page isn't just another way of satisfying idle curiosity. It's your way of telling Hollywood who's who on the screen. You're the public and you give the orders! So don't keep your flicker interests a deep dark secret.

**SIMONE SIMON** (First printing; total number of requests 239.) Those scholarly people, the biographers, will tell you that Simone Simon was born in very ordinary fashion some twenty-two years ago in the French seaport of Marseilles. Those of us of a more romantic twist will cling steadfastly to the theory that this capricious, impish, ageless Ariel is a changeling, abandoned by the fairy folk of Southern France to be brought up by human parents. And surely the girl's magical career, unfettered by space or time, depended on chance and whim, rather than plan and effort, strengthens the belief. An education that started in Madagascar, whirled through Budapest, Turin, Berlin, terminating in Paris was supposedly the prelude for a career as a sculptress. But because she studied earnestly to be a sculptress, she turned out to be an artist at charcoal sketching, and because she could sketch, she became an actress. That's been life for Simone... a series of non sequiturs. It was Tourjansky, Russian refugee and eminent screen director, who captured the roving gamin for the screen. The story goes that he got slapped in the face for his pains. But only with the effect of confirming his opinion that Simone was the girl to play the role of Pierrette in "Chanteur Inconnu." The first hurdle to threaten Simone's spritely stride was Hollywood. A social hurdle. The smart set refused to accept her, put her down for an arrant poseur. Simone wanted to leave. But her success in "Girl's Dormitory" has changed the attitude of movietown's fickle great. They've taken her up now. They idolize the cute face with the funny little nose and the freckles galore, the moods that alternately becloud and lavish it with sunshine. So far, Simone remains among the list of screenland's eligible maidens. Maybe not so eligible. Perchance she abides the time when Oberon will come swooping out of his midsummer night's dream to snatch her back to the spirit realm. The next Simone Simon picture is a revival of "Seventh Heaven," in which Simone will play the Gaynor role. Jimmy Stewart will be her Charlie Farrell.



**MAUREEN FINNEGAN**, Salt Lake City, Utah: Gene Autry's steadily increasing popularity is dependent to a large extent on his fine voice. Statistics show that last year, for every Bing Crosby record that was sold, three Autry records were disposed of.

**CARMELE RICCO**, Cape May, New Jersey—Yes, Shirley Temple did learn some Chinese for her role in "Stowaway." Four hundred words, to be exact. She not only learned it but taught it... to the extras who spoke nothing but the Cantonese dialect. Shirley, you see, speaks pure Mandarin, the language of the court.

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on this page. And look—how about saving yourself 2c by pasting your request on one of Uncle Sam's penny postcards? General questions, of course, will also be answered here. If your question is not taken care of here, look for it in your mail box. Address: The Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**SPENCER TRACY** (First printing; total number of requests 249.) You expect of the life story of Spencer Tracy a smash bang account of what happens when a dynamite temperament clashes with the hard-boiled world. Lotsa fireworks. And your guess is all cockeyed... because Spencer finished sowing his wild Irish oats when he was a kid. Adolescence past, his temperament began to mean stage and screen dividends... no more shenanigans. No more exploits like being A. W. O. L. days on end so's



he could play with his pals, "Mousie" and "Rattie," spawn of the local saloon keeper. Or trying to join the Marines at seventeen during the War. Of course, they rejected him. So he joined the Navy instead... and fought the war at Norfolk, Virginia. Retired a while later on a pension of thirty dollars a month, he rounded off his much neglected education with two years at Ripon College in Wisconsin. He might have stayed longer, only a sudden attack of stage fever carried him off to a New York dramatic school. For a time he lived on his pension... like a lord... acting, acting, and regaling himself three times a day on bread and water, with an occasional cup of coffee on Sundays. The luxury palled, and Spencer landed a job with the Theater Guild... acting job, by the way, even though some snobbish critic claimed that he "looked like he had been picked up by the property man." Stock in Cincinnati, White Plains, Grand Rapids, and Brooklyn groomed Tracy for a second Broadway experience, this time without the grapefruit oblation from the critics. Hollywood's first "come hither" followed his smash success as Killer Mears in "The Last Mile." (Continued on page 113)

**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,**  
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print a brief life story of

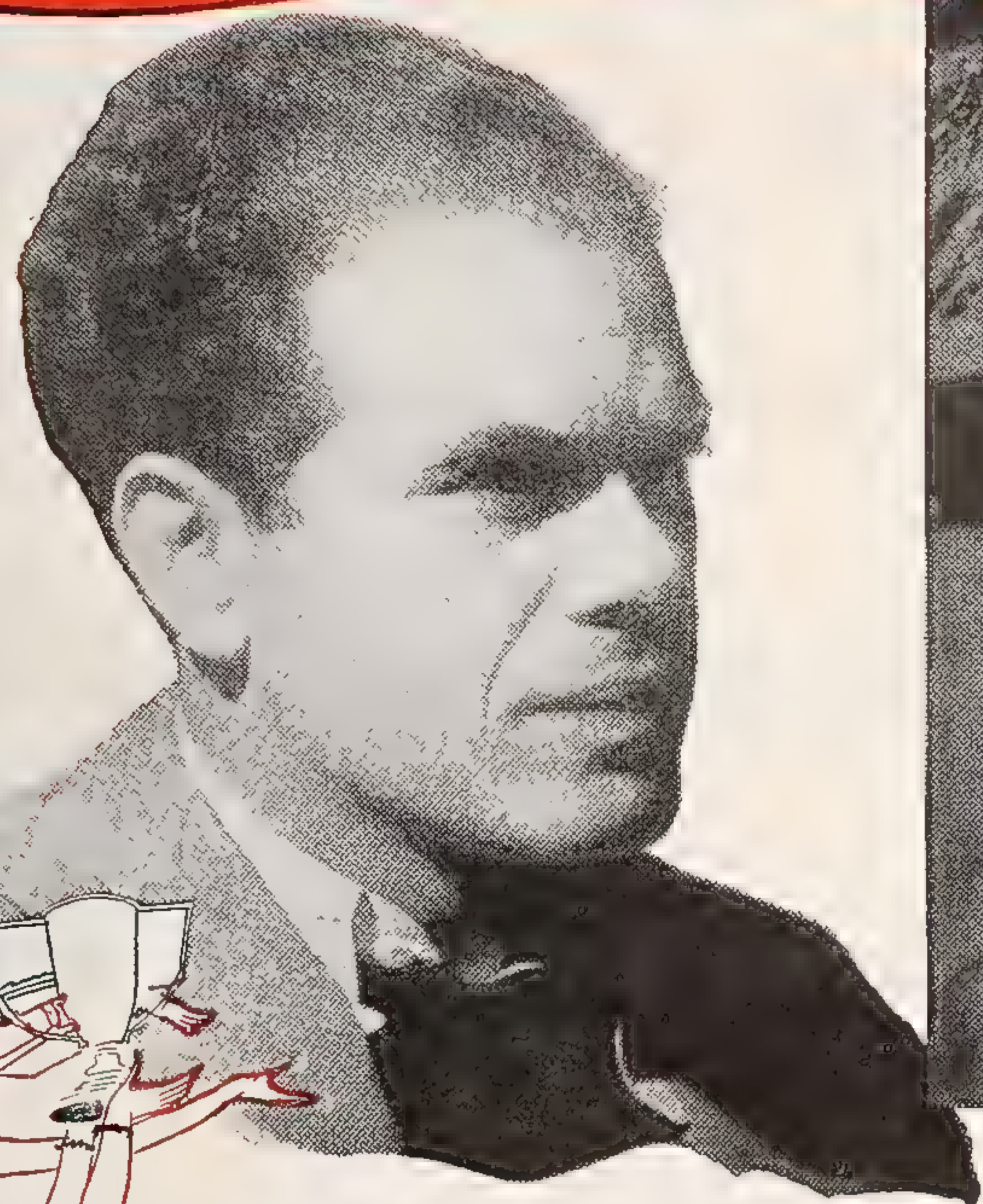
.....  
in your department.

Name.....

City.....State.....



RUSSELL PATTERSON'S  
MONTHLY HIT PARADE



**\$2,000,000** is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.

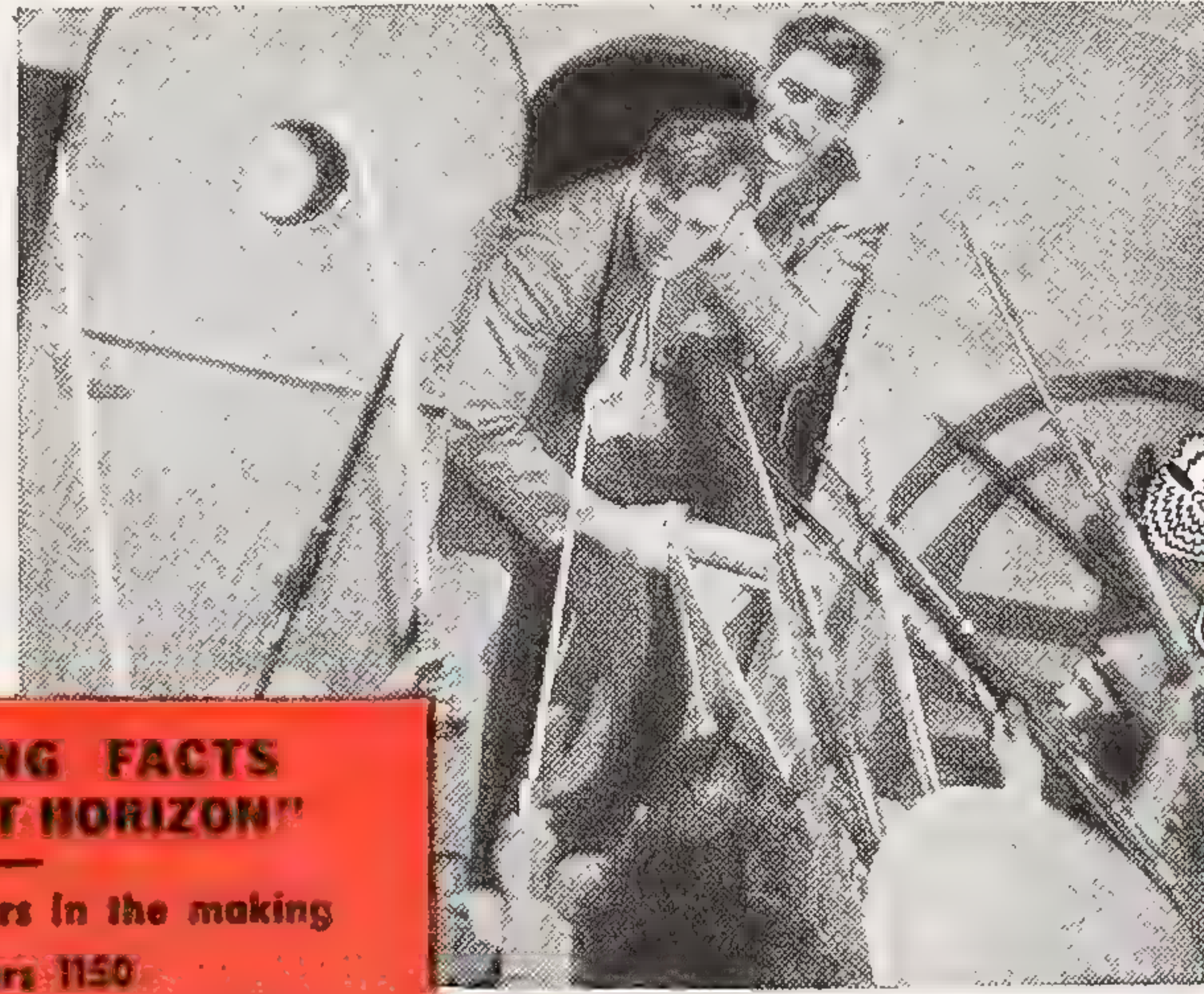
# Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

**T**HAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just *has* to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!



**PRISONER** in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.



## FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"

- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

**DEATH** waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.

**KIDNAPING** an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the roof of the world.



# Why I Require my Fashion Mannequins to wear Woodbury's Facial Powder!

BY  
**MAGGY ROUFF**



The lovely Anne Lecler, one of the mannequins  
in Maggy Rouff's Paris fashion salon.

"A FASHION MODEL must have a lovely complexion as well as a lithe and beautiful figure. So I take the precaution to have all my mannequins use only Woodbury's Facial Powder.

"This powder has *la qualité de soie* . . . it is like silk, and clings to the skin even in the warmth and glare of the spotlight. The shades wed the healthy undertones of the skin, giving the complexion both chic and allure.

"But it is equally important that Woodbury's Powder is germ-free\*. For one of my mannequins to appear at a Fashion Opening with a blemish on her face . . . that would be *affaire fatale*. No blemish-germs can be transferred to the skin from this famous powder."

All 6 Woodbury shades are divinely flattering. If you're fair, "Light Rachel" is your shade. "Radiant" is the favorite of medium blondes. "Brunette" is stunning for the darker skin. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

\*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.



# Here's a New Knitting

Now you can knit your dress by a  
pattern, exactly as you would sew a  
cloth one! Improves your skill, too

5689—This smart two-piece knit model is exclusive to MODERN SCREEN'S readers. It is an ideal type of costume for wear as a first spring suit. Note the raised panel detail.

ALL YOU ardent knitters are going to bless us for introducing to you this new knitting service which takes all the errors out of home knitting. A famous yarn company has had the brilliant idea of giving an actual *knitting pattern* with its designs. By using it not only for the knitting of the garment but for the blocking, too, you achieve a hand-knit costume that has the finish and smartness of the most expensive hand-knit garment you could buy in a store or shop.

This pattern is printed on a sturdy paper that will not tear. It looks exactly like the average dress pattern with separate divisions for each part of the garment. Every cast-on, increase, decrease, bind-off, pocket and button-hole, in fact, any style point, is clearly defined and the instructions given at the point of the garment it should be, in order that the garment when



5689

Adelia Bird, MODERN SCREEN,  
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me Style 5689 in size . . . . . 6031 in size . . . . . I am enclosing:

- ☐ Fifty cents each (in coin or stamps) for the knitting *pattern or patterns*.
- ☐ A stamped, self-addressed envelope for only the regular knitting *directions* which are free of charge.

Name . . . . . Street . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

Check which you want. No Canadian or foreign stamps accepted.



# Service

finished will be the perfectly styled and fitting one you want. Every minute detail of the knitting instructions are printed right on the pattern for you to follow step by step.

Here are a few of the features of this splendid pattern: Guesswork is eliminated. It is possible for the knitter to get more style detail. Blocking is made simple and certain. Trips to an instructress or knitting shop for instructions are unnecessary. A custom-made fit is procured. Every stitch is indicated. And it guards against loss of time through unsuccessful garments.

THE blocking stretch allowance has been carefully figured so that each garment, when it is finished and blocked to fit your pattern, will fit you as a custom-made garment.

Suit number 5689, so smartly designed in two-piece style, is made in a special sports type of Shetland yarn. It is just the right weight for wear under a coat while it is still cold and later as a spring suit. The top can be



6031—Another exclusive knit style in a combination of two beautiful yarns. Novel check design in the knit.

used with other skirts as an attractive sweater top. This pattern comes in standard sizes from 12-20.

ANOTHER two-piece model is number 6031. This is knitted in Spanish yarn combined with De Lustra Crepe. The skirt, knitted in a check design of knit and purl, is of solid color—while the blouse combines the two yarns, using the color of the skirt in combination with a blending shade of the De Lustra Crepe.

The style is youthful, especially with the high neckline and button front detail similar to the popular cardigan sweater. This pattern also comes in standard sizes from 12-20.

And here's another point. If any of you feel that you do not want the pattern and would prefer to have the direction sheets you have had heretofore, you may have the privilege of sending for them instead. Merely check on the coupon shown on page 22 which you prefer. And remember that you enclose fifty cents if you want the *pattern*—one dollar if you want both patterns—but only a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want the *directions*. Don't forget the difference in the two—and it is a big difference since one is an actual dress pattern and the other only the sheets of typed knitting directions you have been used to receiving.

## "HONEY—I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"



BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...



I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO

SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

SORRY, JIM, I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need never worry about OFFENDING. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors





# At The Grove

Whee! Anita Louise reaches up to catch one of the many colorful balloons that were used for decoration. The interested chap is none other than Ramon Novarro, looking as handsome as ever. He's seen about the town more these days.



Top of page, left, Hollywood's most romantic pair are snapped in an intimate moment during Dolores Del Rio's Charity Party at the Cocomanut Grove. Barbara Stanwyck adjusts Bob Taylor's dinner jacket, much to his apparent delight. Who said they'd ever fallen out of love, huh?

Left, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable appear to be absorbed completely by either Cameraman Muto or an off-side guest at the party. Mr. Gable seems to be proving something with his rather unconventional get-up for such a gala event. Myrna, on the other hand, is the "nth" in smartness.





Above, just by way of a different entrance on-to the Grove dance floor, Binnie Barnes lets two willing swains whisk her over the balustrade! And some fun, too, according to the English star's wide smile.



"Dishing up the dirt" in a big way are Virginia Bruce and Joan Bennett. Let's hope it isn't a panning for some of the other gals at the party. After all, you two, it was a charity affair, remember? Maybe it's a new joke, judging by the mischievous Bennett expression.

Say, Ruby Keeler, three's a crowd, you know, when you're out with newlyweds! Dick Powell, sans his moustache, enters the party with wife, Joan Blondell, on one arm and Ruby Keeler Jolson on the other. Al Jolson made it a quartette, but he must have been checking his hat.





# THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty  
and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five  
show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and  
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILA-  
RATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING  
TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates  
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking  
beauty!

## 'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen  
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

**SONJA HENIE**

with

**ADOLPHE MENJOU**

**JEAN HERSHOLT**

**NED SPARKS**

**DON AMECHE**

**RITZ BROTHERS**

**ARLINE JUDGE**

**BORRAH MINEVITCH**

and his gang

**DIXIE DUNBAR**

**LEAH RAY**

**SHIRLEY DEANE**

Directed by Sidney Lanfield  
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S  
SPECTACULAR  
MUSICAL SMASH...  
SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER  
AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!...  
"One in a Million" "Who's  
Afraid of Love?" "The Moon-  
lit Waltz" "We're Back  
in Circulation Again"  
"Lovely Lady in  
White"

*You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to  
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!*

**20th  
CENTURY  
FOX**  
DARRYL F.  
ZANUCK  
in charge of  
production





## Shirley Temple

Dressed fetchingly in her Sunday best velvet and lace, Shirley poses for a New Year's portrait. A little taller but not a whit more grown-up, the screen's favorite child holds fast to all her baby charm of curls and dimples. After "Stowaway," the next two Temple pictures will deal with characters beloved of childhood. One is "The Willie Winkie" and the other "Heidi," that delightful story of the little Swiss girl who lived high in the Alps. You'll love her in these.





*Jimmy  
Ellison*

Meet a chap that you fans had a hand in raising to unexpected popularity. Jimmy had hardly put his feet in the stirrups of the "Hopalong Cassidy" Westerns before his studio began to get requests for more of that good-looking Ellison boy. And so fast has he ridden along that after making "The Plainsman" with Gary Cooper, he was presented with a fat seven years' contract from the producer of the "Hopalong" pictures. He has the lead in the seventh one, called "Trail Dust."





## Binnie Barnes

Binnie, a forthright English lass if there ever was one, seems to be edging in on the glamor girls—what with the fascinating new hair-do and all. A great favorite in England, she has won a big following over here and seems to be a permanent addition to the Hollywood English colony and our screen. You recently have seen her in "Three Smart Girls" and now she is busy with "Delay in the Sun" for Universal in which she has Alice Brady and Cesar Romero as acting partners.





## James Stewart

Young Mr. Stewart has every reason to look so contented, for he's just about the busiest fellow in town. He's a runner-up on the Taylor big-time popularity and off-screen he's just about Hollywood's Beau No. 1! Finishing "Born to Dance" with Eleanor Powell, James hurried into the Myrna Loy-Bill Powell return engagement of "After the Thin Man." And with hardly more than a few hours frivolity at the Troc, he plunged into "The Foundry," Jean Harlow's newest M-G-M picture.





## Madge Evans

Here's a New Year's toast to Madge and a wish that she may have the breaks she so rightfully deserves on the screen in 1937! An able comedienne and a skillful actress, she isn't seen half often enough to suit her many devoted fans. Maybe Madge should go a bit temperamental and insist upon more roles like the one in "Piccadilly Jim" and the more recent "Pennies from Heaven," in which she is Bing Crosby's important heart interest. Tom Gallery is her real romance.





*Olivia  
de  
Havilland*

There's little time in the de Havilland life for such reposing as this! Even a brief holiday in New York for the opening of "Charge of the Light Brigade" turned out to be a duty, for poor Olivia was besieged by press and fans every minute. On the other hand, it must give her a lot of satisfaction to think how quickly success has come. "Call It a Day," the popular stage play, will be her next—Ian Hunter her co-star.





(above) "SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER after this snowy trip!" Hinds soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—actually seems to fill out skin. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!



SHE NEEDS HELP! Her skin will, too—so chapped! That's when Hinds, with its Vitamin D, feels so good. It comforts chapped skin *faster*.



PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually *absorbed* by skin. Now, more than ever, Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

CHAPPED HANDS  
FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND

*Sooner!*

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



SCRUB THE TUB...but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually *absorbs*!

**FREE!**

The first one-piece dispenser  
—with every  
50c size



Now...Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin *absorbs*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T. over the WABC—CBS Network.

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

**HINDS** is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!  
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM



# What Will Happen



**Robert Taylor**  
Marriage?



**Claudette Colbert**  
Happiness?



**Clark Gable**  
Illness?

## What Dareos Prophesied for 1936

1. Death for several of the screen's best-known figures.
2. Separation and divorce of several top stars.
3. Three "big name" marriages.
4. Garbo: No marriage; death of a near and loved one; ill health.
5. Clark Gable: Domestic unhappiness (Dareos advised against divorce); serious accident late in year.
6. Norma Shearer: Must guard Thalberg's health; will make greatest picture.
7. Shirley Temple: Danger of kidnap threats.
8. Ginger Rogers: Professional separation from Fred Astaire.
9. Claudette Colbert: Lovely romance with medical man.
10. Myrna Loy: Great romance in 1936.
11. John Barrymore: Faced with menace of serious ill health.
12. Mary Pickford: Romance and likely marriage to Buddy Rogers.

ONCE MORE, for the fifth consecutive year in MODERN SCREEN, Dareos, that kingpin of Hollywood astrologers, looks to the planets and his charts, and gives you his 1937 forecast for Hollywood and its great ones.

For the past four years, he has achieved the remarkable record of a more-than-80-per-cent accuracy score in his Hollywood predictions. This year, he again prophesies strange things — sorrows and happinesses, tragedies and successes, scandals and threats, deaths and births, grief and joy.

For sorrowing Norma Shearer, more sorrow! Clouds, too, for the Bennett sisters; more trouble for Mary Astor; clouds for Dick Powell and Joan Blondell and for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; sor-

rows for Maureen O'Sullivan; scandal and gossip menace Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and others.

But, wait, this 1937 peep by Dareos isn't all blue and grey. He foresees great happiness for Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor. He sees betrothal for Janet Gaynor, a brilliant love year for George Brent, marriage for Alice Faye. Sorrow for Garbo, marriage for Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, no marriage for Clark Gable and Carole Lombard.

All these things, and many others, the planets hold in store for 1937, claims Dareos. However, he agrees with all recognized astrologers that "The stars incline, but do not compel." Tragedy and sorrow may be averted by steadfast courage and care. When he foretells grief for an individual, he hopes he can be proved

**Dareos, famous Hollywood seer, tells**



# to Them in 1937?



**Carole Lombard**  
Success?



**Gary Cooper**  
Threats?



**Katharine Hepburn**  
Sorrow?

**Dareos' Annual  
Forecast As  
Told to  
Harry Lang**

## What Actually Came to Pass

1. The passing of Jack Gilbert, Irving Thalberg, Henry Walthall.
2. Clark Gable, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Arline Judge.
3. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell; Claudette Colbert; Myrna Loy; Fred MacMurray.
4. True. Irving Thalberg was closer to Garbo than any other person in Hollywood. Her health is very bad today.
5. Domestic unhappiness revealed with separation but no divorce. No accident yet.
6. The death of Irving Thalberg. "Romeo and Juliet" is her greatest picture.
7. True. The Government has placed Shirley under guard.
8. This has been under discussion. However, Dareos says 1937 planets show they will continue as a team.
9. Claudette married Dr. Joel Pressman.
10. Myrna married Arthur Hornblow.
11. True. Barrymore often hospitalized during past year.
12. All signs point to a Pickford-Rogers marriage very, very soon.

wrong—he hopes that that which the planets threaten may not come to pass:

Here is his forecast for 1937:

**GENERAL:** Death waits for five big names in Hollywood! Death will strike suddenly at a figure as famous and as great as was Irving Thalberg, and, again, the industry will mourn the sudden passing of one of its leaders. Two great stars enter the year under the threat of death, and two of the best-known directors will not live through the year.

Babies will be born to three of the foremost stars of the screen in 1937. There will be at least one adoption by one of the top ten stars, perhaps two of the leaders will adopt babies.

Even more scarlet than some of 1936's scandal threats, Hollywood faces the danger of additional lurid headlines. Spies, wiretappers, dirt-mongers will be at work in Hollywood more than ever before, Dareos warns. If there is dirt to be dug up, it will be dug up—and plastered across yellow headlines. Big names are threatened.

Yet, 1937 will not be a year of scandalous divorce.

The divorce rate that has gained Hollywood a somewhat unsavory repute will drop in 1937. The marriage rate will go up.

Color will come to the screen with a great rush, and, by the time 1937 wanes, the early doom of black-and-white pictures will be certain.

In a business way, the new year bears great promise. Box office tills will overflow. New producing companies will be formed, and several of Hollywood's biggest studios will merge. Despite foreign progress, Hollywood's supremacy in pictures will never be threatened.

Accidents threaten several stars, and Dareos fears a major air disaster which will involve not one, but several of the screen's stars.

And now for your favorite stars:

**NORMA SHEARER:** Despite her present wish to make no more pictures, Norma will change her mind and go on to renewed artistic success for at least two more years. She will make three more fine pictures—possibly more. Yet, the shadow of sorrow is still upon her; (Continued on page 86)

**the stars what to expect in this forthcoming year**





Cecilia Parker, to whom we are indebted for this story.

**By Faith Service**

**Cecilia Parker,  
who really knows  
the Great One,  
gives you first-  
hand, intimate  
side lights on her**



# SHE TELLS ON

Garbo

GARBO MADE me what I am today. She is responsible for my being on the screen.

"I'd thought of becoming a movie actress when I was in high school. I suppose almost all girls brought up in Hollywood think about it. Then I saw Garbo on the screen. I saw her again and again and again. I knew that I would have to follow in her footsteps, however humbly I might walk.

"And so I started in. I was just sixteen when I signed with Central Casting. I got extra work to do. One day a casting director noticed me and offered me a screen test. I guess it was successful because I became a 'heroine' in several Western pictures. I played opposite George O'Brien, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Rex Bell and others. I made 'Jungle Mystery,' 'Lost Special,' 'Tombstone Canyon,' 'Secret Sinners' and others. In 1934, I was co-starred in 'High School Girl.' Then M-G-M signed me to a long-term contract. Shortly thereafter they needed a blonde girl who resembled Greta Garbo enough to play her sister in 'The Painted Veil.'

"Just imagine—you girls in your teens—how you would feel if you were told, suddenly, that you were to work with Garbo. Why, if anyone had intimated that when I was in high school a few years ago (I went to Hollywood High and the Convent of the Immaculate Heart), I would have thought he had gone completely insane.

"It was the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me, except," said Cecilia, in her quietly dignified little way, "of course, love."

"She didn't talk to me very much. She doesn't talk to anyone very much. She doesn't need to. Which is one of the many things I learned from her—how much time and energy most of us waste in silly chatter that means nothing. There is something more potent in Garbo's silence than in the words most of us pour forth in a week. Hers are what my mother calls 'telling silences.'

"Garbo taught me the great beauty of silence.

"Garbo and I did have one conversation. It was about mountains. I happened to be saying that I have a little cabin up in the hills where I like to go off by myself. Garbo overheard me and said that she loves mountains, too. She told me what they mean to her—grandeur and everlasting patience and a dwarfing of the silly frets and fevers of little human beings.

"I think that she was, unconsciously, describing herself in a symbolical way. There is something cool and

remote and unassailable about her that does dwarf the frets and fevers of most of us.

"I'd just been a little girl full of crazy notions when I started to work with her. I'd had most of the usual fantastic ideas. I thought I should act sort of temperamental, thinking it made an impression. I took on, unconsciously and sometimes a little consciously, the mannerisms and characteristics of stars on the screen. I thought it was all right to be late on the set now and then. I'd seen some stars keep a company waiting for an hour or more and thought it indicated a certain superiority, a defiance of rules and regulations which are just for 'ordinary people,' not actresses.

"Garbo taught me to be myself, to behave according to the dictates of my own nature. She taught me that to be true to yourself is to be not only a great artist but also a great human being.

"She is so simply, starkly herself that once you have come in contact with her any little affectation or pose which you may have acquired seems cheap and rather tawdry by comparison.

"It wasn't really me to put on airs, to be excitable and fluttery, to be late when I'd been brought up to respect punctuality. I hate crowds. I never go to big parties. I don't even like double dates. I really could say 'I tank I go home' myself—and mean it. In fact, I often do. But most girls experiment with themselves for a time, try different airs and graces and poses, as they try on clothes. It's all right if the airs and graces don't stick and become a part of you.

"She taught me not to borrow from other people. She taught me not to borrow their mannerisms, their eccentricities, their fads, any more than I would borrow their clothes, their cars, their jewels and keep them for myself.

"Garbo is always on time on the set—to the minute. She would make anyone else seem pretty silly if he were not at least equally prompt.

(Continued  
on page  
94)



By James Reid



It's only taken a few pictures to make Don Ameche one of the coming stars of the screen. In "One in a Million," he plays with Sonja Henie. Here they are in a scene from the picture. This is the screen debut of the skating star.

# One in a Million!

THE YOUNG lawyer in the Minnesota town looked up, as his door opened, to see a tall, good-looking, smiling foreigner, dressed—a bit self-consciously—in his Sunday best.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

The young foreigner took the proffered chair, sitting on the edge of it. Still smiling, but twisting his hat in his hands nervously, he said, "I want to do something about my name."

"You mean you want to change it?"

"No, no," his protest was earnest. He searched for words to express himself. "I—I want to make it easier to say—more American."

"What is your name?"

"Amici." He spelled it out for the lawyer. "My American friends, they have trouble saying it." He smiled apologetically.

"So you want to spell it the way it sounds?"

"Si." In his excited gratitude at being understood so quickly, he lapsed into his native Italian.

"Well, I think that can be arranged simply enough."

The attorney reached in a desk drawer for legal papers, to draw up a court petition. A half-hour later, it was finished. His new client sighed with relief, and prepared to leave.

"By the way," the lawyer asked, as he shook hands, "what does your name mean in Italian?"

"Friend," said the young foreigner.

And that's how tall, good-looking Don Ameche came to have that unusual last name.

What's in a name? The answer, in the case of the screen's new Latin lover, is: "Everything." To know him is to think of him as a friend. And because of the people who have thought of him as a friend, he is what he is today.

It's quite a story.

The young foreigner—who changed "Amici" to "Ameche" to make it easier for Americans to say, was destined to be Don's father.

Felix Ameche was born "a little north of Rome." In his teens, he came to this country. He worked in mills, mines, section gangs. Gradually learning the language, he



**Don Ameche didn't**

**pass school exams,**

**but he made the**

**Hollywood grade**

**in one screen test**



Don's individual good looks come from his Italian, Irish and German parentage. "Love Is News" with Loretta Young is his current picture.

drifted westward until finally—he saw the Wisconsin-Minnesota country.

There he fell in love with an American-born girl who was partly German and partly Scotch-Irish, with the German predominant. They married, when he had enough money saved. They set up housekeeping in Kenosha, Wisconsin, thirty-six miles down Lake Michigan from Milwaukee. There, their children were born.

Eight children, in all. Four boys and four girls. The first was a girl. The second was a boy—they called him Dominic.

Schoolmates later shortened that to "Dom." But who ever heard of such a name as "Dom"? Boys, who didn't know his full name, called him "Don." He ended by calling himself that. It simplified matters and it saved explanations.

Prosperity, as well as children, came to the Ameches. Felix Ameche was in business for himself now. He owned two saloons in Kenosha; later, before Prohibition came along and retired him, he had a third—in La Salle, Illinois.

Don shows no squeamish (Continued on page 103)



# As Harlow Sees Herself

By Caroline S. Hoyt



Jean Harlow's screen personality is quite different from her off-screen self. The hard-boiled, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out gal of "Labeled Lady" is sensitive in real life. Left, a scene from the picture, with Spencer Tracy. And right, Jean has few intimate friends—Bill Powell is one of them. Snapped together at the Troc.



## Would you deliberately show yourself up? Jean does—and openly, too

WELL, OF COURSE," said Jean, when I asked her to look at herself in the mirror and tell me, honestly, what she saw there, "there is, first of all, the little matter of my face not matching. It might not have made any difference to Harlean Carpenter of Kansas, but it's something of a problem to the girl they now call Jean Harlow. I suppose there is such a girl," laughed Jean, "but, to tell you the simple, honest truth, I feel as detached from her as do the fans who see her on the screen. "I'm afraid to tell how I really see myself," said

Jean, "because if I let myself go, if I really do tell the truth, the whole truth, no one will believe it. I will be suspected of false modesty, of excessive self-pity, of looking for sympathy.

"But you've asked and I may as well run the whole gauntlet, let the consequences fall where they may. To begin with:

"I have no chin to speak of.

"My eyes are set too deep in their sockets.

"My nose doesn't belong to my face at all. When noses were shuffled and dealt out, I drew

somebody else's.

"I have a nice skin but mainly because I take extremely good care of it. If I didn't, it would blister, burn, turn red or do something silly. I can't take sun-baths and get nice tans like other girls. No, I just plain scorch.

"And my figure is just one of those things; you may assume that all I have to do is enter a little shoppe and throw on a frock and there I am. Nothing could be "wonger." Because my figure is all wrong. It is not an easy figure to dress. It

toward, so to speak,"

and scheming and mathematical cal-

shaped, stiff black veil, a black halo, framing a texture and color of white silk. Well, the



takes planning and scheming and mathematical calculation. Ask Adrian, he'll tell you! When I diet, I am to thin. When I don't diet, I resemble an hourglass. My shoulders are too broad and too square. My hips are too broad. Midway between the two is my waist and it is excessively and unfortunately small. And the sum total is the hourglass ensemble, if I am not very careful. I have to be sure that the neckline of every gown I wear is just so, or the whole effect is thrown out of line and the breadth and squareness of my shoulders emphasized.

"My legs are—well, all right, I suppose, as legs go. You may have observed, though, that I never wear short skirts.

"It is a figure I have to work with and dress

toward, so to speak."

I looked at Jean as she talked with something like pity in my heart. Poor child, I thought, she believes all this. I considered the indisputable fact that artists always paint unflattering self-portraits. They tend to caricature themselves. It is the innate modesty, I suppose, of the sensitive soul which feels itself such an atom in time and space.

I kept on looking at Jean. I marveled marvelously, yet again, at the self-depreciatory trait in one who might well plume herself like the Bird of Paradise, sail triumphantly, a white swan, upon the pellucid waters of self-esteem. Jean, seated on a jade green divan in her dressing-room, clad in a smart black satin frock, draped in silver foxes, wearing a small, tall black satin hat with a fan-

shaped, stiff black veil, a black halo, framing a face the texture and color of white silk. Well, the Jean mine eyes beheld did most outrageously give the lie to the Jean mine ears heard.

But Jean, sensing my incredulity, said, "You don't have to see me when I get up in the morning; but I have to see myself!

"You see," she went on earnestly, sitting now, small-girl fashion on the very edge of the divan, "there are two outstanding truths about the person I really am. The first of these truths is that my professional personality is a role I have assumed.

"The second truth is that I am eaten alive by an inferiority complex. A common complaint, I know, a sort of adult measles. But I have an uncommon case of it.

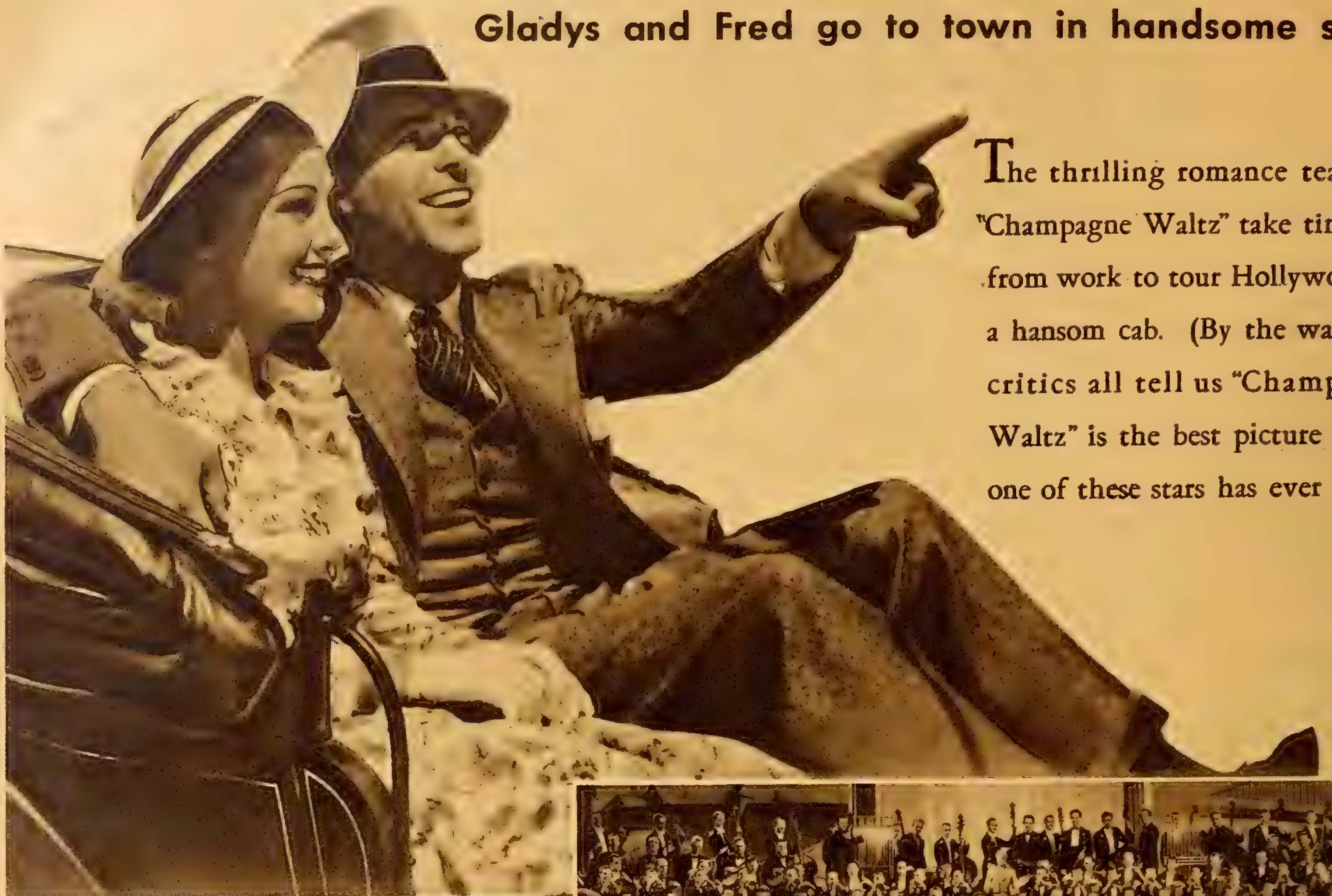
(Continued on page 84)



...to sur-  
pised to read what  
Jean said more than  
anything in this  
world. No, not losing  
her ... doing  
without ... but  
—well ... too.



## Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style



The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



S R O — Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"



Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number



Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world Veloz and Yolanda

Gladys Swarthout  
and Fred MacMurray  
in  
*CHAMPAGNE WALTZ*

A Paramount Picture with

Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda  
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank  
Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland



**Nimble-toed and  
nimble-witted—that's  
Eleanore Whitney**

**By Lois  
Svensrud**

Eleanore Whitney has the art of tapping down to a fine point. Her record is sixty taps in four seconds!

SHE'S NOT only the fastest girl in town, but she's broken a world's speed record. Eleanore Whitney can do sixty taps in four seconds!

"That's what they tell me," admitted Eleanore, her brown eyes sparkling at the mention of the Whitney record. "But I really don't know how I got that way. It's just a difference in people, I guess. Some think faster. I'm faster on my feet."

If you had dropped into Paramount's commissary on this particular day, it's ten to one you would have guessed Eleanore was a high school girl cutting classes to lunch at the studio. For one thing, she was dressed in the plainest of tweed skirts and a matching brown sweater, with a polka dot scarf knotted at the neck. Lipstick was her only make-up. For another thing, she was watching the "celebrities," just as eagerly as any visitor to any studio commissary.

"Look," she whispered, "here comes Carole Lombard. She's always been my idea of what glamor ought to look like. And here I am, working on the very same lot with her!"

And that's Eleanore Whitney. In

# Fastest Gal in Town



Johnny Downs is Eleanore's favorite date these days.

spite of several years in the theatrical world and a year in Hollywood, she's less sophisticated than most eighteen-year-olds. She hasn't a touch of that pseudo-sophistication acquired so quickly by the majority of girls who have once been behind a footlight or in front of a camera.

With a little help from the make-up and publicity departments, one would think that this girl's natural poise and prettiness could be turned into celluloid glamor. But the glamor gals couldn't so easily acquire what Eleanore has. Call it sparkle, call it verve, call it just plain joy of living. Whatever it is, she radiates with it. "I get a kick out of everything that happens to me," is the way she puts it.

"And things always are happening to me," Eleanore added with a giggle. "Out on the lot they all say, 'What's happened to Whitney to day?' I seem to be pursued by a jinx as far as pictures are concerned. Something's happened to me in every one of the six pictures I've been in. You see, I'm good at the taps, but I'm simply swell at the tumbles."

The jinx (Continued on page 110)



Alice Faye's voice just adds that extra something to her fan appeal. She's teamed with that ace crooner, Dick Powell, in "On the Avenue" and that should make for tops in swiny singing we think, don't you?

# Sweet

hot and blue are



New York discovered Gertrude Niesen before Hollywood, but now she's making her screen debut. You will thrill to her songs in "Top of the Town."



"The Lady in Red!" Remember how Winnie Shaw put that song dinning in your ears long after you left the theatre? Well, her scorchy notes ring out again in "Smart Blonde."



# and Lowdown

the tunes that give them their claim to Hollywood fame



She's just five feet of the bluest singing on screen or air—Frances Langford. In "Born to Dance," Frances goes to town with plenty of new songs to start you humming.



"Yeah Man" Raye, or more formally, Martha Raye. Here's a girl who registered so fast with her singing that one picture made her. "College Holiday" is next.



And last, but by no means least, Harriet Hilliard. Harriet is back in Hollywood at work on her next picture, even though it meant leaving her new son back East.



Luiſe Rainer, on the  
ſcreen or off, is al-  
ways fascinating.



# Miss Rainer Regrets

Few ſtars would have the courage to  
ſpeak their minds as Luiſe does in this  
analysis of herſelf and Hollywood  
BY Nanette Kutner





Here is Luise as O-lan opposite Paul Muni's Wang in "The Good Earth."



This impulsive Viennese star deeply regrets her separation from the man she loves, Clifford Odets, dramatist.

FRANKLY, Luise Rainer regrets the whole business. She regrets being separated from the man she loves. She regrets the ruthless methods of our reporters, the coldness of our celebrity-chasers, the terrific power of the cutting-room and the down-to-earth logic of American men. She regrets her five-year movie contract. She regrets the impulsiveness that drives her, willy-nilly, into such jams. She regrets having to stay away from the legitimate stage, practically a prisoner, albeit a high-priced one, bound by California's studios. But most of all—she regrets living in Hollywood.

"Hollywood is dead," she told me. "Everything about it is dead, even the beautiful hills."

She pointed to where they rose, green and sandy and hazy purple, pointed straight from the living-room of her Brentwood house that seems to be set down right in the middle of them.

She said, "I look at those hills. I know they are beautiful, and I ask myself what is it I don't like, and the answer is . . . they are dead. The air surrounding them is heavy, not like mountain air. There is no exhilaration, no sparkle. The people here are like that, too, all impersonal, all cold, with no feeling."

"I often go for walks in the hills. This not easy because Hollywood people never walk. Walking is such a personal matter, so Hollywood rides . . . like corpses they ride. By riding they can keep away from life. Walking is too human, too close to the earth, too near other people, the little everyday people . . . the real ones."

"Do you know that when my friend, Clifford Odets, the playwright, went for a walk here he actually was arrested! It was late at night. A policeman asked him

what he was doing and when he said walking, the policeman said, 'But where is your car?' And when Odets said he had no car, he was arrested! That's Hollywood! In no other place in the world could such a thing happen, of this I am sure!"

She sighed. And she sat down on the edge of the wide yellow sofa. Her tailored white linen sportscoat was open at the neck, her plaid skirt girlishly short, her uneven black hair awry, with none of that artificial, plastered-down, wave-in-place, polished-ballroom-floor effect.

Her vibrant tones filled the room.

"Rented emptiness," she said. "Hollywood is like a hotel—houses, apartments, furnished, ready to walk into or walk out of . . . impersonal, too."

THE VOICE shook a little. It is a fiery voice, a fitting mouthpiece to her personality, for it takes complete possession of the listener. It absorbs, leaving you breathless, and for a long while afterwards it re-echoes in your ears, making you wonder why it is impossible to pin down the accent, doing it justice on paper. It is an hysterical voice, sometimes reaching a squeal. It is the voice of a temperamental girl, all nerves and warmth and energy and impulse and honest earnestness, a girl whose entire body emphasizes her speech; the black eyes constantly roving, observing everything; the shoulders swaying or being shrugged according to her moods; the hands alive, a rhythmic, dramatic accompaniment.

Like most women who are in love, the object of Luise Rainer's affections appears obvious because his name is never far from her lips.

Now, her body tense, she clenched the fingers of one small hand.

"I could tell you so much," she said, and this time it seemed as if she were squeezing the words from her throat. "I have many regrets . . . like everyone, so many."

"I regret I have to stand for people asking me questions about what is none of their business! There are a lot of subjects I could discuss, subjects that are worth while; instead, they come and they ask. (Continued on page 106)



IN REVIEWING the motion picture career of Melvyn Douglas, it might occur to you that you were looking at it in one of those mirrors that makes things look like what they aren't, for he seems to be forever doing the wrong thing.

However, that isn't the case. In fact, it wasn't done with mirrors at all. It just happens that when Melvyn Douglas does what is obviously the wrong thing, it invariably turns out to be just what he should have done.

"I believe that making a mistake is often purely mental," he said thoughtfully, when I asked him about it. "It has been my experience that when I did something that, to all appearances, was a most frightful mistake, it didn't turn out to be because I didn't allow my consciousness to be hampered by a feeling that what I had done was wrong. Success is ninety per cent. luck, too, you know," he added.

But luck can't be ninety per cent. of his success. And his motion picture career, alternating as it does with his stage work, presents an enigma to the casual observer, for it is in direct contrast to almost any other successful career in Hollywood.

Ordinarily when an actor makes a favorable impression in a picture, he follows it up with other good roles. He is in demand and usually makes the most of it. Douglas, on the contrary, makes a habit of disappearing after he makes a hit picture. Sometimes he has gone to Europe for a long vacation. Other times he has disappeared in the canyons of New York, his disappearance inevitably

followed by reports of his successful appearance in a Broadway show.

Success in Hollywood doesn't usually follow the actor who plays hide and seek with producers, and it is almost axiomatic that no actor or actress dares to remain off the screen for as long as a year. Heretofore, it has been only a Leslie Howard or a Helen Hayes who could make a picture and then rush off to the stage or to follow his own pursuits and, when the spirit moved him, return to Hollywood to be welcomed with open arms.

But this Douglas person, who certainly is no Clark Gable, seems to be just as effective in his quiet way. Following his frequent disappearances, he returns to Hollywood, helps himself to the very best roles available at the moment, in which he never fails to give a creditable performance, and before you know it, he's gone again.

It must be believed then that the lad has something, maybe that something that Samuel Goldwyn describes as "a habit-forming personality," meaning that audiences like him so much they form a habit of seeing him in all his pictures. Elinor Glyn described it more tersely as "it."

Whatever this elusive quality is, it is something so unusual that producers are willing to take him, when and as often as they can get him, because in addition to this especial something, he is a competent actor and generously endowed with looks.

To go back to his youth, when he began making mistakes, his mother had made up her mind that he should

Helen Gahagan picked Melvyn to be her leading man in a play and he picked her to be his leading lady for life!



"Theodora Goes Wild" teams Melvyn with Irene Dunne in a sparkling comedy. Here they are in a scene from it.



WHEN HE'S

*Wrong*

HE'S

*Right!*



become a lawyer. With that in mind, she took him to court to watch the procedure as often as possible to build up his appreciation of the rewards of defending the innocent.

His father, the late Edouard Hesselberg, Russian born, internationally known concert pianist and composer, took him to musical events to build up his musical appreciation.

Melvyn himself desired more than anything to be a poet!

His mother considered it a serious mistake for him to consider any vocation other than practicing law, and to his father's mind, it was equally a serious error for him to fail to make music his life work. Both parents considered he made the mistake of his life in not remaining in college until he graduated, regardless of what he chose to do.

Subsequent results proved just how productive these mistakes turned out to be.

Melvyn was still in high school in Toronto, Canada, where the family was living at the outbreak of the World War, but he was large for his age and looked every inch a man. As he walked along the streets on his way to school, he was often jeered at by overzealous patriots because he was not in uniform.

"Are you a cripple or just a slacker?" the rowdies would yell at him.

At fourteen, a boy's sensibilities are apt to be a bit raw and even though he was an American and the United States had not yet entered the fight, he still felt that the Allies were badly crippled without his aid. He visualized

himself as a Scottish Highlander, "because I particularly fancied their uniforms," he laughs now. With no chance of obtaining permission of his parents to join the Canadian forces, he took matters into his own hands, ran away and "signed up." His parents had no trouble in getting him back to the hearthside when his age was proven, but later, after he had entered college and the United States had joined forces with the Allies, he ran away again and this time he made it stick by a clever ruse.

"I had lied about my age to get in without the consent of my parents," he explained, "and I was able to convince my father that if he got me out by telling my right age, I would be liable to prison sentence for lying. So I was allowed to remain until the end of the War. I wasn't killed or even wounded. In fact, I never even got across to see actual warfare, but I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. It was a liberal education and, in my opinion, no mistake.

"After the War, my parents wanted me to return to college. Inasmuch as I had returned safely they could forgive my running away to war, but not completing my education was, in their eyes, a serious mistake. But my father had suffered financial losses and I thought it was time for me to go to work and at least support myself.

"I had always lived close to home and had had no contact at all with the world. Working and feeling that I was independent forced a certain resiliency out of me that might have taken years to develop. I had to shift for myself and it made a man out of me." (Cont'd on page 108)


**Melvyn Douglas has  
a knack of turning  
obvious blunders  
into successful ven-  
tures for himself**

**By Franc Dillon**

After completing "Women of Glamor" with Virginia Bruce, Melvyn went East for a play.





An illustration on the left side of the page depicts a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark coat with a fur collar and a polka-dot scarf, sitting in the back of a taxi. The taxi is shown from a side profile, with a 'TAXI' sign on its roof and a license plate that reads 'NY 43'. The background shows a stylized city skyline with various buildings.

Irene Dunne loves to play comedy roles such as in "Theodora Goes Wild," and has proved she's a gifted comedienne.



# TAKING

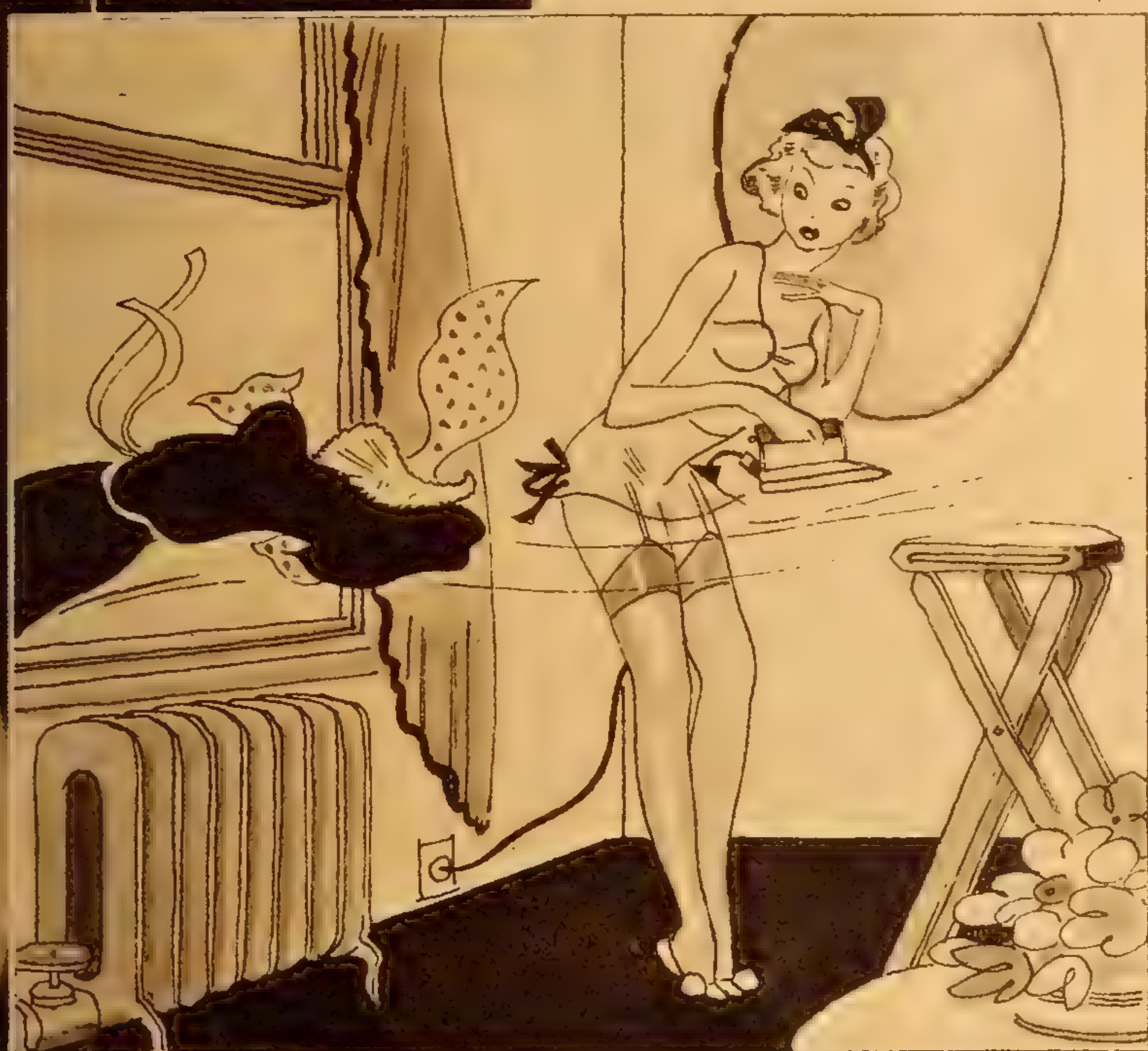
By Muriel Babcock

BRR! THERE'S nothing like a good, chilling ride in a New York taxicab on a cold, blustery day—particularly when your passenger is Irene Dunne. And no better way to learn about life.

Irene Dunne and I were having tea at the Pierre, when I asked her where she first lived in New York, where she lost her first job, whether she cried or not, what she said, and what *were* the tribulations she suffered in cold, granite-like Manhattan before she found fame and was paged by Hollywood.

I started asking about those early days in New York when Irene was a gangling Kentucky prima donna, determined that the world was her oyster and the Metropolitan stood with waiting arms to star her in "La Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," *et al.* I wanted to know what were





How would you feel if you were a stranger in a large city and you're best dress blew out of the hotel window? It actually happened to Irene.



When Dr. Griffin met Irene for the first time, he asked for her telephone number—but he didn't use it for months! Now they're a very happily married couple.

Reviewing a "perfect lady's" past from a taxicab is surely novel, but very informative in this instance

# IRENE *for a* RIDE

her dreams and her plans in those days and has she found fulfillment?

I also wanted to know how she spends those long vacations in New York now. Everybody knows, of course, that she doesn't spend 'em like the typical Hollywood belle—in and out of the Stork Club, El Morocco, 21 and Tony's—flashing ermines and jewels at poor benighted New Yorkers. No, that isn't Irene Dunne. We all know she goes quietly about her own business, but what is it and where is it?

I was extremely curious about Irene Dunne because she never seems to be secretive about what she does, yet nobody seems to know much about her except that she's a pretty nice girl, a good actress, a beautiful woman, a good singer and a fine comedienne. (If you don't believe the last, see "Theodora Goes Wild." It's a honey.)

And so she said, "Shall we go way back to the begin-

ning? Yes? Well, my first memory of New York is tied up with the Pennsylvania Hotel. You know it? You don't? Well, you know where it is?"

"No," I replied weakly.

"That's right. You're a stranger in New York, aren't you? Well, I don't suppose I'll ever forget either the Pennsylvania Hotel or the Metropolitan Opera House—they are tied up with my most dramatic first memories of New York. You know where the Met is, don't you?"

"No," I replied. "But once in New York I suggested to Norma Shearer that we take a bus ride and look the town over from the upper deck. Could we take a bus ride? And would you point out some of the places associated with your early memories and tell what they meant to you?"

We took a taxi because we decided that no single bus could follow the route Irene (Continued on page 98)



# The



If you part your hair on the side, Lily Pons offers a charming coiffure.

**There's a star hair-do here to suit your type. Why not try it? Our beauty expert tells you how to go about it**



The Frances Farmer types can affect a very simple hair comb.

I LIKE to write about hair. Because almost no head of hair is so hopeless but what something can be done about it. A girl's figure may rate only a passing grade and she may get only A for effort as far as her face is concerned, but darn near every head of hair in the world can be attractive, glossy and chic—and most heads can be more than that.

You certainly must know by this time the rudimentary rules for the care of the locks: plenty of warm oil before



If you're the Harlow type, ringlets should frame your face.

your shampoo. Olive oil, castor oil, or prepared, store-bought oil. Always a liquid, never a cake soap. Scads of rinsing. Daily massage, if only a minute's worth, for the dear old scalp's sake. Vigorous brushing with a stiff brush for coarse and medium hair. Gentle brushing with a gentle brush for fine hair. And don't tell me brushing ruins your wave. Better a shining, sleek noodle with a slight wave than a dull, dopey looking head of hair with a fixed, set wave any day in the year. Use your judg-



# Hair Problem

By  
Mary  
Marshall



Madge Evans' swirl is very popular and sleek-looking.

ment and go easy on the brushing before that date, when you want your hair-do to look particularly snappy, but do see to it that your hair gets a decent amount of brushing during the course of the week. Brushing strengthens, cleanses and polishes.

Oily and dry conditions of the hair aren't as tough problems as they seem, if you'll really get out and work on them. An oily condition comes from wide-open oil glands which pour too much oil out onto your hair; your scalp



If your hair is glossy and longish, try Ruby Keeler's style.

is sluggish—lazy. Stimulate it and make it work. You might think you should give up the warm oil before the shampoo. Not so, not so. You need it all the more. In the first place, the warm oil will help remove any caked oil from your scalp—also any dandruff, which usually follows in the wake of an oily condition. And as your fingers massage the warm oil into your scalp, they also stimulate the scalp—make it work for itself. Yes, keep up the oil business, but even (Continued on page 92)



# Is Hollywood a

By Helen

Louise Walker

Gene Raymond in "That Girl from Paris" has his opinion swayed by his recent engagement to Jeanette MacDonald.

You'll get honest answers from these top men stars who are in the know!



A VISITING celebrity in the world of sport, returning to Hollywood after an absence of several years, remarked to me, "I miss the cronies whom I enjoyed so much when I was here last time. When they are working they are, as they should be, filled with that early-to-bed-early-to-rise spirit. When they are between pictures, they aren't in Hollywood at all. They are hiding somewhere. Not that I blame them! Hollywood has gone chi-chi. It's just a woman's town now."

A bit startled at his apparent bitterness, I took a hasty mental census of the whereabouts of our current he-man stars. As this was written, Clark Gable was departing for northern parts unknown on a hunting and fishing trip, accompanied by one or two of his rancher cronies who have nothing to do with the picture industry. Warner Baxter was returning from a six-weeks' camping trip in the high Sierras—his companions were all males. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell had spent the last week-end aboard a small, rented, gasoline-motored boat—fishing and bemoaning the absence of Dick Barthelmess. Ronnie was then tucked away on his miniature ranch which is as thickly walled and hedged as was ever a Greta Garbo establishment. Lee Tracy and Buck Jones were bounding over the

Clark Gable, who likes to "get away from it all," has a rather prejudiced outlook on the town.



# Woman's Town!



Ronald Colman boasts the title of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. Perhaps his reasons for being so are revealed here. He's in "Lost Horizon."



Jean Harlow, one of the town's beauteous belles, is Bill Powell's best gal, but that doesn't change his opinion a bit about this pertinent problem.



Long a happily married man, Warner Baxter knows about women. He's also very familiar with Hollywood, which makes his almost a complete education.

billows, sailing their yachts in the race from Los Angeles to Honolulu. No women are allowed aboard the boats entered in the race.

I caught up with Bill Powell, returning reluctantly to work. The effort had been strenuous and had left me slightly breathless. I panted, "Bill, exactly what is a woman's town? And is Hollywood one of them?"

IT'S GETTING to be one," he opined, looking rueful. "Paris has been called that and New York has, too, sometimes." He sat down upon an upturned flower pot which was a prop on the set and he looked reflective and introspective. "A woman's town, I take it," he brought forth at last, "is a city in which women decide how men shall spend their leisure hours—and their money. Feminine whims are laws and men must struggle for women's favors. Life is effete, elaborate, be-ruffled. People who sell orchids and emeralds enjoy it. Some wag or other put it, 'You can identify it because even the garbage smells faintly of Chanel's Number Five!'"

He interrupted himself hastily. "Don't think that the men don't enjoy it. The danger is that this atmosphere makes them soft. And the irony of that is that when he does become soft, even the 'woman's town' wants no more of him.

"Take, for instance, your motion picture premiere. Do

you think that any mature man in his senses, would put on tails and a white tie, buy fifteen dollars' worth of orchids, face crowds and photographers and microphones just to look at a motion picture—unless he did it to please some woman? It's all right for the younger fry. They like getting into formal clothes and escorting some lush young creature through a foyer where cordons of police are fighting off throngs of admirers. But men outgrow the taste for that sort of thing—women never do. And the parties," he went on, musingly. "There is always that frantic effort to make each one different, to make it more fantastic than the last one. Don't think for a moment that men don't have fun at these elaborate frolics. Of course they do. But you never hear of a man planning one. We do pretty much as we are told in the matter of enjoying ourselves!"

It occurred to me that I hadn't heard of a real stag party in Hollywood in years. The sort of party at which men play poker and drink beer in their shirt sleeves until the dawn. Bob Montgomery told me that he gave one once—and they didn't even play poker.

"We just sat and talked!" Bob marveled, as if that were the most astonishing thing in the world. "We didn't play any games (Continued on page 112)





# YOU

## *Appeal in Star Fashions*

The peasant trend in fashions dramatized in a black crepe dress worn by Dolores Del Rio—fitted bodice, wide belt and "swing" skirt.



NOW WHAT. I can hear the clamor rise, "is the meaning of 'you-appeal,' especially in relation to clothes?" Well, my pets, it is one of my brain waves—a two-word phrase to sum up briefly what I think is most important to you in Hollywood fashions.

A Hollywood star can be put on one of "the best-dressed women" lists (the two who look out at you from these pages have been), and she can be famous as a glamor girl, but unless she wears clothes that have a real personal interest for you and you and me, she just doesn't make the grade as a fashion guide for us. The way I look at it, the clothes, both on the screen and in the stars' personal wardrobes, that give practical ideas to you are those that have lines and details which can be adapted to your own clothes.

Dolores likes simple but dramatic evening clothes such as this gown of silver metal cloth. You could copy it effectively in blistered satin, with velvet border instead of the fur.



**Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio give fashion pointers from their personal wardrobes that all of you can copy very economically**

*by Adelia Bird*



This is Connie Bennett's favorite street frock for California wear. Utterly simple in cut, a wide brown sash in suede contrasts with the deep rose shade of the wool fabric.

And above, any girl could have a duplicate of this simple but lovely Iris blue taffeta evening gown. The skirt is voluminous. A corsage formed of velvet bows trims the right shoulder—a tip for you.



Fashions that have "you-appeal" have to be wearable before they are startling—and they have to be copyable before they are glamorous. In other words, a dress worn by a smart star may be dramatic and luxurious in fabric and trim yet it still can be practical as a fashion guide for you because it has copyable details and lines.

Thus we come to Constance Bennett and Dolores Del Rio, both of whom have stunning personal wardrobes which the average budget couldn't be stretched to cover but who still stay in the list of excellent screen fashion guides for you.

CONNIE AND Dolores, exact opposites in coloring, share a mutual flair for sophisticated dress. Both of them patronize the best costume designers and dress shops



in Hollywood, New York and Paris. Both make a careful study of themselves in relation to everything they wear and both love simple clothes set off by unusual and rich accessories.

And where then, do they come in as inspiration for the limited budgeteers? Right here on these pages this month! For each of them, interviewed right in the midst of their new wardrobes, gave me a wealth of fashion wisdom to pass on to you. We'll start with Connie because I happen to have rung her doorbell first.

Sleek, perfectly groomed Connie with her blonde hair worn in a long bob, curled only at the ends, has one of those slender figures that is the delight of every dress-maker. Her house is sleek, too, with everything chosen to act as the perfect setting for the Bennett personality. Connie's bedroom, boudoir and closets are the sort that make you ashamed that your own belongings get into such a topsy-turvy state. Her shoes, for instance, are arranged in neat rows on disappearing doors in her boudoir. Cedar-lined closets hold her bountiful wardrobe which ranges from trim tailored suits to the most feminine of evening gowns. Everything in these closets shows the fastidious care which (Continued on page 100)

You have to know your type to wear a daring hat like this of Dolores Del Rio's. Of black felt with peaked crown. Shops have inexpensive copies.

Right below, Connie's pet afternoon and cocktail costume is this coat-like black velvet model that "zips" from neckline to hem.



The brown suede sash, bag and gloves for Connie's dusty rose wool dress. Note the huge safety pin.



And her afternoon costume accessories—black velvet cap, black suede pumps, gloves and bag.





Gertrude's latest picture, before illness overtook her, was "Make Way for a Lady." She's well again now.

By Dorothy

Herzog



## *She Won't Play Hunches*

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is twenty-four. She has titian hair, a milky complexion and blue eyes. She was born in Talladega, Alabama, which you may never have heard of. As a child, Gertrude went for the piano like a kitten for a saucer of cream. She was born with what is known as a "perfect ear." She could hear someone play a piece on the piano for the first time and then sit right down herself and do a perfect job of the same selection.

"I never have known the mathematics of music," Gertrude confessed.

She isn't the sort of young woman who would ever consciously know the mathematics of anything, but she would know them intuitively. She's a girl given to "hunches," and a hunch is simply a decision which, if made and followed, leads to happy consequences.

However, it wasn't exactly a "hunch" that took Gertrude Michael to Hollywood some four years ago to make

a screen test. It was partly a hunch and partly the fact that the New York theatre wasn't giving her the jobs she had to have in order to make ends meet. In fact, things had gone so poorly in the theatre that Gertrude went down the economic scale to where she had exactly two dresses and seven dollars and ten cents between her and a bleak tomorrow.

M-G-M offered her the chance of a trip West and a screen test. They had made the same offer before, but Gertrude stuck doggedly with the theatre. The theatre no longer returning the compliment, Gertrude agreed to the studio's offer.

"I was to go west in a compartment," she explained and rolled her eyes with proper impressiveness. "But it seemed to me that if the company would let me travel in a lower berth and take the ninety dollars difference in the price of a compartment and (Continued on page 115)

**Right or wrong, Gertrude Michael simply can't change**



Margo and Burgess Meredith reenact their stage roles for the screen version of "Winterset."



# Reviews

## A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By Leo Townsend



Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas in "Theodora Goes Wild," and the Quins in "Reunion."

### ★★★★ Winterset (RKO-Radio)

Last year Maxwell Anderson's play, "Winterset," was chosen by the Critics' Circle as the best play of 1935. RKO-Radio has brought it to the screen with almost its entire New York cast intact and with a slight revision of Mr. Anderson's poetic and memorable dialogue. On the screen, it emerges as one of the year's finest artistic achievements. It is definitely a candidate for the next Academy Award, a picture which will win critical acclaim and audience approval in much the same manner as did "The Informer" a couple of seasons ago. Laid in New York's east side tenement district, it is a story of an innocent man's execution for murder, and of the vengeful quest of his son for the men guilty of the crime. Mio, the son, is superbly portrayed by Burgess Meredith, whose splendid talent is a welcome addition to the screen. Second best performance is that of Eduardo Ciannelli in the role of Trock, the cold-blooded murderer whose crime sent Mio's father to the chair. Margo, playing a young girl of the district, is excellent in a sensitive, difficult role. She and Meredith create a fine and beautiful love story against a background of their sordid surroundings. Other first-rate performers are Maurice Moscovitch, Edward Ellis, John Carradine, Paul Guilfoyle and Stanley Ridges.

#### Preview Postscript

On the picture's completion, Burgess Meredith and his wife, Margaret Perry, had planned to fly back to New York and their upstate farm, but a puppy upset everything. The day before leaving, the Merediths took a walk up Hollywood Boulevard and, from a pet store, a cocker spaniel gave them the glad eye. The result was the cocker became the Merediths' and they all went back by train. . . . Margo's real name is Maria Marguerita Guadalupe Valedo Castilla and she was born in Mexico City in 1917. At the age of six, she made her dancing debut there, but her family shortly after moved to Spain. Margo returned to New York at the age of fourteen to try dancing in earnest, drifted to California, via Mexico City, and landed a job at the Coconut Grove and later one at Agua Caliente, famed Mexican resort just across the California border. Movie folks swarm to both these spots, but no one thought Margo movie material. An eight-week contract at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel which was offered to her turned into a two-year stay there. She was persuaded by Hecht and MacArthur to appear in a role in "Crime Without Passion," which led to movie contracts in Hollywood. But Margo turned up her small nose at the movie moguls and took the "Winterset" role on the stage.

### ★★★ Born to Dance (M-G-M)

If you like your musicals big, lavish and loud, here's your dish. It is probably barking at the moon to register a slight complaint against "Born to Dance," what with its terrific cast and its terrific cost, but it is our suspicion that much of its noise and shouting is employed to cover up a lot of dull moments. When you have people like Eleanor Powell, Jimmy Stewart, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen and Sid Silvers in a picture, you're bound to have above-the-average entertainment, and you're even entitled to hope for something a little better than that. All of this is to say that the picture is a good—but quite routine—musical with enough high spots to make it worth your while. Good moments are: all of Eleanor Powell's dances, a burlesque of a symphony conductor by Reginald Gardiner, a floorwalker bit by Barnett Parker, and Raymond Walburn's comedy. Cole Porter's score is not his best. Outstanding song numbers are "Hey, Babe," sung by all the principals, and "Miss Lucy James," done somewhat in the Gilbert and Sullivan manner by Ray-





mond Walburn, Virginia Bruce and a male chorus. Warning: the finale, said to have cost \$300,000, will blast you out of your seat.

### Preview Postscript

There's no doubt that Eleanor Powell was "Born to Dance" and can't stop. Besides the regular eight hours on the set while making this picture, she spent an hour or two in rehearsal in the morning and at lunchtime. And had a date with Jimmy Stewart practically every night—to dance. Then between "takes" on the set, Eleanor spent every spare moment teaching her intricate steps to co-actors, prop boys, cameramen and anyone who was interested and could walk. Una Merkel was the prize Powell pupil. This was Una's first dancing role and she put her soul into it, if ever an artist did. Husband Ronald Burla had to take tap lessons in self-defense and can now out-tap Mrs. B. . . . Jimmy Stewart moved out when Henry Fonda came home with his new bride recently. Leaving the honeymooners didn't bother him so much, though, as parting with his next-door neighbor, Miss G. Garbo. He doesn't profess any real intimacy with her, but could always point with pride to the ten-foot metal fence which she had built just on his account. . . . Every cloud has a silver lining, even the Stewart clouds, and so he found that Eleanor Powell lives in Santa Monica, where he moved. The two held hands between "shots" on the set and devoted considerable time to perfecting their love scenes so they wouldn't waste any of the director's time or M-G-M's money when staging them for the camera. . . . Dave Gould is responsible for the dance staged by all the gals and also for their perfectly matched sun-tans. He gave each chorus cutie daily instructions on how long to remain in the sun in order to get his dancers all darkened to the same degree. . . . Biggest cut-ups on the picture were Sid Silvers and Buddy Ebsen and biggest expense were the Powell chiffon stockings.

### ★★★ Reunion (20th Century-Fox)

You will want to see this, of course, just to find out how the five gals from Callander are getting along. And we might add right here that they're developing along Ziegfeldian lines. But the picture is worth your while quite aside from the Quints' attractions. It is a simple, heart-warming story of a country doctor and the problems which confront him when he tries to untangle the lives of some of the babies he has brought into the world in the past forty years. Some three thousand of them come to a "reunion" party at his home in Mooseville, among them Esther Ralston, in the role of a movie star; Alan Dinehart, governor of a state, and his wife, Katherine Alexander; Tom Moore, a famous surgeon, and his wife; Helen Vinson, who is in love with Robert Kent, who happens to be in love with Rochelle Hudson. Many others are there, too, many of them with problems which the good doctor tries to work out to the satisfaction of all. The very real problems of these people are woven into a believable and engrossing story which will keep your interest to the final reel. Outstandingly sincere are the portrayals of the entire cast, with Jean Hersholt turning in his best role for a long time as Dr. Luke. Dorothy Peterson again plays a nurse, as does Rochelle Hudson. Robert Kent is the young doctor, John Qualen scores again as the famous father of the five and Slim Summerville is responsible for several mirth-quakes. Some might object to so many details being irrelevant to a main plot, but we found that every episode contributed to making this picture an evening of good, solid entertainment.

### Preview Postscript

Tops in movie "scoops" last year was the signing of the Dionne Quintuplets to star in four feature-length (Continued on page 120)



Eleanor Powell isn't the only one who's "Born to Dance," for Jimmy Stewart gives a good imitation of it.



Edith Fellows and Bing Crosby in a scene from "Pennies from Heaven."



Photos By  
Frank Muto



Rumors of bickering in the Cooper menage seem groundless with Gary and Sandra so cozy here.



How these newlyweds do register bliss. Here are the Dick Powells strolling about Palm Springs on a recent holiday.

It was dinner by candlelight for Garbo and George Brent almost every evening during the shooting of "Camille." The two of them lit their candles and did their dining in Mr. B's garden, with two of the Brent watchdogs nearby to keep out the curious. One of the Brent neighbors crosses her heart and hopes to be thrown to the Brent hounds if this isn't true.



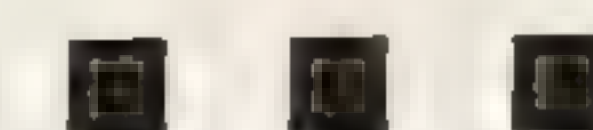
And from the Brothers Warner out in Burbank comes this terse little note: "Ruby Keeler has arranged things with the Warner Brothers studio so she can take a recess every three hours to run home and see Al, Jr." Now if Al, Jr., were a real gent he'd arrange things at home so he could run over to Burbank every three hours and see Ruby.



The French they are, as the saying goes, a funny race. The other night at the Club Casanova Warner Brothers' new French star, Fernand Gravel, was in a gay party which included Ketti Gallian, another commodity imported from France. The party wound up with M. Gravel and Mlle. Gallian tossing champagne at each other. It was all in a spirit of fun—*pour le sport*, as the Arabians put it—but everyone on this side of the Atlantic knows that the only way to toss champagne is at yourself.



Doris Dudley, who amused Broadway last season with her goings-on, is finding it a bit more difficult to stay on the bizarre side in Hollywood, since this town has never been known as a hot-bed of normalcy. Playing Katharine Hepburn's daughter in "A Woman Rebels" must have inspired her, though, for she turned up at the Palm Springs opening with a lion cub and a house-broken goat. Now everyone's waiting for Hepburn to show up with Ken Maynard's circus.



Last Minute Report on the Taylor-Stanwyck Situation: Bob Taylor told a friend he was not going to see Barbara for a month. All of

By  
Leo  
Townsend



# Our busy news noser-outer is caught up in a gay whirl of mid-winter Movietown doings



Lookit! Recognize the gal? It's Ginger Rogers out with Bob Taylor! But he called Barbara Stanwyck up the next day!



One of Hollywood's newer couples step out to the Trocadero. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda beam happily.

which meant one of two things. Either Mr. T. was trying to find out if it's really love—or he felt a guy in his position shouldn't be linked romantically to any one woman. However, after one evening out with another gal, Bob called the whole thing off and phoned Barbara. A fellow can change his mind, too, you know!



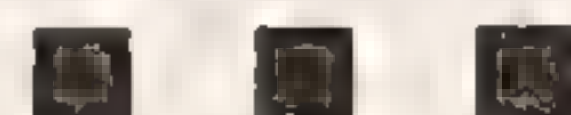
The Errol Flynn-Lili Damita parting of the ways wasn't too much of a surprise to those who know them, but the subsequent patching-up-of-it-all was. It probably will be an on-again, off-again story. Flynn is the "rugged individual" type who prefers to roam around by himself, while Lili has always been accustomed to a somewhat gayer existence. Sooo . . .



At the Cafe LaMaze, the day after the Flynn-Damita "separation," Mr. F. was dining with a group of friends when Lili entered. Not being up on Hollywood domestic situations, the headwaiter quietly led her over to the Flynn table. Errol rose and smiled, but Miss Damita exploded, "No! No! Not here!" she exclaimed, leaving Flynn and the headwaiter sort of hanging in mid-air.



Before "Parnell" went into production, Director John M. Stahl announced that Clark Gable would grow a beard for the occasion. This was quickly followed by Gable's announcement that he wouldn't grow a beard for *any* occasion. Knowing it was a fight to the finish, we visited the set for a round-by-round account. There were beavers galore all over the place, but none on the handsome pan of Gable. They're calling the battle a draw, though, for he compromised on side-burns and a moustache.

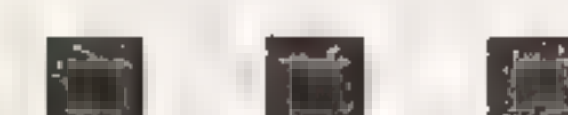


Watched Sonja Henie do one of her fantastically beautiful ice-dances on the set of "One In A Million" out at 20th Century-Fox the other day. "Sonja doesn't get much rest in this picture," said Don Ameche, "but I haven't sat down so much for years." Don's in the ice-skating scenes, and it's the first time he's seen ice outside of a scotch and soda.

Most concrete evidence that Katie Hepburn and Leland Hayward aren't secretly married is the fact that Margaret Sullavan is now Mrs. H. Come to think of it, the marital career of the little Sullavan has been a bit on the fantastic side. When ex-husband Henry Fonda first arrived in Hollywood, Margaret, married to William Wyler, soon started going out with Henry. Following a speedy divorce from William, she stopped going with Henry and spent her evenings with Wyler. Note to Leland Hayward: if you want to be really clubby with your wife, divorce her.



Arline Judge and her motor glider have parted company. Arline bought the thing to scoot her way from dressing-room to set out at 20th Century-Fox, but she was stopped by a studio cop who asked her for her license. Not having thought of this little item, Arline promised to show up with the papers next day. Well—she couldn't get a bicycle license since the contraption operates under gasoline power. The Bureau of Motor Vehicles said they'd never heard of motor gliders, and the motorcycle boys refused to admit it was any of their business. So now the studio cop has a brand-new motor glider on his hands, and Arline is back on her feet again.



Arline, incidentally, spends most of her evenings dancing about with Pat De Cicco, who was Thelma Todd's former husband. And Wesley Ruggles has been seen a good deal lately with Louise—remember?—Brooks. Maintaining the Hollywood tradition, however, Arline and Wes always save a dance for each other whenever they're at the same place on the same evening.



Hollywood is practically robbing "The Cradle" these days. The famous Evanston orphanage has been visited lately by Irene Dunne, who is shopping for a daughter, the Fredric Marches, who are in the market for another son, and Miriam Hopkins, who thinks her adopted child should have a sister. And Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are so happy over the acquisition of Al, Jr., that they're planning a trip East as soon as possible.





Now it's out—Mary Pickford's officially engaged to Buddy Rogers. Here they are with Buddy's brother. They'll marry very soon.

And their marriage of a year ago is out, too! Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin, look Mister and Missus at a recent premiere.



Over on the "Interlude" set at Columbia, the gang of kids, appearing as extras, are handed a free bit of grand opera every day by none other than Gracie Moore. Grace says she's practicing on them so she'll know how to please her new daughter, who has just arrived from Madrid. Luisita Parera, four-year-old niece of Grace's husband, is the new addition to the Moore-Parera household.



With Joan Crawford set for the lead in "Parnell" with Clark Gable, she was suddenly switched to "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," which Myrna Loy was to do, and Miss Loy was given the Crawford part in "Parnell." There are those who say Joan preferred the "Last of Mrs. Cheney" role, and there are those who say Director John Stahl preferred not having La Crawford in "Parnell."

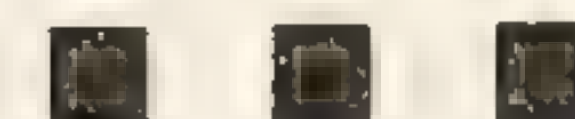


First day on the "Last of Mrs. Cheney's" set, before she switched her make-up box to "Parnell," Myrna Loy began industriously knitting between every scene. With a mysterious air she brought out pale blue angora which slowly developed into a square. After ten days of this, with the entire company getting curious, Myrna calmly crocheted the squares together into an afghan. An afghan, in case you don't know may be a coverlet for

tiny tots, so you can't blame the cast for wondering. Our spies rushed out for the lowdown, and now the truth is out. The afghan is for Myrna's maid, Teresa, who is expecting something to go with it.



The latest addition to the Hornblow-Loy menage is a new butler. His name is Samuels, and he's been a ship's steward for the past ten years. "This is his first land job," said Myrna. "And he's very good—with everything but soup. His rolling gait works only with jellied consomme."



When Madeleine Carroll was chosen for the lead in "On the Avenue" she had never met Director Roy Del Ruth, so Alan Mowbray took her aside for a bit of instruction. "He's very deaf," said Alan. "I just wanted you to know." First day on the set Madeleine met Del Ruth. "I think working together will be very pleasant," she screamed. The director was horrified. "What?" he gasped. Madeleine stepped closer, smiled sweetly and raised her voice another notch. "I think we're going to have fun," she yelled. "Don't you?" "We will," said Del Ruth, "as soon as you stop that shouting!" Madeleine is still looking for a guy named Mowbray.



Francis Lederer is still the handkissingest man in town. On a recent visit to Columbia to see a friend he didn't miss a hand—except that of the janitor who was standing in the doorway watching the Czech charmer's progress.



Ralph Bellamy, Doris Dudley and Humphrey Bogart at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. Doris is becoming quite a Hepburn with her dizzy pranks.



Here's quite a camera scoop, Muto catches an elusive couple, the Spencer Tracys, as Spence helps his laughing wife with her coat.

George Raft and Virginia Pine, that devoted duo, step out to the "Scandals" opening. George and Virginia hope to marry this year.



Most serious aspect of the recent maritime strike, according to Paramount, was that it prevented Gail Patrick from returning to Hollywood from Honolulu. She was visiting the Maharajah and Maharanee of Indore, and the thing began to look permanent, with Paramount trying to book passage on the China Clipper. The Sailors' Union will be delighted to know that Miss Patrick finally arrived in San Francisco on a Japanese boat and flew immediately to Hollywood, where the Paramount publicity department awaited her with open typewriters.

More fun on the "Maytime" set: The day Gene Raymond visited Metro he found Jeanette MacDonald all done up in wrinkles and gray hair. Just in case he should blanch at the sight, the future Mrs. Raymond whipped out a photo of Gene which had been retouched to give him all the earmarks of a gent who had spent the last forty years in a barroom. So they've decided to go through with the ceremony in spite of everything.

Simone Simon doesn't get around so much in Hollywood. Perhaps it's due to her statement that "leading men are the easiest to catch of all males. All you need is a pretty face, the ability to flatter and the patience to keep still while he's talking." They are fighting words, mademoiselle.

The lady who gets around and has more boy friends than you can shake a finger at is none other than May Robson. Almost every night she dashes out to a party or to a preview and there's not a male under twelve in her neighborhood who hasn't dug down into the old allowance to shower

It was quite a reunion when Mae Clark and James Cagney met again on the first day's shooting on "Great Guy." Both were teamed several years ago.



her with flowers and peanuts. "You don't need a pretty face, affirms this vixen. "In fact, you can even have a soft spot in your head—provided there's one in your heart."

Now that Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have finally declared their intentions, the big question is not "will they be happy?"—it's "what are they going to call Pickfair?" After all, the mansion in Beverly Hills was named for Mary and Doug Fairbanks, and now that there will be a new lord and master there must also be a new name. Pickrog is definitely not good, but how about Buddyfair? Any suggestions?

Despite reports in the newspapers, Norma Shearer was not in Palm Springs when the desert resort opened this season. She and her two children were on the Arizona desert, where Norma was recovering from a serious attack of influenza. There's still nothing definite about Norma's screen future.

Wandering around the Metro lot, we walked onto the "Maytime" set to watch Jeanette MacDonald emote. It was a boudoir scene,







What goes on? Herbert Marshall takes his wife, Edna Best, to a London show. Wonder what Gloria Swanson thought?



They're always together, but rarely photographed—Madge Evans and Tom Gallery at "Pennies from Heaven" preview.

and Jeanette was to walk out on the balcony and scan the horizon—looking, perhaps, for Nelson Eddy. Director Bob Leonard called for action, and the lovely MacDonald, in silk negligee, swished out to the balcony. But before she did any emoting she suddenly turned around, faced the camera and exclaimed: "Hey! There are a couple of men on my balcony!" Two carpenters, who hadn't heard the director's call, ambled in. "Pardon us," said one of them. "Certainly," said Jeanette. "Drop in any time."



Looking over the fancy "Maytime" boudoir, we couldn't remember ever having seen Jeanette MacDonald in a picture that didn't have at least one elaborate bedroom set. So we asked Jeanette if she'd ever done a picture without one. "I made one picture without a bedroom in sight," she said. "And it flopped."



Dolores Del Rio is a sentimental gal. Just to prove it, she has pressed a flower from every bouquet her husband, Cedric Gibbons, has given her. "To always keep some part of the things that bring happiness," she says, "is to always have good luck." Better a split infinitive than a split household, is her motto.

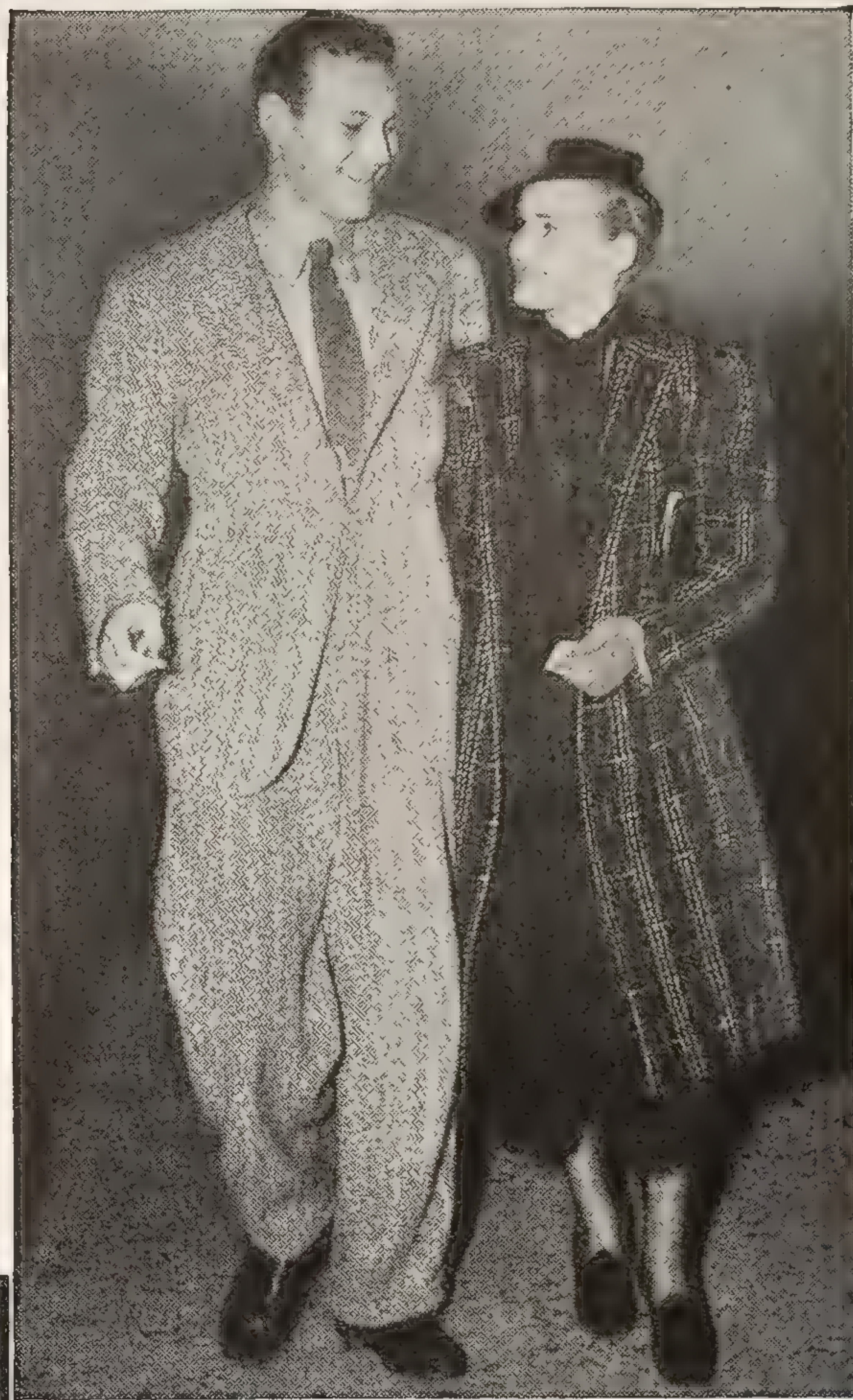


Here's a little quotation from a hard-working Universal studio press agent: "Some actresses knit between scenes during the filming of a motion picture. Others read, study their lines, write letters or sew. But Doris Nolan is different. She whittles! She studied wood carving in school, so she often carves small boats on the set."

(Continued on page 128)

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott see the New York horse show.

Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz may be wed as you read this.





# CHARLES BOYER'S

## TRUE LIFE STORY

BY GLADYS HALL



A great screen lover  
reveals intimate facts  
about his childhood and  
later rise to stardom





This picture of Charles, taken while he was at the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris, shows the power of the face that was to captivate the audiences of Paris.



"La Bataille" was one of the great Boyer hits on the French stage. He made it as a picture fifteen years later, which was released here as "Thunder in the East."

IN THE small French village of Figeac, in the year 1899, a woman with dark eyes and dark hair sat in her little parlor sewing. She was taking fine economical stitches in tiny garments—fine stitches as only a Frenchwoman can take.

And, as she stitched the diminutive garments, her face was composed, her body quiet—but her spirit was empire-building. For into the sheer batiste she was stitching an "unalterable conviction." A conviction that her son, when he should be born, would be set apart from other men, remote from the ways of his fathers.

As the months drew on her dreams soared and took substance. She saw him, her only son, as a doctor of the Sorbonne. She saw him frock-coated, reading philosophy to pupils. She saw him expounding law to the less enlightened. And always she saw him as far away from the little town of Figeac, as someone honored and set apart.

That he would be exceptional, she knew. This was her unalterable conviction.

Of the way in which he would be exceptional she never dreamed.

And so on the 8th of August, 1899, to Louise Boyer, née Durand, and to Maurice Boyer, a son was born. He was christened Charles.

His mother's first words when she gazed on him were, "His eyes are like his father's—and yet they are not like his father's—not like anyone's, *pas du tout!*"

Small wonder that the young mother of the infant Charles did not suspect the path her son's feet would travel. For there is not one drop of theatrical blood in the Boyer ancestry. He is, emphatically, what biologists call a "sport."

The father of Charles was a respected business man in the town of Figeac, as his father and his father's father had been before him. For centuries, indeed, the good bourgeois family of Boyer had plied

their trade thriftily by manufacturing harvesting machines, threshing machines, silos and other farm equipment. The Boyers had served their country well. They had married, raised families and grown old in the well-trod paths. Nothing exotic, no departure from sturdy tradition had ever occurred in the family—until that morning of August 8th when the little boy was born with dark eyes so compellingly "different" that even his mother cried out that they were the eyes of a "stranger."

They would have felt disgraced, those early Boyers, if a son or daughter of theirs had followed the frivolous calling of the stage. That was another world to them. One with which they had no traffic.

But the mother of Charles had dreamed, not as other women. She had been "visited" by her strange conviction. And when she looked into the even-then mysterious face of her small son she again was overcome with the certainty that this boy was not as other boys.

Certainly, the small Charles took his first steps in a world completely divorced from anything theatrical. His baby ears were attuned from birth, not to the grandiloquent words of mummers, but to the whir of machinery coming from the small industrial factory next door. For Boyer père had installed his factory in one side of a comfortable double house in Figeac, and his family in the other half of it. Small Charles grew up with the hum and throb of machinery in his ears, with the sight of men in overalls. A life and a people far removed from the exoticism of the life the boy was destined to lead.

Louise Durand, as she watched her son's first steps, marvelled at his prodigious memory. For at the age of two he knew the names of all of his father's apprentices and the names of all the farm implements manufactured. Here, indeed, was not "just another





Doesn't Boyer appear Mussolini-like in this pose from a French film made in 1932, "L.F.I. Does Not Answer"?



Boyer must have chilled his Paris fans with this fierce look in the play, "Thousand and One Nights."



When Lilian Harvey and Boyer made the French film, "Moi et L'Impératrice," they didn't dream that Charles would succeed in Hollywood and Lilian fail.

Boyer"—but one whom the whole world would know by name and fame.

BUT AS Louise Durand dreamed her brilliant dreams, Boyer père thought only, with solid satisfaction, that at last he had a son who would carry on the business when he was gone. The fair fields of France still would be reaped and sown by machinery bearing the Boyer name.

"For the first ten years of my life," Charles told me, in his quiet, unostentatious way, as we sat together in the pine-panelled library of his Hollywood home, "I was a most naughty little boy—spoiled and petted. Then I changed suddenly but most completely. Before that change came, however, the change which divided my life as a chasm divides the land, I got into every kind of mischief available. And when none was available I invented some. I was never 'like the Boyers.' I took no interest in the factory, other than to memorize the names of the employees and the machinery. I took no interest at all in thriftily depositing my francs and centimes in my small bank. I am sure that my good father must have deplored, a little uneasily, this changeling in his home. But my mother smiled her secret smile (that smile which Charles has inherited) and was convinced that a new intellectual light had been born into the world. And because she so believed, she humored me and always 'spared the rod.'

"I did all of the things naughty little boys have done and will do so long as little boys play hob with the world. I broke the neighbors' windows. I arrogantly was unmoved when my father remonstrated with me, told me that no Boyer had ever 'destroyed good property.' I pulled the black curls of all the little Toinettes in the town. Some little girl was forever running home crying that 'Charles hurt me!'





Two future American raves! Boyer and Merle Oberon in the picture, "Thunder in the East."

"I was teacher's pet and her despair at one and the same time. She couldn't, she said, 'understand me.' I was rather good at all the studies I cared about—Latin, all of the languages, in fact; history and geography. I liked anything which I could dramatize, with myself as the central figure. And I could dramatize history and geography. While studying the latter, I would imagine myself scaling the Matterhorn, exploring the mighty Amazon, riding the western prairies of America. I always saw myself as one or another of the great figures in history. I would go home one afternoon and pretend to be Attila conquering the Huns—my playmates, God help them, were the Huns! Another day I would be one of the Louis', clad in some satin breeches of a departed Boyer, my face and hair whitened with my mother's talcum powder. But about the studies which bored me I was obstinate. I said that I would not bother with things I could not use. I have not changed in this.

"And," said Charles, with that enchanting smile of his, half mockery, half earnestness, "*I was always in love.* From my earliest recollection I was in love with one small Mademoiselle or another. In this respect I did change later. As we shall see. In Figeac, you know, as in all small French towns, boys and girls do not go to school together. Therefore, from the beginning, girls were more of a mystery to me than they are to American schoolboys. They were forbidden fruit. We did not meet them as competitors in the classrooms. We had no rough and tumble play with them on school playgrounds. We were segregated.

"Consequently, I was greatly intrigued with these mystical creatures. They were created, I thought, solely to be fallen in love with. And I obeyed that unwritten law of life.

"I learned early to connive for rendezvous. I became very adept at passing notes to the object of my affections, when I passed her on the street. I always managed to make friends with the brother of some especially enchanting little Mam'selle and then he was pressed into service as a go-between—delivering notes for me, small sticky packages of sweets and other tokens of affection.

"I spent all of my allowances on these ruffled enchantresses," smiled Charles. "I may be said to have



Bet you don't remember that Charles played the chauffeur in Jean Harlow's picture, "Red Headed Woman!" Here they are.

'sown my wild oats' around the age of six!

"But it was a state of being in love, more than anything else. For now, today, the faces of all those little girls are blurred to me—they have become a composite, lovely but without individuality. When I now return to Figeac and meet this or that lady of my own age, I look at her and wonder, were *you* one of them . . . ?"

FROM THE beginning Charles was possessed of a most amazing memory. At the age of three he took to reciting, word for word, "The Passion," a difficult and complicated religious writing from the Bible. He began, very early, to shine in school theatricals. At the age of eight he was giving one-man concerts. At the age of nine he was playing such parts as "Cyrano de Bergerac" and other tremendous roles. Shakespeare ran off his tongue as fluently as nursery rhymes from the lips of other children.

He said to me, "I had no self-consciousness whatsoever. I was inclined to be shy in 'private life,'





In 1932, Boyer made one of his biggest stage hits in "Le Bonheur" with the French star, Yvonne Printemps.



Here is another scene from the picture, "I.F.I. Does Not Answer." Damita Carolá is the heart interest.

so to speak. I still am. But on the stage, facing an audience, I felt far more natural and at ease than at any other time or place. I never experienced stage fright. I think this was because I really became the character I was playing. I forgot that I was Charles Boyer, aged eight or nine, and believed, with all my heart, that I was Cyrano, Lysander, any character I was playing. I still believe sincerely that I am the character I play. From infancy the stage was my real life, the veritable substance—and all of the rest was shadow.

"I had other, regular-boy interests, of course. I played a game similar to your American football. We call it 'Association.' I played marbles, skated, climbed trees and went to picnics. And I read omnivorously. I spent hours in the little town library poring over the books of the Comtesse de Segur—we called them 'The Pink Books'—and there were dozens of them. They were immensely popular adventure stories similar, I should think, to your Alger and Henty books for boys."

Charles' dark-eyed mother would tell you that her exceptional son was called "The Town Prodigy." She would tell you that when he was scheduled to appear in a concert or a school play the citizenry of Figeac turned out, *en masse*.

And strangely, to no one did it occur that a star of stage and screen was rising in their midst. The cinema, Charles told me, was a sketchy and unimportant form of entertainment when he was a boy in France. There were no such things as French "fans." He recalls now having seen Pearl White in a serial called "The Mystery of New York" or something like that. He later recalls having seen Harold Lloyd in early comedies, when Harold was known simply as "Him" or, in French, "Lui."

No, Louise Durand simply believed that her son's remarkable memory and precocious command of audiences meant that he was indeed predestined to become a doctor of the Sorbonne, an eminent philosopher, with the wisdom of the ages and the ancients rolling off his tongue. She would have laughed heartily—though perhaps with tears in her eyes—if anyone had then predicted that he would become an actor. But no one did.

"When I was nine," Charles Boyer told me, "my father died. His passing marked the change, the chasm which divided my life. For I had to become, overnight, the head of my house. I remember being stunned and spending a night crying bitterly into my pillow. Death had touched me. And one is never quite the same thereafter."

"I also remember being struck with a lightning flash of thought. Now I shall never have to enter the factory. Now I shall be—an actor!" I realized in a dim, immature way that the truth of my whole being had been revealed to me. I felt rather ashamed of the wave of pure delight that poured through my veins.

"My life did not change substantially, however, at that time. My mother always had been the dominant factor in my small world. There had been, there still is a strong and sympathetic bond between us. We have been good friends. And so, with the death of my father, we became even closer. Upon the advice of friends, my mother sold the factory, rented that half of the house and we continued to live in the other half as theretofore."





**Marriage had never entered Boyer's head until the night in Hollywood when he met Pat Paterson at a party. They were engaged within two weeks, married in two months!**

My mother always says that she sold the factory because she was advised to do so. But I, who know her, suspect that she would have sold it, advice or not, so that there could be no question of my ever having to take it over.

"It was from this time forth that I ceased being mischievous. I did not realize it then, but when my father died the little Boyer boy died, too. I took my studies more seriously. I had put my life ambition into definite words the night of my father's death. I knew what I must be, what I must do. I felt the clay of my life-work in my hands and I was eager to be about the business of shaping it.

"I was twelve when I first announced to my mother that I intended to become an actor.

"It was," said Charles, with a low laugh, but his eyes grave, "the most momentous moment of my life up to that time. I knew full well how portentous an occasion it was. I had the full realization of what I was about to do to my mother. I knew on what a vital spot the blow would fall. I had the feeling that I was about to take my mother's deepest and dearest dream and crash it to the floor.

"I remember so perfectly the little twilight parlor and the way my mother looked as she sat there, serene, in her high-backed

chair by the window, a bit of sewing in her hands. She invariably spent the last daylight hours in this fashion, dreaming, no doubt, about *my* future which I was about to murder before her eyes. Her face turned toward me with that eager, expectant, proud smile it always wore when she greeted me.

BUT HER great composure never wavered, her steady hands continued their task as I said, 'Mother—when I grow up I intend to become an actor. That is my life and I must have it.'

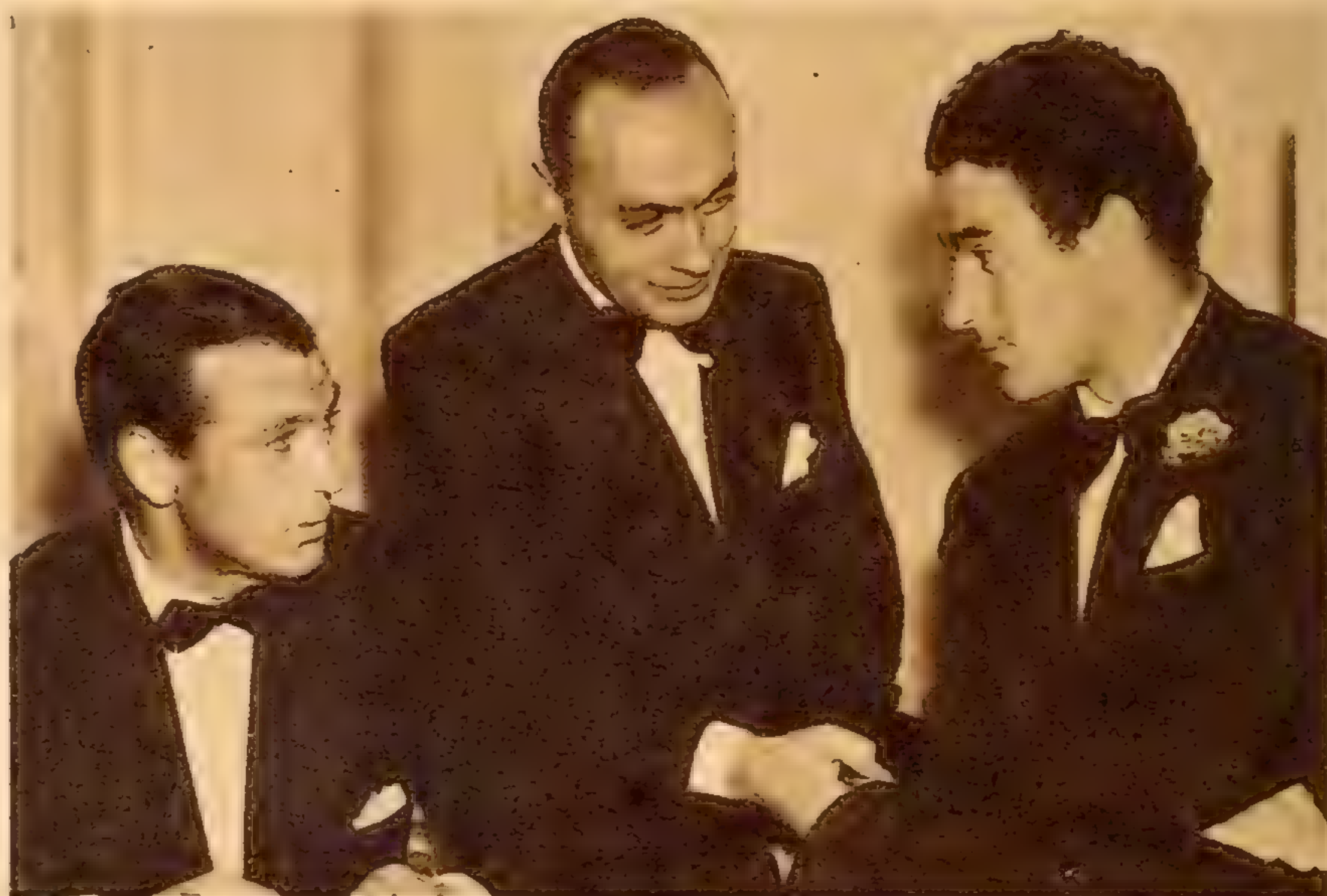
"'You are too young,' my mother said, apparently without agitation, though I could perceive the beating of her heart under the lace fichu she wore, 'too young to know your own life as yet, *mon fils!*'

"'No!' I cried out, 'no, I am not. I have never been too young to know this, I have always known it. It came into my mind, in words, the night my father died. But even before then, I knew. You see, I have had this conviction. . . .'

"There must have been something strange to my mother in hearing me use the word 'conviction.' She understood so well what I meant, how it was with me. For she, too, had been belabored by a conviction which never had wavered since I was born.

"But she was a very firm woman. She could not relinquish so easily her heart's desire. No, not even to give me mine. And I think she must have felt, subconsciously, for she was wiser than she knew, that what I wanted I would have—if I wanted it deeply enough. She knew that, if my purpose were sincere and passionate enough, opposition would but strengthen that purpose, delay but intensify it.

"And so she commanded me to continue with my



**And here is the Americanized Charles Boyer as he is today. Gary Cooper, Boyer and Gilbert Roland at a recent social affair.**



studies, as we had planned, to enter the Sorbonne and to obtain my License of Philosophy. Then she said, and only then, would I be free to answer any calling I might choose. If the theatre still seemed to me to be my 'life' she would offer no further opposition. By the slight smile playing about her mouth I gathered that she still saw me, in her mind's eye, as frock-coated and covered with scholastic dignities. She could not easily replace that image with a grease-painted actor from an alien world.

"And so we made the pact between us. I returned to school—and to romance—again.

"For at just about this time I had had my first really memorable romance. At least, memorable in so far as I remembered the face, the form, the name of the young lady who captured my heart. She was, I think, my first love worthy of the name. She was a young woman who had come from Paris to teach our class in philosophy. She was tall, blonde and very beautiful. And she was deliciously dignified. If ever she was conscious of my burning glances, of the impassioned tone of voice in which I managed to deliver the cold, abstract theses of philosophy, she gave no slightest indication.

"I became desperate. How to reach her cool heart? How to make her know?

"At last I devised the brilliant scheme of writing my love for her into the themes I had to compose and she to correct. I realized that I might be accounted a failure in my course if I did not stick to my subject matter. No matter. I felt, feverishly, that to fail for love would be a glorious defeat. And so, instead of the erudite and dispassionate analyses of the subject matter allotted me, I wrote fiery panegyrics to her eyes, her hair, her lips, her hands, even, I think, her feet—odes to love, to love tinged with fatality, to unrequited love.

"One day, as class was about to be dismissed, she called my name. She asked me to remain after the others had gone. To remain—alone with her. She wanted, she said, to talk to me. I can see her still, as I saw her then, golden and seeming to swim before my widened eyes in a radiant haze. I am afraid that I can see myself, too, casting a slightly oblique glance of triumph upon my fellow classmates, who were all, like myself, in love with her but who had not conceived my ingenious scheme of declaring their love. I assumed, I am afraid, the nonchalant swagger of conquest.

"And then I was alone with her—standing there by her desk, my hands and feet slightly chilled, my heart hammering as I considered the now somewhat terrifying prospect of clasping her to my adolescent breast. I began to feel a little sick.

"She said, in her grave sweet voice, just tinged with a gentle amusement, 'Charles, one day you will be a very charming man, possibly you even may be a very great lover. But that day has not yet come. Why don't you wait for it?'

"Somehow, with those cool, kind words, she brought me to. She made me conscious of myself as a half-grown boy, rather ridiculous, rather more funny than tragic, certainly not devastating at all.



Boyer in a scene from "The Garden of Allah." The dog, Bous-Bous, and he became fast friends during the picture's shooting.

And I had the actor's quick repulsion for a role he doesn't fit, for a part in which he cannot cut an impressive figure.

"I can't quite remember how I got out of that classroom. Maybe it is just as well! I think she took my hand and pressed it, very kindly. I think I muttered something about 'understanding,' about being 'grateful'—and then I was out of the room. That was my first 'big love scene'!

"She advised me to grow up. She did not realize, I think, that in those few moments I had grown up. A man walked out of that schoolroom. The boy must still be there, somewhere about.

"I GRADUATED from school in Figeac," Charles continued, "and I entered the Sorbonne at the age of eighteen. Few words passed between my mother and myself as to my future plans. She had said what she had to say, and so had I. Neither of us is given to talking for the sake of it.

"I lived, while at the Sorbonne, in a Paris pension. I was not free in the sense of which one thinks of a young student alone in Paris being. The life the young student leads all depends upon his family. If a boy's people place him, as I was placed, in a pension, with orders that he is to behave thus and so, to go out so many evenings a week and return at stated hours, he must behave accordingly. I did. I saw very little of the gay night life of the city. I had no romantic adventures. I went every night I was free to the theatre. I made two friends in those days who still are my good friends. One is Pierre



Blancher, who played in the French picturization of 'Crime and Punishment'—the other was Phillip Heriat, once an actor, now a novelist.

"All three of us were consumed with a passion for the theatre. And it was by unanimous agreement that we went, every night off, to one theatre after another. We were all disciples of Lucien Guitry, who was then and remains still, though dead, the finest actor who ever lived. I learned more from watching him than from any other one individual. He was never Lucien Guitry. And that is what I hope and pray my professional epitaph will one day be—'He was never Charles Boyer.' Guitry ran the gamut from sombre realism to light comedy. He could hold an audience spellbound for long minutes, without saying a word, just with the gestures of his hand. I saw him fifteen times in one month, I remember. We saw all of the best plays, not once but many times. We spent hours at sidewalk cafes, or wandering about the streets of Montparnasse, or in my tiny room at the pension, always criticizing and admiring the theatre.

"We were the Three Musketeers of Mummery. We frequented the Left Bank, the Rue de la Paix, the Champs Elysées, and watched people, all kinds of people. We observed their mannerisms, their gestures, their facial expressions. We tried our observations out on one another. We attended parties, clinics, funerals, the races and concerts, always watching closely the reactions of different people at these so-different times. We tried to know as



The charm of Boyer's personality is indefinable, but a clipping from the French press read thusly . . . "He carries one away like a cork on an avalanche."



He disliked his first American picture, "Caravan," above, with Jean Parker and Loretta Young.



On the other hand, "Private Worlds," with Claudette Colbert, was exactly to his liking.



many diverse types as we could. We talked to them and probed them, trying to discover how they would react to this situation or that, to this emotion or that. And just how they would manifest their reactions.

"In all my later life in Paris, even today, I go about with very few actors. My friends are almost all doctors, lawyers, authors, scientists, scholars. The actor must draw his material from every walk of life. His horizon should not be limited to his fellow professionals.

"And then in the daytime, of course, I attended all of the necessary lectures at the Sorbonne, working hard for my License of Philosophy. I knew, as I had always known, that I would never become a teacher, a diplomat or any of the callings for which the License might qualify me. But I also knew that I must keep my pact with my mother. I had to have that bit of paper as a passport to the theatre."

There were not, Charles told me definitely, any romances worth mentioning in those student days. If there were any, he has forgotten them. All of his ardors, his emotions were given entirely to that one mistress, the theatre.

A criticism from a French magazine says, "Women succumb to his great charm, his powerful personality, without being able to help themselves. He leaves them stunned and astonished, yet with all that he is superbly modest. . . ."

The French critic was correct. For despite his fascination for women his life has been singularly free of romances. He is not the "professional charmer" in private life. He has no tricks. If he leaves women stunned and astonished, he also leaves them—alone! He is superbly modest. He is simple, gracious and kind. He is intelligent, even intellectual. But he does not kiss your hand or ogle.

The course at the Sorbonne was finished. The worthy doctors presented young Boyer with his License. His mother arrived in Paris. And when she had come he said, "I have fulfilled my part of our bargain. The theatre is still my life—all of it. Have I now the right to live it?"

AND MADAME BOYER, with her cherished dream receding forever, bade it farewell without a backward glance. She gave her son his "life" again as she had given it to him once before.

"My mother then returned to Figeac for a time,"

Charles told me. "I entered the Conservatoire de Drame in Paris. I was refused once—accepted the second time. Pierre was there with me. At the end of my first year, I won the second prize. During my second year the play, 'Les Jardins de Murci,' was revived. M. Gemier was directing. It was not according to the rules of the Conservatoire for a student to take part in a professional production. But now and again such a thing was overlooked. Here was where my inherited gift of memory served me well. For at the last moment the leading man of 'Les Jardins' fell ill. No one was available to M. Gemier to take his place. No one who could learn the script by the following night. But I could learn it, I said. And did. And that was my first appearance, professionally. I appeared, perforce, under another name. At the close of our second year at the Conservatoire, Pierre and I tendered our resignations and made our debut together in 'La Dolores.'

"From then on, luck was with me. My mother came to Paris and we took, at first, an apartment together. A short time thereafter she married again. For which I was very glad. She had been widowed at the age of twenty-seven. She had remained so for a very long time. My stepfather was an old family friend of whom I was very fond. I did all in my power to further the match. After her marriage my mother had a menage of her own and I took an apartment by myself, which I kept up to the time of my own marriage.

"I was what you may call 'on my way.' I felt that luck was mine. I felt that I belonged only to the theatre and that love was unnecessary. I was to live without luck and to find myself the victim, so willing, of love at first sight.

"Coming events had not yet cast their shadows behind. . . ."

AS THE young Charles Boyer had felt, from infancy, that he belonged to the theatre, so the theatre felt that it belonged to him. And opened wide its arms. One success led to another. The plays he did following his debut in "La Dolores" would make a laborious listing.

He never knew the experience of sitting hungry on a park bench. He never endured the hardship of wearing out shoe leather trekking from one manager's office to another. He never heard the dreary, repetitious words, so sadly familiar to so many of



Whereas "Shanghai" was not the best of story plots, Boyer gave a moving portrayal with Loretta Young.

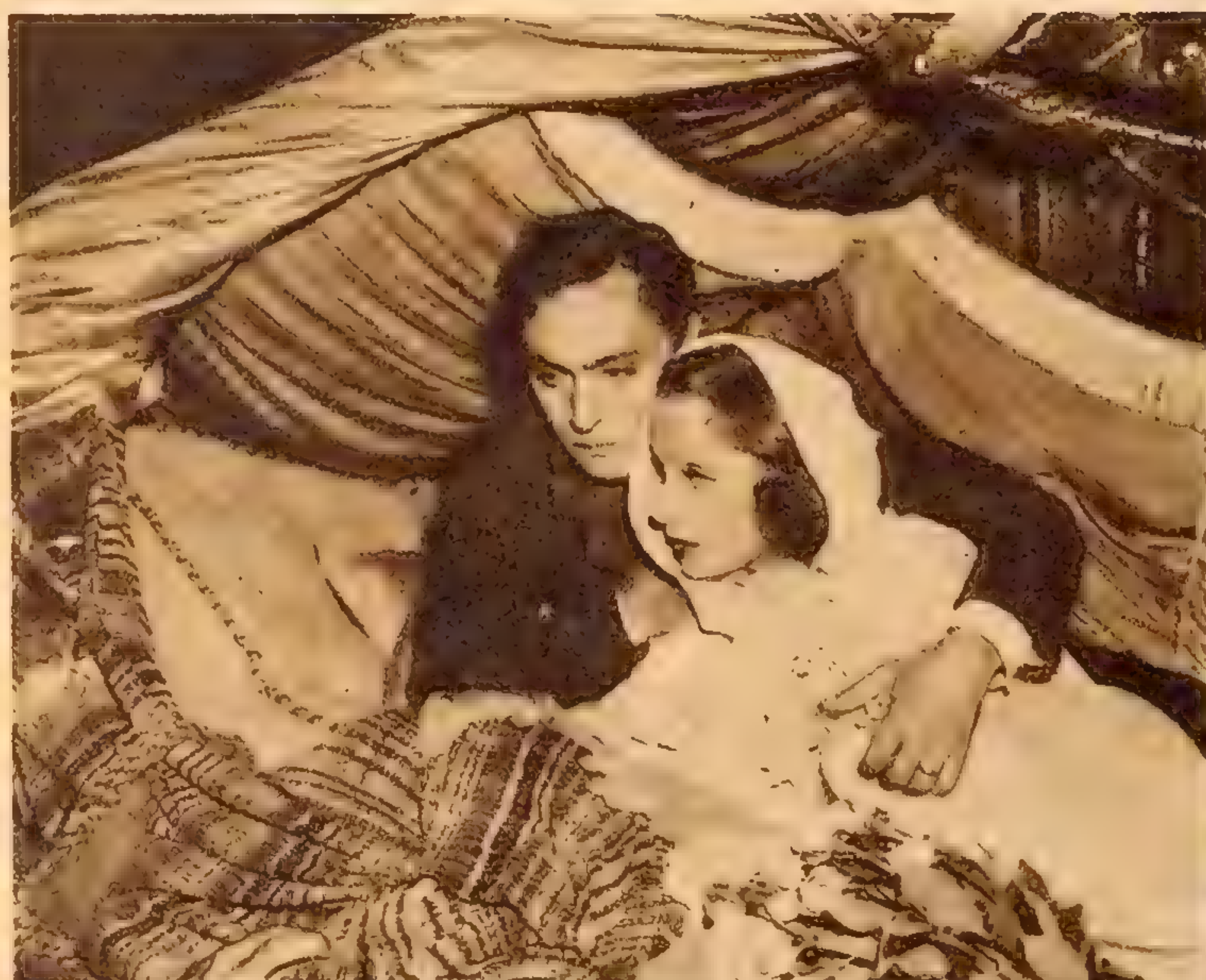


Katharine Hepburn secured Charles for "Break of Hearts" and here they are with John Beal at the piano.





Only a fraction of the moving beauty of "The Garden of Allah" can be gathered from these production shots. Done in Technicolor, it hits a new high in pictorial and dramatic effects. Below first row left to right, you see two scenes with Boyer and Marlene Dietrich. And in the second row, the two stars on the desert. The next picture is a scene between Tilly Losch and Boyer. On the opposite page are three more scenes with Dietrich and Boyer, which show the tense and poignant love story which made the book so popular and which has made the picture unforgettable. Certainly no two people could more romantically portray Domini Enfield and Boris Androvsky.





his brethren, "Leave your name and address and if anything comes up . . ."

Play after play, success after success "came up" for Charles Boyer. And as his success pyramided, impassioned panegyrics began to inflame the French press, ordinarily so much more conservative than ours. "... he always has a 104° temperature" ... "a great artist, as radiant as radium," ... "he is like a powerful undercurrent carrying everything in its path . . ." "his eyes are deep and keen and brilliant with strange-lights" ... "he carries one away like a cork on an avalanche" ...

These are exact quotations. And Charles Boyer laughed at them. He said, "Perhaps I missed something of value in missing early defeat and discouragement. For we are told that suffering and struggle enrich and enhance. But I think I did my suffering and struggling in other ways. I did not take success as ultimate achievement. I do not now. I suffer always for fear that I will not achieve the perfection I crave. I sacrificed everything to the theatre."

"If it be true that a man may achieve anything he desires so long as he desires it keenly enough—then I succeeded. For it was *all* I desired. I had no life at all apart from my life in the theatre. I had no youth of my own—but only the youths of the young characters I played."

"It was for this reason—my single-hearted love of my work—that I swore never to marry. I felt that marriage would be impossible for me and unfair to any woman. The theatre, a wife and I could not run harmoniously in triple harness."

"And I did have, unquestionably, great good luck in those years. Perhaps the greatest luck of all was in coming to know intimately Henri Bernstein, the great playwright and author. For eight years I played all of his new plays—which meant, actually, four plays in eight years, so long was the run of each."

"I played, by the way, 'La Bataille' on the stage—and fifteen years later made the same play for the screen under the title of 'Thunder in the East.' The play was the same. The parts I played were not. For on the stage the director played the part I later did in the film."

"I made, but very disinterestedly, a few silent films in Paris. 'L'homme du Large,' 'Chantelouve,' 'La Ronde Infernale' and a few others. I had no premonition whatever that I should ever become a 'movie actor.' I would have laughed the idea off as improbable and preposterous."

"I made a tour of Egypt, Turkey, Rumania and Belgium, in repertoire. No, I am sorry . . ." Mr. Boyer gave me his kindest smile, when I murmured something hopeful about possible romances under the oblique eyes of the Sphinx or along the fabulous Nile, "sorry to be such very bad copy. But, if this is to be the story of my life, let us make it the true one, without fiction. I was far too preoccupied on that tour for any dalliance. I had too many roles to learn. I lived all of the time in those roles—you see, the story of my life is actually the story of a theatre life, little else."

"I cannot recall that I fell in love, even once, in all those years. Not really, not memorably. And if







**Charles and his wife, Pat Paterson, are very congenial. They live six months in Hollywood and six months in their Paris apartment.**

a love does not leave so much as a memory behind, surely it is not worthy of the name. Such passing fancies as I may have had—*passed*. They were but ripples on the surface of my deep absorption in my work. I said, indeed, that I *couldn't* fall in love, that for me love was not possible. Because, I thought, there is no such thing as love at first sight and that is the only way it could ever happen to me. I would never have time for love to develop and grow, slowly.

"WE WERE not without temptations on the Paris stage," Boyer admitted, in the slightly embarrassed way in which he speaks of personal matters. "I believe that a man on the stage—in Paris, at any rate—has an even more ardent following than a man on the screen in America. The fans are not so numerous, of course, but individually they are more intense. The substance is always more potent than the shadow.

"I can recall, if it will help you, one or two rather amusing incidents," and the dark brows raised amusedly. "There was a young lady who wrote to me for many months. She pleaded for a rendezvous. I did not reply. One day she wrote again, more urgently than before. She suggested that if I would agree to meet her after the matinee, I should wear a white carnation in my lapel and make a slight bow to the left as the last curtain fell. Some three or four other men were in that play with me. I admitted them to the plot. Which was that, as the curtain fell, we should all four of us be wearing a white carnation in our buttonholes and all four make a slight bow to the left. We did. I hope the young lady had a sense of humor. A sense of humor is a healthy thing.

"There was another girl who wrote me daily letters over a long period of time—years. In each envelope there would be two letters. One was from her to me. The other purported to be from me to her. She wrote, in my name, ideas, dreams, plans, thoughts. She endeavored to prove to me thus that she understood me as well if not better than I understood myself. It rather worried me, that strange

dual correspondence. Because, though definitely pathological, it was also intelligent and sensitive. One day the letters ceased and never came again. Yes, I have wondered . . .

"I met one of the fans occasionally for tea or for a cocktail. The meetings never developed into anything—not even friendship. The fan interest, you see, is predicated on curiosity. It masquerades under many names—love, passion, friendship—but it is essentially curiosity, rootless and transitory.

"The actor should never become the man.

"And so I speak the simple truth when I stress the lack of any real romance in my life during those busy years.

"Well, then, to resume—I returned to Paris after the tour to find that talkies had come to motion pictures. I was asked to make a picture in Germany for Ufa. I hesitated. I felt that I photographed badly. I loved the stage too well to take the cinema seriously. I did not believe that I ever would like it. However, here was something new. I felt that with the advent of talkies something tremendously significant had occurred in the world of entertainment. Something that might well be mortally wounding to the theatre. One must grow, though the pains be severe. I made the picture for Ufa.



**Any day he's not at the studio, you can find Charles in his study, where he finds great relaxation in both writing and reading.**

"Shortly after the Ufa picture, M-G-M asked me to come to Hollywood to make French versions for them. There followed, then, a period in my life I would like to forget. A period given over to signing contracts and in asking to be released from them. A time when Luck seemed to have deserted one of her favorite sons. I was very unhappy and it was my first experience with unhappiness. I felt that at the fork of the road I had taken the wrong turning.

"I came to Hollywood. I did not like it. The one bright spot in my life here at that time was my friendship with Maurice Chevalier. I had met Maurice in Paris several years before, at an evening party. We had admired one another. But it was not until we were in Hollywood, two Frenchmen





Although a native Frenchman, and his wife an Englishwoman, Charles is a great convert to California. His fine, new home overlooks Hollywood Boulevard and here he is in his pine-paneled library.

alone, that we really became intimate friends. We played golf together. We dined and talked and were homesick together. I miss Maurice now. I do not know whether he will ever come back to Hollywood or not. He loves the life of Paris. He loves his villa at Cannes. He is having such great success over there. Perhaps, in a year or two. He should come back, for there is no one to take his place. That cannot be said of everybody. He is unique and without a counterpart in the world of entertainers." Both of our glances wandered to the large framed photograph of Chevalier which, with a portrait of Charles' mother, one of Pat Paterson Boyer and one

of Charles himself, are the only photographs in the library.

"I made the French version of 'The Big House,'" Boyer went on, "and the French version of 'The Trial of Mary Dugan.' I had, also, made several talkies in France by that time. Of which 'Liliom' was the only one to be released in this country. Shortly, it became obvious to producers that French versions were costing too much money; that they could take care of their French market by means of sub-titles. So they decided to abandon French versions. They had me under contract. I could not speak a word of English. What to do with me? I was not used to having people wonder what to do with me. I was miserable. My friends all urged me to learn the language. Especially Ruth Chatterton, who assured me that I would succeed enormously if I could but talk. I didn't think so. But here I was. I did not know how to handle failure, what to do with the thing. I learned a little English. And I was cast in 'The Magnificent Lie,' with Ruth Chatterton, in 'The Man from Yesterday' and in 'Red-Headed Woman.' All very small parts and all miscast rather than cast, so far as I was concerned. I knew that if I continued in this way I would be hurt in Paris. My reputation there would be tarnished by the poor one I was building up here. I asked for my release and got it. I flew away.

WHEN I returned to Paris I did, however, take up the study of English seriously. I did more plays. I made, soon, the film version of 'Thunder in the East.' Then Fox Films cabled for me to come back to Hollywood and make 'Caravan.' I can explain my return only by admitting that my previous failure rankled. It was an unhappy and an unlaidd ghost and it haunted me. I returned and made 'Caravan.' Which was ridiculous for me. I am not the type to wear black curls and play mad music in the moonlight. I felt a fool. And again I was



The Boyer home in Hollywood boasts a playroom, and this impressive bar!



Right, the Boyers step out for a gala evening party. Pat makes pictures with the same studio as her husband so that they need not be apart.

Hollywood and even Maurice Chevalier, Boyer's closest friend, were amazed to hear that he had eloped to Yuma with English Pat Paterson.



unhappy. Again I asked for my release and got it. That would have been the end of Hollywood for me and of me for Hollywood if I had not chanced, before I left, to meet Walter Wanger. And that meeting is why I am here on the screen today. For it was Wanger who induced me to make 'Private Worlds.' Which I always shall consider my first real motion picture. The others were all steps, or rather missteps, very faulty, very fumbling. They were errors of judgment on my part as well as on the parts of others.

"For the first time, after my meeting with Wanger, I was happy again in my work. I had met a man who understood me, who knew what I should do and could do. I would not leave him now for double what any other producer could or would offer me.

"And I met Pat. Love at first sight happened to me.

"I caught one glimpse of her face and all of my theories and prejudices were blown away, as so many dried leaves left over from a long-ago autumn.

"That love at first sight should happen to me," Charles Boyer said, with a self-mocking smile, "was Life's most delicious revenge on a self-opinionated fool. How often I had mocked and been amused by the idea! I had said that it was a charming fancy for poets and adolescents and for the emotionally unstable. I had never taken the professed 'grand passions' of my fans seriously because I had not believed that the sight of a face, the sound of a voice could awaken the profound emotion of love. I was wrong. I learned, in the tick of a clock, *how* wrong.

"For I saw Pat. And, instantaneously, I knew that I was in love. Not the shadow of a doubt passed over that sure knowledge. This was love. And I was a lover . . .

"I had accepted an invitation to dine at the home of Robert Kain. It was a casual invitation, casually accepted. I did not know who the other





Proudly the two women, who have been most important in Charles Boyer's life, attended the premiere of "The Garden of Allah" with him. Charles with his mother and his wife, Pat Paterson.

guests were to be. Even if I had known it would have made no difference to me. For I had never seen Pat on the screen and she had never seen me—not even our shadows had crossed before that night. I had not dressed and I arrived rather late. The small group of guests were gathered in the living-room finishing their cocktails when I arrived. I stood on the threshold of my Fate—and didn't know it.

"When I entered the room, I saw her. We were two strangers meeting. But with one glance we were strangers no longer. Within two weeks we were engaged, within three months we were married!

"The marriage was as sudden, as unpremeditated as the falling in love. We were going, the night of our marriage, to see 'Queen Christina' at the Chinese Theatre. When we reached the theatre, there were no seats. We stood in the lobby (on the footprints of Chevalier!) and thought what we might do as an alternative. I looked at her. I said, 'Let's be married—now!' We flew to Yuma and within the hour we were married.

"When the news broke, no one believed it. Chevalier discredited the report." (I knew how thoroughly Chevalier had discredited the report, for I had chanced to lunch with him a couple of days after that sudden marriage. And Chevalier had said to me, "I couldn't believe it of Charles. Why, he could have had any woman in France. Women were mad over him, but he was never intrigued. Anything can happen to anyone if this has happened to Charles!")

"My mother," Charles was saying, "was alarmed. She felt that I, being I, had made a mistake. She feared for both of us. But this summer when Pat and I went to France they met and now my mother loves Pat, too, understands. She understands that this, miraculously, is right for me. They found that

they had much in common. They were congenial and happy together. Pat learned to speak very good French and all was very well.

PAT GAVE up her contract soon after our marriage so that she would be free to go to France with me when I must go. Recently she, too, has signed with Wanger. I am glad for that. I am in favor of her working. Idleness is bad for pretty women—they get into mischief," smiled Charles. "And so, until we have a family, I believe that some work is good for her.

"Well, after I was married, I returned to Paris and made 'Mayerling.' It was directed by Litvak, a Russian. So good and great a director is he that I have influenced Wanger to bring him over here and the American public will know more of him soon.

"I shall work here six months and six months in Paris," Charles was saying, "for the present, at least.

"And I am happy again. I have found my way once more, thanks to Wanger. I am happy in my work. I enjoyed making 'The Garden of Allah.' And I am happy in my marriage. I have learned what I should have surmised years ago—that marriage and the theatre are compatible, can be two halves of a perfect whole if the marriage and the woman are right.

"And because my marriage is right for me, because Pat fits so perfectly into my life as an actor, and enriches my life as a man, I can still say of the theatre, 'It is my life. . . .' Which is as it should be. Marriage which subtracts nothing and adds immeasurable things is what marriage was intended to be.

"We have our apartment in Paris, Pat and I. It is, for the time, our real home. We have taken this house in Hollywood, furnished, and I am hoping that my mother, widowed again, is here to stay with us.

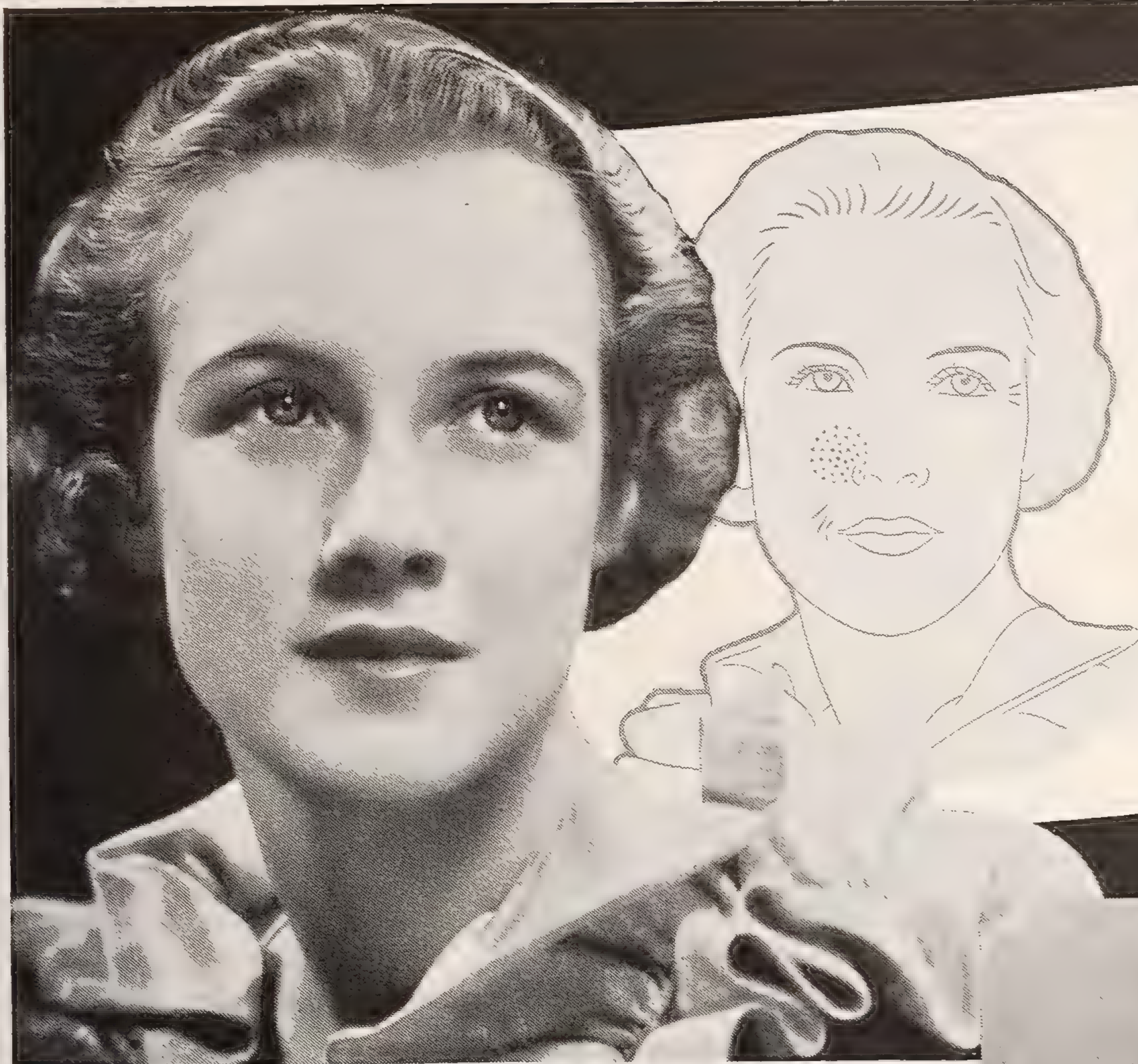




From the time he was a small boy, Charles Boyer knew that he wanted to act. His mother, however, had other plans for him. She wanted him to graduate from the Sorbonne in Paris and become a great professor. Torn between his loyalty to his mother and his own great ambition, he spent the required number of years at the Sorbonne, received a degree in Philosophy and then told his mother he wished to become an actor. It took only a brief year in a dramatic school to put him on the stage. His great screen and stage success has proved he was right. "The Garden of Allah" is his current picture and he will next make "History Is Made at Night" with Jean Arthur as lead.



# Reduce Pores...*Soften* Lines



WITH THIS ROUSING  
**UNDER SKIN**  
TREATMENT



Age signs  
begin here  
Under your skin are  
tiny active glands,  
blood vessels, fibres.  
When they function  
poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

**YOU'RE TWENTY...**you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

## A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

## THE *Lady Morris*

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Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

*Every night*, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

*Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!



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# As Jean Harlow Sees Herself

(Continued from page 41)

"When I say that my professional personality is a role I have assumed, I mean just that. I am not a 'born' actress. I am not a 'born' public character. I know that only too well. I know it because all of the demands made upon a public character are agonies for me to bear. All of the graces expected of a public character are mine, if at all, only by virtue of gritted teeth and clenched fists and stern self-discipline. When I have to make personal appearances, speeches, sign autographs in a crowd I am, mentally, using a whip on myself. I am saying to myself, 'Go on—go on—do it—you've got to do it—!'"

"I am sure that I was not intended by Nature to be in the limelight. I don't quite know what I was intended to be but the chances are that a little house-wife role somewhere in Kansas, a member of the Saturday Current Events Class, a member of the Country Club, with luck, would have been a more fitting milieu for me than the arena.

"I am not good at all in public. I am not even a good hostess. I have no social graces. I am uneasy when I am entertaining more than two or three persons and I am even uneasy with two or three persons unless I know them well. I have no natural facility for 'mixing.' I have very little casual small talk.

"I can sit in front of the fire at home and talk half the night through with one or two intimate friends. I love to talk. I love to know what people are thinking and feeling and doing. But add one stranger

to that circle and I am afflicted with acute tongue-tieditis.

"No, when I look at myself in the mirror I certainly do not see a 'movie actress.' I do not see Jean Harlow, screen star. I've said before what I say again—that while I know Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer and Carole Lombard and the other girls are glamorous stars I never feel like a movie star to myself.

"I never get over being surprised, a little shocked, with the kind of a shock you get when someone dashes cold water in your face, when I go out in public and people recognize me, point me out, ask for my autograph.

"I am so afraid," Jean wailed, "of sounding falsely modest. There is nothing quite so sickening. It wouldn't be honest, for instance, for me to say that I am a homely, even a plain girl. I know I'm not. I know that I am, at times, quite effective-looking. But I also know that those effects are achieved at the cost of thought and effort.

"To counterbalance this self-depreciation further I will now hand myself a little bouquet. I have a very nice disposition. Sunny and even. Children like me. Dogs like me. Cats like me. Servants like me. I never sulk or have tantrums. I don't bear grudges. I may not have much chin to speak of but I can 'take it' on what chin I have.

"I can read words of more than one syllable. And so I am, as a matter of fact, fairly well read. I am not entirely *non compos menti* when politics, science,

art, music, etc., are being discussed.

BUT to go back to the disposition of which I speak so highly. I must also add that it comes, in part, from a certain form of mental laziness. I am the laziest female in the world when it comes to avoiding unpleasant issues. I put up with people who take too much and give too little rather than become ruffled, rather than 'make a scene' about it. I can't stand unpleasantness. I'd run a mile to avoid a harsh word, a black look. If I know that I have any kind of a battle on my hands, my instinct is to run to cover. The softest, darkest, most concealing cover I can find. My 'cover' used to be my mother. But, wisely, she refuses to act as a hide-out for me any longer. She knows, she says, that she cannot always be with me. She says that the time comes for all of us when we must face the world without a refuge to run to. The time has come for me, she says, to face my own music.

"I'm improving, too," Jean said. "I am beginning to be able to fight with the best of them.

"When I first began in pictures, I took it all as a lark. I was slack about things. I didn't want to take it too seriously because if I did, I knew I would be called upon to Do Something About It, to fight battles, to have Causes.

"I'd be a sissy," laughed Jean, "if I'd let myself be. It's a natural tendency. When I was a small child I'd take the blame for things I didn't do rather than rise up and take my own part. I'd let





other youngsters tell tales on me and get away with it rather than speak up and save my own skin. 'Passive resistance,' I am afraid, was my motto as well as Mr. Gandhi's. I'm afraid it doesn't do in a highly competitive world.

"I am too emotional. I let my emotions run away with my better judgments. If I like a person or a thing I have no scales on which to weigh those persons or those things, to find out whether or not they are 'wanting.'

"I'm naturally impractical. Too impractical. I have to fight this in myself all the time.

"I wasn't born with any sense of the value of money. I had an infantile reaction to it. I almost thought that it was pretty gold and silver stuff to let drop through my outstretched fingers. Or pretty pieces of paper to cut up for paper dolls. Figures of speech, of course, but it really was almost as bad as that.

"But I am learning. I think that I am honest with myself. I realize that I am as good and no better than my last story and director. I know how perfectly horrible I was at first. No one," said Jean grimly, "knows it any better than I. If I had any latent talent, I have had to work hard, listen carefully, do things over and over and then over again in order to bring it out. I know how much I have had to learn and also I know how much I have yet to learn. I was not a 'born' actress. I can only hope that I may deserve to be called one when I die.

"I do not 'see myself' as a glamorous figure of luxury," the luxurious looking, honest-eyed girl said, "because luxuries, *per se*, really mean so very little to me. Oh, I don't mean that I don't enjoy them when I have them. I do, of course. Every woman does if she tells the truth. I like

comforts. I enjoy attractive clothes, and jewels and furs and cars and good food and pleasant service. But I don't set such store by these things that I would consider life ended if I didn't have them.

"I can live very happily without mansions and mink coats and imported models and priceless perfumes. If I cared so tremendously for these things would I go about, as I do more than half the time, in slacks and sweaters and sneakers and no make-up?"

AND right here is the time and the place to say that this evaluation of herself is a fact. I thought how, a few months ago, Jean and her mother deliberately sold, all but lock, stock and barrel, that gleaming white mansion de luxe on the hills of Belle Aire. That mansion Jean built for her mother. Sold it because they had "so little use for it." Sold it because they had dined only twice in one year in that spacious, formal dining-room. Sold it because they had, they said, "no use" for the pool, the game rooms, the white-and-crystal salon, the opulence of an estate made for spectacular entertaining and a spectacular hostess. "Mother and I weren't cosy there," Jean told me. "We didn't feel comfortable." So they sold it and rented a modest, comfortable house on a modest, tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills and feel "at home" and comfy and themselves.

"I can face myself," Jean said, "as I am and tell myself truthfully that I am not afraid of being poor, not afraid of having to use my hands if occasions or circumstances should demand. Not afraid of driving in a Ford or of using shoe leather, not afraid of going without expensive dresses, hair-dressers, servants, service. Not even afraid of losing my

'job' in pictures, if I should have to face that possibility. I could always find work of some sort to do and I wouldn't be high-hat about it either.

"I'm not afraid of anything in the world except one thing—being hurt by the people I love. In the hands of the few people I deeply love is vested the only power on this earth to frighten me, to wound me, to make me cry 'Surrender!'

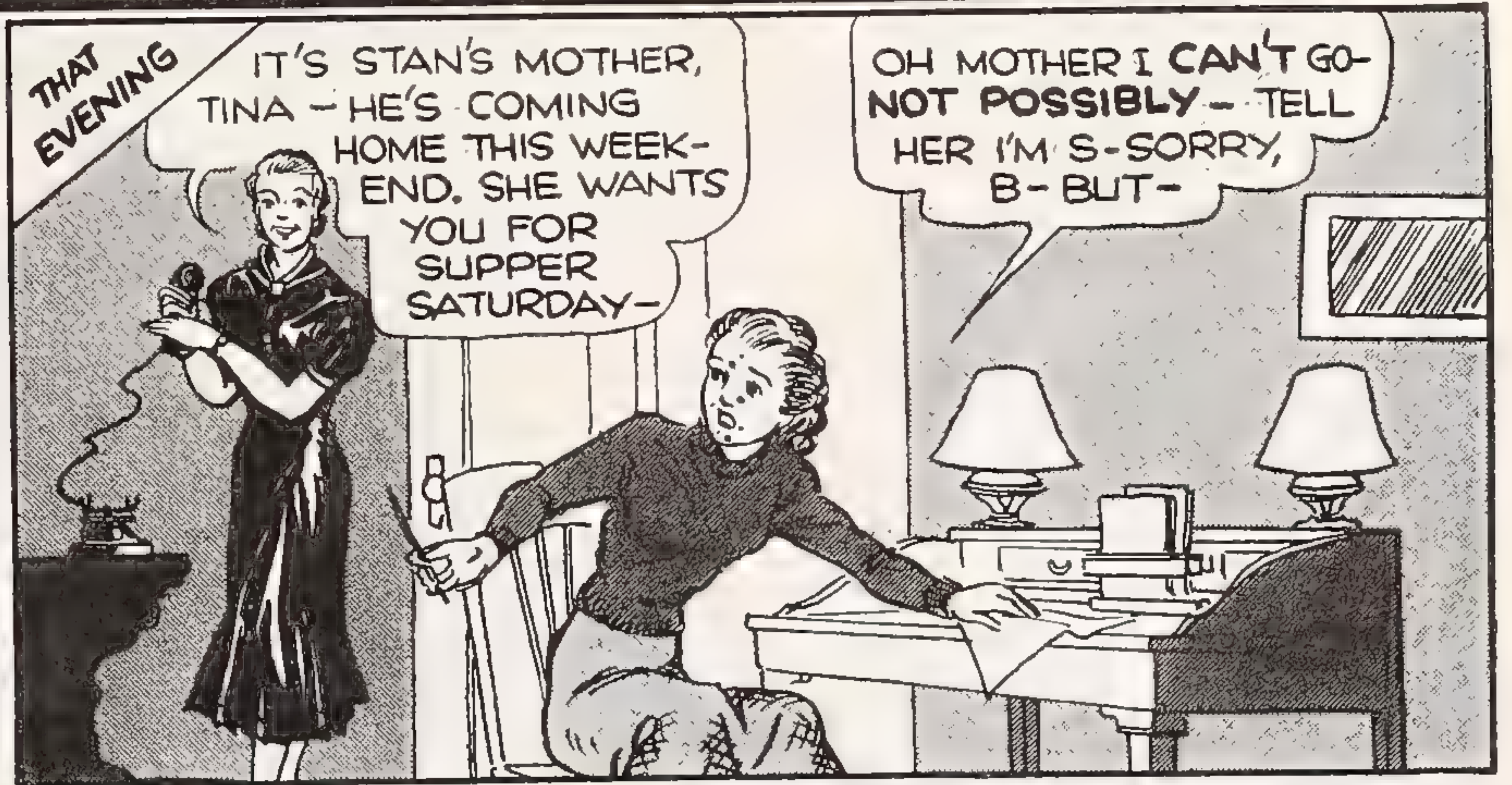
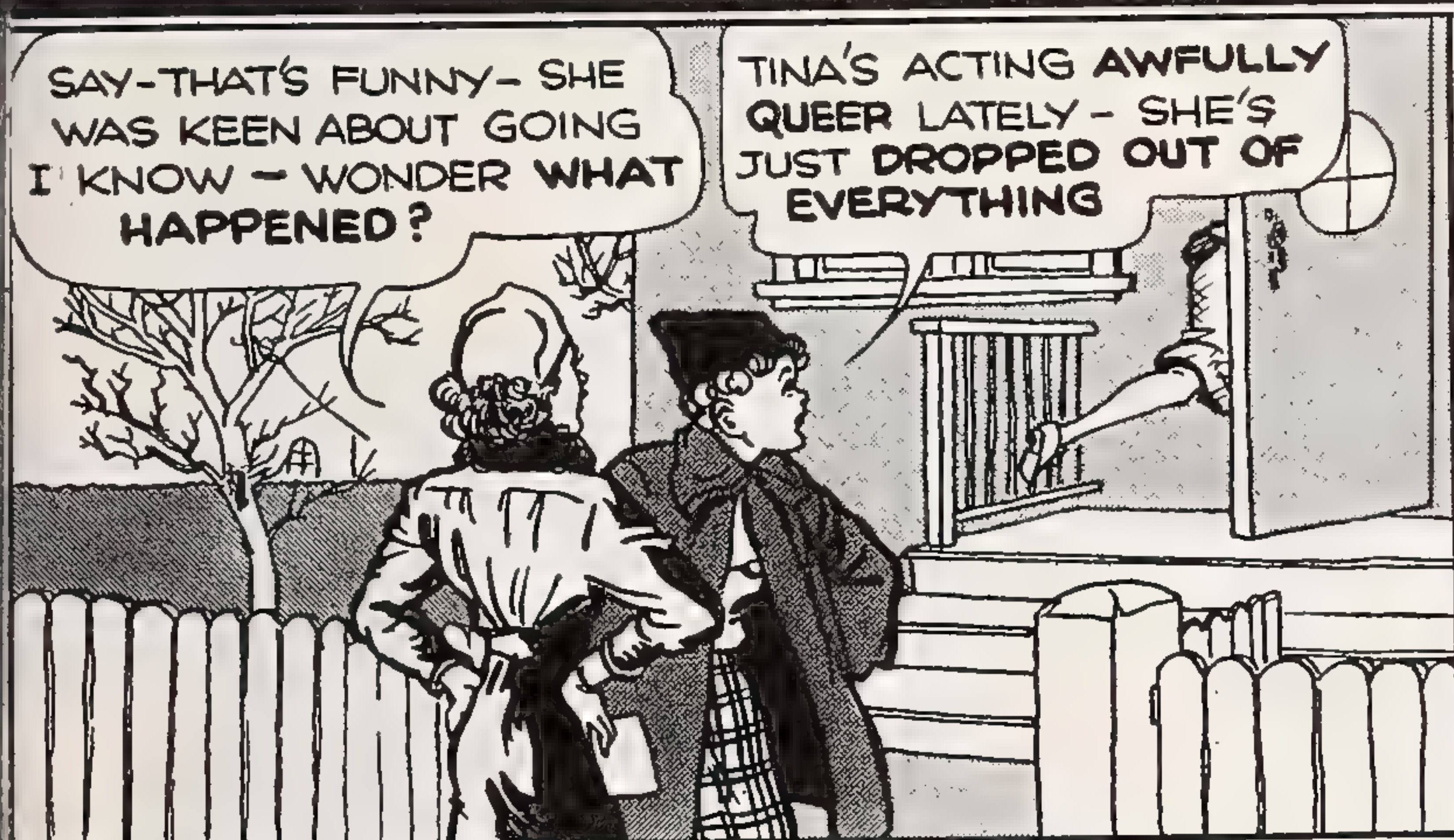
"I have achieved, of late, a degree of peace. I feel, now, at peace with myself and with my world. I have attained this state of being by forcing myself to realize that all I can do is done in the best way I know—and that that is that."

Jean Harlow is the only star I know who is completely different off the screen from what she appears to be on the screen. Take any one of them . . . Clark Gable, on the screen, is a lusty, vital fellow with a sense of humor, a punch in his fist. And that is precisely what Clark is, really. Take Garbo. She is, on the screen, aloof, mysterious and remote. Ditto off the screen. Take Bill Powell. On the screen he is sophisticated, suave, witty and wise. Bill is no different off the screen than on.

But Jean Harlow is different. The on-screen glamor is transmuted, off-screen, to a gentle gravity. The hard-boiled character of "Blonde Bombshell," the knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out of "Libeled Lady," is the girl who is timid before people she doesn't know, afraid of the power of those she loves to wound her. The seductive, glamorous screen Harlow is the girl who isn't afraid to use her hands, drive about in a Ford or walk it, dress in tennis shoes and slacks if silks and satins are no longer hers.

No, Jean doesn't "match," not in the way she meant it, but in a much deeper way.

# WANT TO COME—if he saw me NOW..



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PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes

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*-clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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# What Will Happen to Them in 1937?

(Continued from page 35)

1937 holds the threat of the passing of one more dear one.

JEAN HARLOW and BILL POWELL: Both Jean and Bill come into a very fine year. "These two are headed for marriage," are Dareos' words. Yet he warns them that only by the most earnest, wholehearted adjustment to trying situations and inevitable problems should they undertake marriage. "Jean Harlow was never born to see happiness in marriage, neither was Bill Powell," says Dareos, "yet with their intelligence, courage and love, they can work against the destiny that faces them."

JEANETTE MACDONALD and GENE RAYMOND: "They face a disastrous future. Jeanette," says Dareos, "is a great artist, born to do great things artistically, but if I had my way I would ask her to remain single for at least two years. She would spare herself the threat of much unhappiness." Gene, too, will achieve professional heights, but there are clouds ahead—an accident looms.

GARBO: The coming year will carry threats to her health which will be more dangerous than ever before. She should retire to a secluded place. There is unrest ahead of her. The planets frown. There is death for one of her dearest friends, too.

ROBERT TAYLOR and BARBARA STANWYCK: Dareos links these two because it is predestined. "The loveliest marriage of the screen world, which should bring happiness and everlasting joy, will be that of Bob and Barbara," he says. "She will be to him a great asset and help him to the screen's greatest pinnacles; for her, he brings the rebirth of true happiness. One of her former loves will try to 'come back,' but this must not be permitted to happen. Barbara and Bob are ideally mated."

For FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, JANE WITHERS, Dareos sees a year of success, marred only by minor threats of illness, and the probability of unsuccessful attempts at extortion or kidnap, none of which will materialize dangerously.

JANET GAYNOR: 1937 will be a great love year, and she should announce her engagement. Her career, despite rocky roads, will go on splendidly.

LORETTA YOUNG: Loretta was born under the sign of Capricorn. It is not a tranquil sign. If she marries Eddie Sutherland, the director who pays her ardent court now, disaster will result, warns Dareos. Moreover, he warns Loretta that her health is still in danger. For her, 1937 is not a year that carries the promise of happiness.

CONNIE BENNETT: She has a bad year to look forward to. As a love year, 1937 promises no peace for Constance. On the screen, she will do some fine work if she wants to. She must guard her health.

JOAN BENNETT: There is a threat of sickness and, though Dareos shudders to tell it, there is the shadow of death very close to Joan, either in 1937 or 1938.

CLARK GABLE: "He is not going to become free from Mrs. Gable," says Dareos, flatly. "Unless I am badly mistaken, they will remain joined. As for marrying Carole Lombard, that is impossible." Odd, but the charts of their fortunes, says Dareos, portray Clark, Mrs. Gable and Carole as a trio. Their lives are interlinked. Always, in the life of any one of them, the other two will play

a part. Clark must be very careful of his health. Unless he is, there is the threat of an illness so serious that the danger of death overhangs. As for Carole's career, it will be met with continued success during 1937.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: The threat of gossip will rage about her, but Claudette will emerge triumphant, and her year will be a happy one.

GARY COOPER: For Gary, too, scandalous tongues threaten. There will come inevitable rumors of a domestic crash, but there will not be a separation; there will certainly not be divorce, no matter what the rumors.

GEORGE BRENT: It will be a good year, professionally. 1937 will play a great part in his love life. He must beware of danger—danger of injury that might bring hospitalization at the year's end.

MERLE OBERON and DAVID NIVEN: They are ideally suited. They should marry—whether or not they will, I cannot foretell. If they do, I can tell them that the planets promise great happiness.

MARY ASTOR: "1936 has not ended her time of sorrow; 1937 will bring more! She has had hard times and smiled bravely through. But she will need more of that courage. She was never born to be happy in marriage. Yet, she will marry again! She should not rush into marriage now, only to find later, that someone else will come into her life with the promise of greater happiness, too late."

DICK POWELL and JOAN BLONDELL: "They are a marvelous couple, but I am afraid I see a cloud in their personal life. Something will happen. Joan Blondell's destiny carries the threat of severe tragedy and sorrow!" For them, in 1937, Dareos sees the probability of a baby—but whether it is their own, or adopted, the planets do not reveal.

ALICE FAYE: "Her climb has just started, and her greatest success will come two or three years from now. I see marriage ahead for her in 1937—although she should stay out of it, for it will interfere with her career."

MIRIAM HOPKINS: "If she doesn't look out, she faces the threat of a whipping worse than Mary Astor suffered; scandal threat looms," predicts Dareos. Yet, professionally, 1937 is a brilliant year. Marriage for her with an actor born in December appears to be a possibility.

GRACE MOORE: In the near future, probably in the coming year, Grace Moore will have trouble with her voice. She will have to rest, stay away from the platform and the microphone for a long time. Yet it will prove a blessing in disguise, for she will recover and return to greater success.

Other charts into which Dareos has peered for MODERN SCREEN give him less clear, less definite pictures.

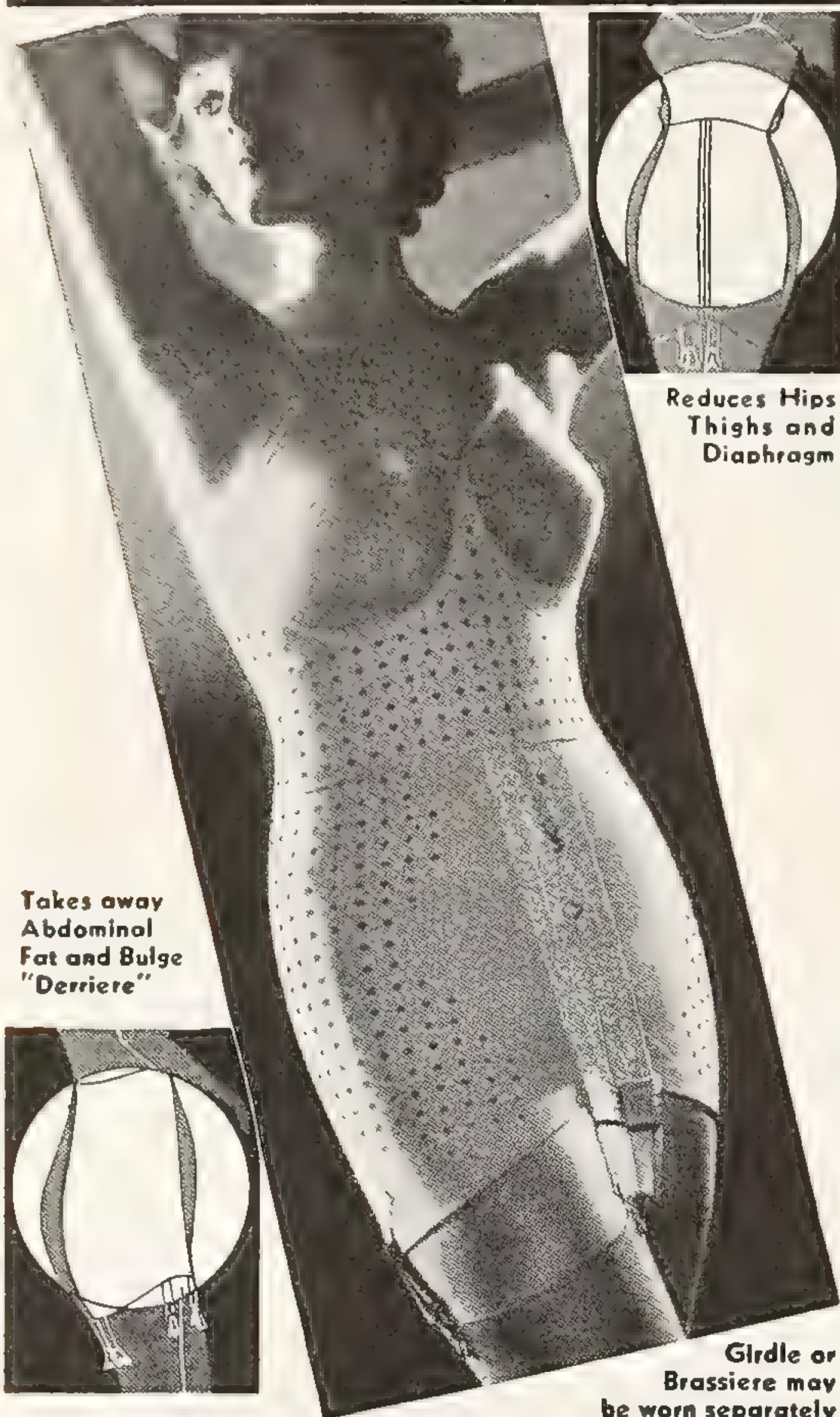
For SIMONE SIMON, he foresees a great year, but her private life is veiled in mystery even for his eyes. WARNER BAXTER'S screen success is threatened by the cloud of a serious illness. For JOHN BOLES, there is the danger of an accident while riding; an accident that may cut short his career. LAWRENCE TIBBETT should shy from air travel. His greatest success will not be on the screen, but on the radio. MARLENE DIETRICH will have to beware of a great scandal.

Of CHARLIE CHAPLIN, Dareos  
(Continued on page 88)

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Perfolastic Not Only Confines,  
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips  
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Diaphragm

Takes away  
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DULLNESS, TINY  
BLEMISHES,  
ENLARGED PORES!



I USE ROUGE AND  
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LET THEM CHOKE MY  
PORES. I REMOVE THEM  
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**LUX TOILET SOAP**

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Star of the 20th Century-Fox  
Production "Love Is News"



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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



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(Continued from page 86)

says: "He and his wife will be very happy." Dareos has always contended, despite the evasiveness of Charlie and Paulette Goddard on the subject in the past, that they are married.

For GINGER ROGERS and FRED ASTAIRE, Dareos sees continued teamwork, despite rumors of a professional break-up. KATHARINE HEPBURN is surrounded by scandalmongers, and the year carries the threat of a sudden sorrow for her. BOB MONTGOMERY had better look out, for a designing widow is on the make for him, warns Dareos. Scandal threatens SPENCER TRACY, and air travel bears a hint of danger.

ERROL FLYNN'S career stretches successfully ahead, but whether it will be on the screen or in another field, it is hard to tell. His life bears the stamp of success, yet there are indications that travel will take him from the screen.

Dareos' predictions carry the promise of continued success and unmarred future for MICHAEL WHALEN, JUNE LANG,

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JIMMY STEWART, GLADYS GEORGE, MAE WEST, FRED MACMURRAY, BING CROSBY, and BETTE DAVIS.

For others, he sees unhappiness and sorrow that will mar a year otherwise fairly tranquil. The nature of these threats is too obscure at this time, but those over whom the menace hangs include MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, IDA LUPINO, CARY GRANT, RANDY SCOTT (over whom an accident threat lurks), FREDRIC MARCH (scandal menaces).

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is on the threshold of a brilliant climb. By the end of 1937, she will be one of the very top stars of the screen. The year's other "best bets," according to the stars, are Robert Taylor, Fred MacMurray, Luise Rainer, Carole Lombard and Merle Oberon.

For the others, Dareos hates to say it, but the year will be one of the beginning of the inevitable decline, and the beginning of the rise of new stars who will replace your favorites of today.

## Our Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 6)

House of Lords where they met Lord Lansbury, former minority leader of the House of Commons.

For Lilliane, the full day of screen tests at the Gaumont-British studio was the peak of the trip. Sonnie Hale, Jessie Matthews' husband, not only wrote the script for their tests, but actually directed them himself. Both the winners were highly complimented upon the success of these tests, for they photographed excellently.

EVERY day was full of surprises while they were in England. The English studio turned a car over to them for their exclusive use. They paid a visit to Oxford and a flying trip over the countryside and London. They met Paul Robeson, Anna Lee, Roland Young and George Ar-

liss, together with many others of the popular English stars.

At night they saw London, went to the famous London Casino and did the successful shows of the season. In fact, they missed very little, though time was limited.

The trip back was as exciting for them as the one over. And Lilliane struck up a great acquaintance with none other than the famous novelist, Vicki Baum, who wrote "Grand Hotel," remember?

Now, Lilliane Kerekes and John Beattie are back home—Lilliane in Detroit, Michigan, and John in Deerfield, Massachusetts, wishing they had it all to live over again!

Both winners agreed that it was a memorable adventure and that they can't begin to be grateful enough to MODERN SCREEN for making the trip possible and to Gaumont-British for entertaining them so royally.



Mrs. Bert H. Rogers registers approval of her future daughter-in-law, Mary Pickford, as Buddy Rogers smiles happily. Mrs. Rogers traveled to Hollywood for the formal announcement.





# Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...

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THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

## SEE THAT TOY?

It's a *special* toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made *especially* for them...even their laxative.



It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made *especially and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears

away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



And important as anything else... Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance

of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher  
**CASTORIA**

The laxative made *especially*  
for babies and growing children



## A Culinary Cruise with Errol Flynn

(Continued from page 13)

of the dishes I am about to describe to you. The coupon at the end of this article will bring you a copy of the leaflet containing these Flynn favorites, absolutely free, so just fill it out and mail it in. But first let's enjoy our culinary voyage with our fascinating guide, following a route he traced for us on the tablecloth and stopping off in each place just long enough to collect a recipe for one of the outstanding examples of that particular country's achievement in the line of distinctive foods.

OUR first stop will be France—justly famous for all its cooking—and from whose unlimited store of recipe material we cull two outstanding ideas for preparing vegetables in new ways. The first is French Devilled Tomatoes with a sauce such as the French excel in making and which gives distinction to what would be, ordinarily, just another platter of fried tomatoes. The recipe for this sure and easy success will be found below.

I'm also going to give you the other vegetable recipe right away. I'll bet any man who tastes asparagus fixed in this fashion will add his cheers to Errol's, whose description of this dish made me ask if I might get more specific directions from his cook. A permission cheerfully granted and soon taken advantage of with the following recipes to offer as a result.

### FRENCH DEVILLED TOMATOES

Use green or slightly under-ripe tomatoes. Slice them, without peeling, into half-inch slices, crosswise. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fry slices in butter in heavy frying pan until slightly browned on one side. Turn carefully and fry on the other side until browned and tender. Remove slices carefully, without breaking, and arrange on hot platter. Serve with the following Mustard Sauce.

If preferred, tomato slices may be dipped in flour after seasoning and before frying. Or they may be dipped in crumbs or cornmeal, then in slightly beaten egg diluted with a little water, then in crumbs again.

### MUSTARD SAUCE

- yolk of 1 hard-cooked egg
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- a pinch of salt
- a dash of pepper
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 egg, beaten

While yolk of hard-cooked egg is still hot, rub it to a paste with the butter. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Cook mixture over boiling water until it thickens to a soft custard consistency, stirring constantly. Pour mixture over cooked tomato slices and serve immediately, garnished with sprigs of parsley or watercress.

### FRENCH FRIED ASPARAGUS

cooked asparagus tips, fresh or canned salt, pepper  
fine bread crumbs  
1 egg, slightly beaten  
2 tablespoons milk  
deep pan of fat for frying  
Drain asparagus thoroughly. (I used canned "mammoth" tips when testing the recipe.) Sprinkle asparagus with salt and pepper. Roll, one stalk at a time, in fine bread crumbs. Dip each in slightly beaten egg mixed with milk, then roll in crumbs again. Fry in deep, hot fat (olive oil, salad oil or vegetable shortening) only long enough to brown the crumb coating.

Remove stalks carefully from fat and drain on white paper kitchen towels. Serve piping hot.

Mr. Flynn's cook suggested serving Hollandaise Sauce with this vegetable dish, or a cream sauce if you prefer not to attempt the former. However, I found that any sauce was superfluous because asparagus prepared in this manner is quite distinctive enough in itself without need for further embellishment.

Our next port of call is England where they turn out, says Errol, a delicious dish composed of the most incredible combination of ingredients and justly named "English Jumble Pie." This is a main course, not a dessert feature, since it contains a large proportion of meat and eggs, as well as apples. All meat pies, according to Errol, are pretty special—with this particular variety well at the head of the procession. In fact, all Englishmen grow lyric in its praise and even our adventurous Irishman admitted that his country's most famous dish cannot compare with it. That's why I've included this recipe instead of one for Irish Stew in the monthly leaflet. Sorry I did not have room for both, but we have still other countries to visit and one recipe must suffice for the British Isles.

WITH an utter disregard of time and space we next fly on over to Russia for Meat Stuffed Cabbage and drop down into Germany for good old Apple Strudel. Both recipes are worth having and are yours for the asking. Incidentally, Errol is particularly fond of most Russian and German dishes and thinks pumpnickel with sweet butter is pretty choice and Blinis with Sour Cream and Caviar the perfect beginning for a formal dinner.

Our next hop is a long one since we must travel from Europe to Bombay where Curry of Bombay Duck is Errol's idea of "something swell." However, speaking of ideas, he hasn't any idea how they make this dish so we'll not stop long here.

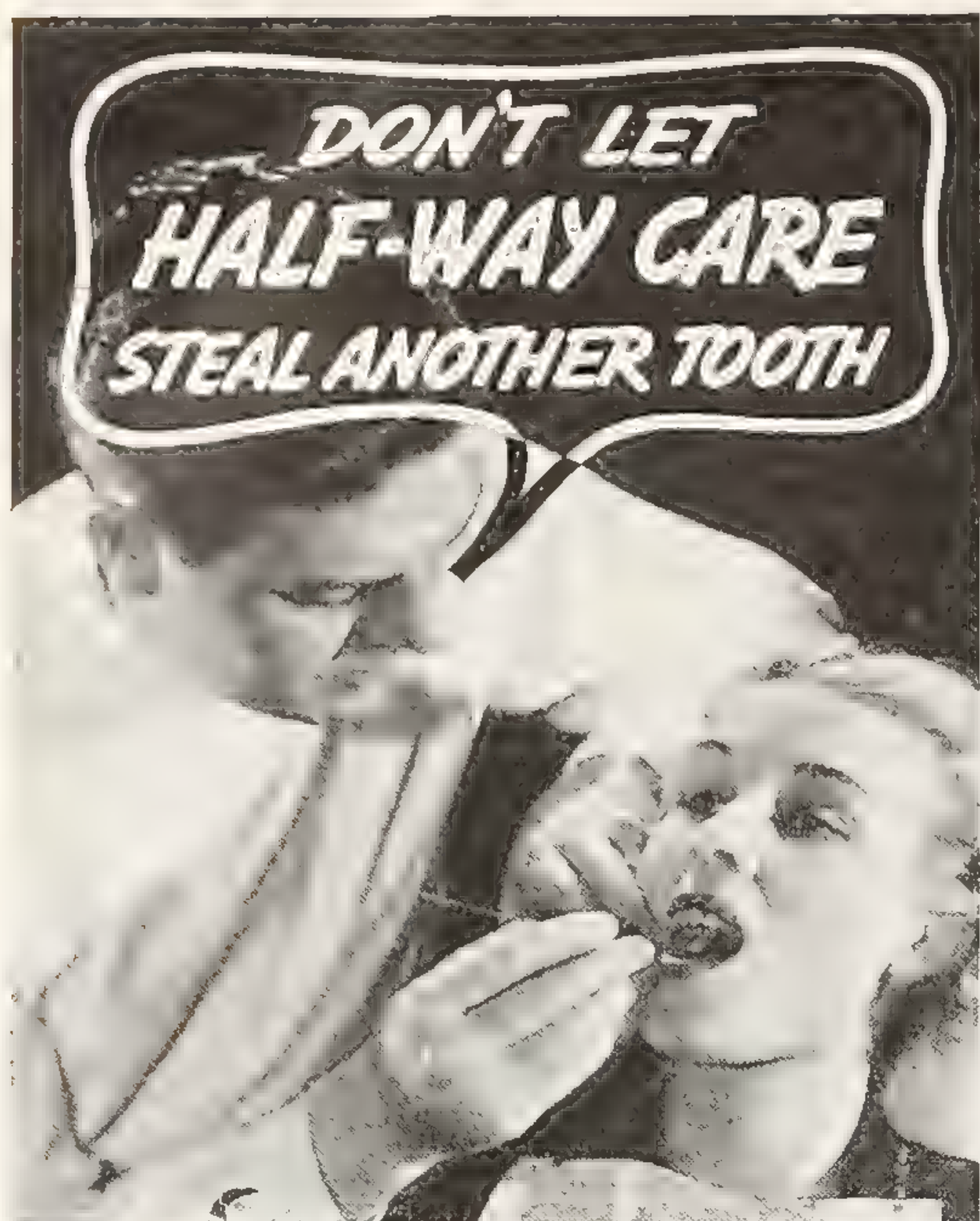
Nor would I wish to suggest for us stay-at-homes such things as sharks' fins and sea slugs which are considered great delicacies in the Far East and which this amazing Flynn fellow has not only eaten but has also caught and sold during one phase of his adventurous career!

Once again our magic carpet moves on and we approach the Western Hemisphere in a long-distance hop that would make the China Clipper envious. And so we reach Havana to partake of a baked fish combination that staggers the imagination of such conservative cooks as myself; that is, until I had tried it and then I was not only convinced but enthusiastic. Fish with bananas, pimientos and green peppers—think of that! But don't just think about it; try it. Here's the recipe, vouched for by Mr. Flynn and given to you with the unqualified endorsement of your Modern Hostess.

### BAKED FISH HAVANAISE

Use any large, mild fish. (Tested successfully with Sea Bass.) It should weigh approximately 3½ pounds after removing head, fins and scales.

- 3½ pounds fish
- 2 teaspoons olive oil
- 2 green peppers, chopped fine
- 2 tablespoons butter
- salt, pepper
- juice of one lemon
- 3 ripe bananas
- 2 pimientos



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HALF-WAY CARE  
STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH**

**DOES BOTH JOBS**

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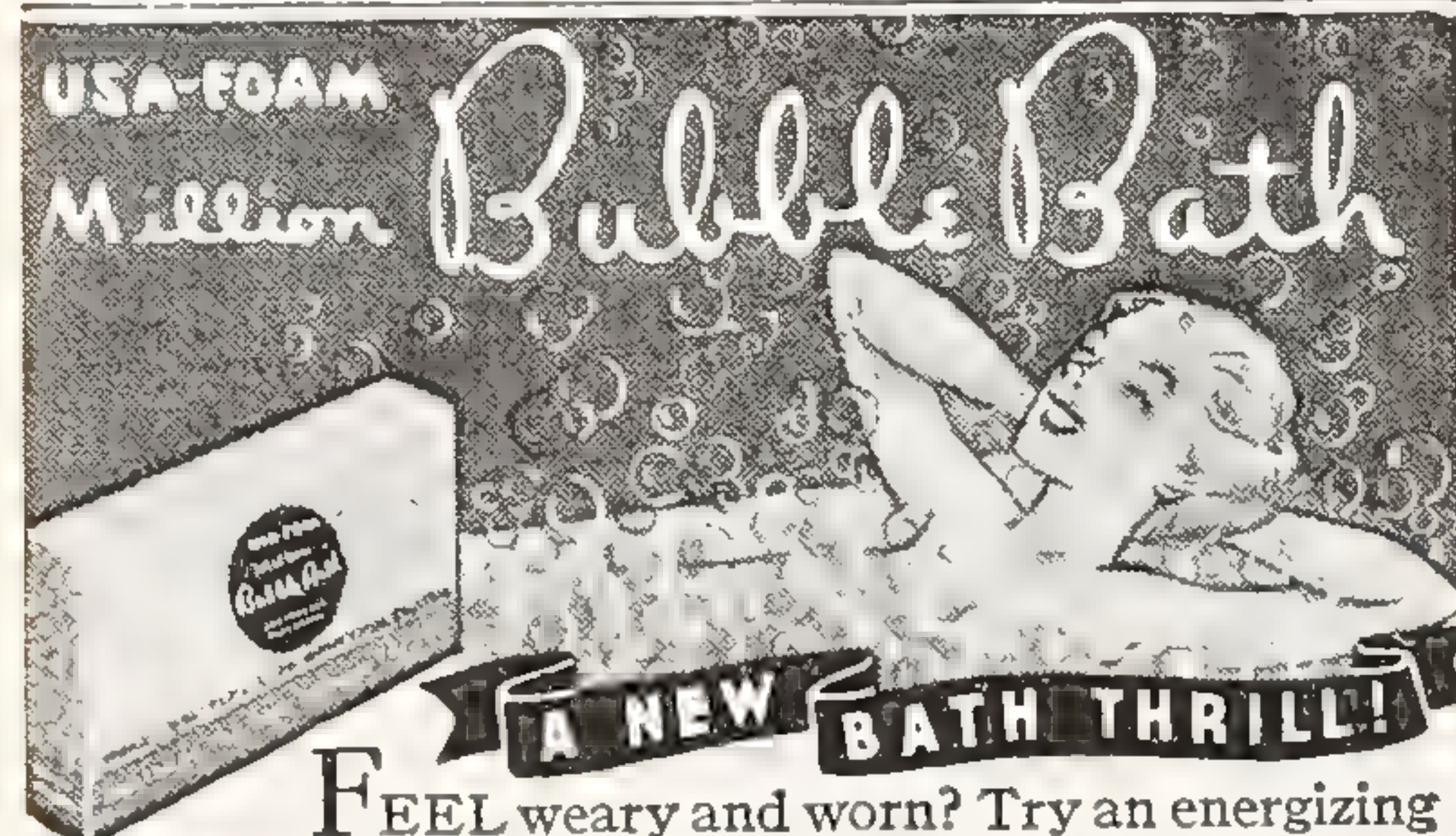
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Split the fish in two down the back, after removing head, fins and scales. Remove backbone and place fish in oiled baking pan. Season fish liberally with salt and pepper, then sprinkle with juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon and allow to stand for 20 minutes. Meanwhile heat olive oil in a saucepan, add finely chopped green peppers and cook until peppers are soft, stirring to prevent burning. Add butter to peppers and mash together to a pulp in a wooden bowl, using a potato masher. Press pulp through a sieve, then spread it over the fish. Cover entire fish in lengthwise rows with thinly sliced bananas. Spread the pimientos, cut into thin strips, over the fruit, crosswise. Sprinkle with a little more salt and pepper and the juice of the remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon. Cover all with brown paper greased on both sides, and bake in moderate oven ( $375^{\circ}$  F.) 45 minutes, basting occasionally. Remove carefully to hot platter, garnish with parsley and lemon slices and serve immediately.

THIS has been a comparatively short journey, when you think how far we've travelled. Here we are back in Hollywood, seated once more at a prosaic lunch table within a few feet of the sound stages. On the plate before me is the Mexican Tamale Loaf with the rich sauce whose flavor denotes a Spanish inspiration. In my notebook are still other recipes more closely identified with Mr. Flynn. On the tablecloth are strange pencil markings indicating in the sketchiest form the interesting imaginary journey we have just made. And opposite me is Errol Flynn, a far away look in his eyes as though he were already visualizing the next journey of adventure and the next unusual repast under distant, and probably tropical, skies. As a parting tribute to Mr. Flynn's good taste and as a proof of his high standing as a gourmet, I want to give you his "Favorite Menu" just as he outlined it to me.

#### DINNER DE LUXE

Blinis with Caviar and Sour Cream  
Turtle Soup  
with

Sherry and Wafers  
Baked Fish Havanaise

Quail on Toast with Fresh Mushrooms  
French Fried Asparagus Artichoke Sauté  
Endive and Beet Salad  
Crêpes Suzette

Demi-tasse Napoleon Brandy

Good gracious! Isn't that fancy and far and away too difficult for the average housewife? So, instead of the foods listed on this menu, I am giving you in the leaflet, as I promised, the Mexican Tamale Loaf with its Spanish Sauce, the Russian Cabbage, German Apple Strudel, and English Meat Pie; all outstanding favorites of this romantic adventurer.

Send in your coupon promptly and treat yourself, your family and your friends to a culinary cruise with Errol Flynn.

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Modern Screen,  
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Please send me a free leaflet containing Errol Flynn's Round-the-World Recipes.

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**Here's a *quick, easy meal*  
the whole family will enjoy  
*for less than 3¢ a portion***

CHILDREN are fussy about what they eat. Husbands have decided ideas, too. What a relief to find a dish *everybody* likes! And what an *added* blessing when it's something so easily prepared as Franco-American Spaghetti!

No cooking or fussing; just heat and serve. And it's nourishing *plus!* Supplies plenty of protein for building sound bones and tissues, a rich store of carbohydrates for energy. All this—plus wonderful flavor—for less than 3¢ a portion!

Franco-American has a marvelous

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And it's most economical. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. It would cost you more to buy all the ingredients and uncooked spaghetti and prepare it yourself. Get Franco-American from your grocer today.

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## The Hair Problem

(Continued from page 53)

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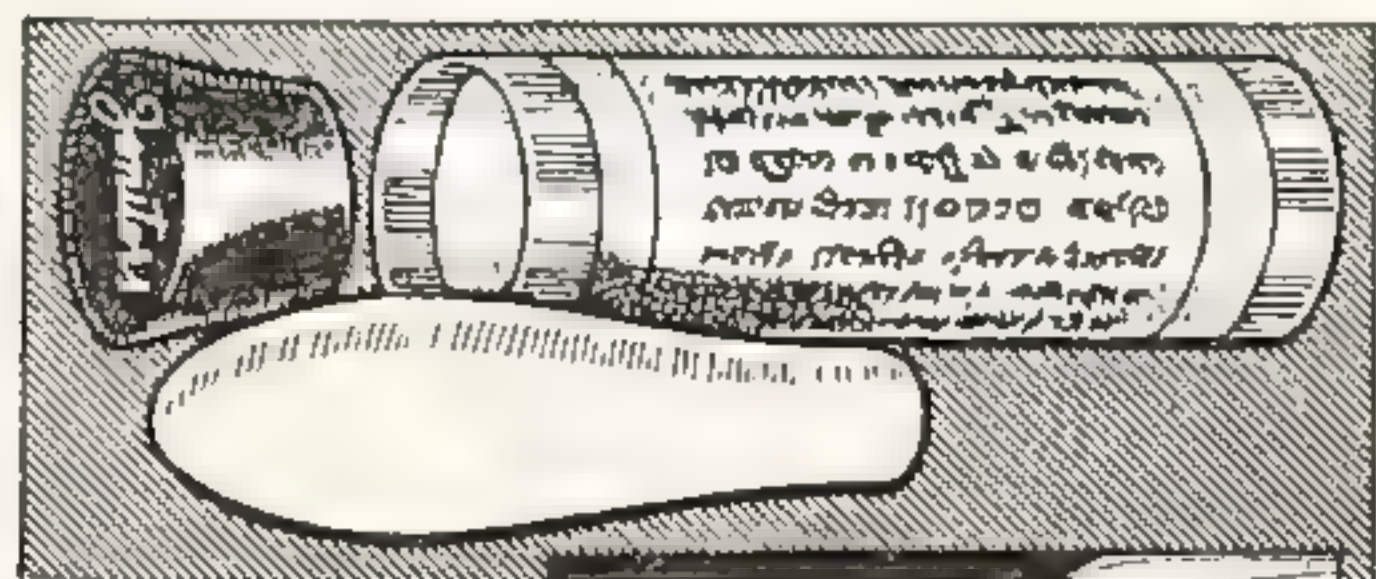
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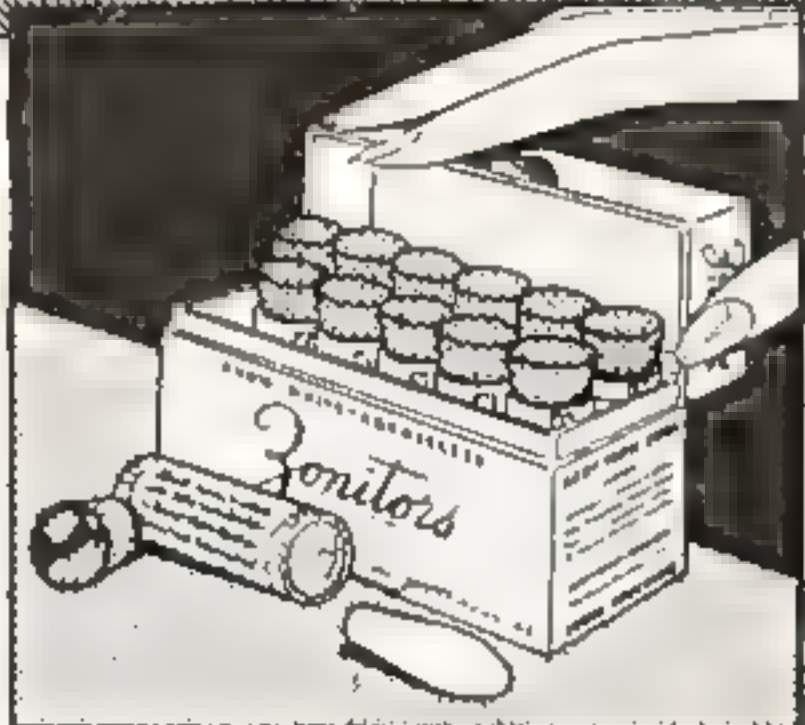
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more important, keep up the massage. Rotate your scalp with your fingers, ten minutes every day.

Shampoo your hair once a week if it's oily. Use the strained juice of a lemon in the last rinsing water, if your hair is blonde or light brown; half a teacup full of vinegar if your hair is dark or red. Or a half teaspoon full of bicarbonate of soda. All these things tend to dry the scalp.

Brushing will remove much excess oil. You can, if you like, put absorbent cotton on the bristles of your brush. Change the cotton a couple of times as you give your hair a thorough dry cleansing.

A little powdered orris-root is a great thing now and then. It's not to be regarded as a substitute for a shampoo, but as an emergency cleanser and oil-reducer, it can work wonders. You can buy it at any drugstore. It has a pleasant, clean fragrance. Dip your brush into it and brush it thoroughly through your hair, removing every trace before you have finished. 'Tis especially practical for light hair which is afflicted with an oily condition.

It won't hurt a particle to use any good, nationally advertised hair tonic that is on the market. Massage same into your scalp. Almost every tonic contains a little alcohol, and this is drying, too.

If the oily condition keeps up—real bad—after a reasonable course of home treatment, or if your scalp itches excessively and your hair falls out to a great extent, hie yourself to the very best barber, beauty parlor or hair specialist you can locate and find out what's the trouble. Do go to a good place, because a cheap operator will only give you a line of hooley and do you more harm than good.

Dry hair, of course, needs "plenty" oil and plenty of the stimulation that comes from massage. If your hair is dry, use a very soft brush and use it gently. Dry hair is brittle and you don't want to break off more than you must. After a shampoo, use a little brilliantine. Never use any tonic that contains alcohol, but there are fragrant oily stimulants and salves, which I'll tell you about if you care to write me. Shampoo your hair once every two weeks, at the oftenest. If you live in a nice, clean city or town, you can go three weeks or even a month. Gentle brushing will cleanse your hair of ordinary dust.

If you're thinking of getting that next permanent wave, take time to condition your hair first, whether it's dry or oily. Make the best of things with finger waves—or let the hair go straight for a while. A permanent wave on top of an abnormal scalp condition is apt to cause a peck of trouble.

And now let's speak of things that are more fun. Like what to do with your hair after it's all washed and massaged and brushed and everything. There are some pictures at the beginning of the article that may give you a few ideas. If you're not handy at fixing your hair yourself, tote the magazine down to your favorite beauty operator and say, "Hey, can you fix my hair like that?" But read the rest of this article first, because I have something to say about types and suitability and stuff.

Remember the wise saying, "Know thyself." Know what your hair will do and what it won't do. Some hair is adaptable—some isn't. Some girls can cut bangs and have them all curled up fancy for a party, say, and comb them neatly back next morning for the office and they'll

stay back, to be brought forth again for another festive occasion. Another girl would have to wear bangs all the time, or look untidy until they grew out.

If your hair is adaptable, you don't need much advice from me. If it isn't, let me give you this advice: you must find a fairly conservative, becoming coiffure that you can wear all the time. If you make up your mind to a change of part, or style of cut, or decide to go in for some stunt that's a little rakish, like the bangs or a coxcomb or some little side curls—be good and sure your mind is made up and be prepared to wear your hair that way for quite a while. For evening, be thankful that ornaments are in vogue. If you're a little thing, wear a small ornament—nothing more spectacular than the clip Lily Pons is wearing on page 52. The wreaths of flowers and coyer adornments are very pretty for young girls. Taller people—older girls—if you can't get away with the more sophisticated hair ornaments you are seeing these days in all the shop windows and all the magazines—wear nothing in your nice, shining, well-groomed locks.

The Frances Farmer hair-do on page 53 is a fine, classic example that you'd go a long way to beat. The center part—the soft, deep waves at the temples, the flatness at the crown and over the ears, and the back hair in a simple roll or—if the hair is long—in a horizontal figure eight or butterfly knot... very neat, very chic and in the best of taste. The center part is becoming to everyone except those with a very wide face—they should part the hair exactly over the center of one eye.

A thin face can be broadened by parting the hair way, way over to one side and making a shelf of hair across the brow. A very high forehead can be softened by depressing the hair deeply just by the part. Not quite a wave—just a softening effect. Don't be in too great haste, however, to cover up a high forehead. 'Tis an attractive feature. Look at Carole Lombard.

Ruby Keeler's new hair-do has a different quality to it, and it still is conservative enough to wear for everyday. The two I've not yet mentioned—Harlow's hair and Binnie Barnes' new blonde coiffure—are not, my frands, for run-of-the-mill living. Harlow's is too fluffy and Binnie's is too extreme for the office, for school, for going downtown to shop, or for a quiet evening with the husband, the radio, and the missing buttons on Junior's pants. They're party hair-dos—and very nice, too, each in its individual way, and should be saved for party occasions. The young girl with the pretty, naturally curly hair that reaches about to her shoulders, would certainly knock the stag line right out of its patent leather shoes if she appeared at a dance with the hair flowing loose and a simple wreath or band around the noodle. The tall, older girl might well cause a few husbands to get That Look in their eyes, if she had the hair dressed like Binnie's—and that's a professional job, children, so if you have aspirations in that direction, trot this little copy of MODERN SCREEN down to the best beauty parlor in town and have your hair done thataway.

Turning that roll of hair in the Barnes neck up the other way gives it the start of a popular and adaptable permanent that you might like to try. The hair is parted in the middle, and a roll curl made all around the head. It looks pretty neat that way. Then, you can part the hair on the side, if you like, leave just one rolled curl on your forehead, and comb the rest of the roll out, except at the back. Or you



can part a section of front hair, comb it down on your forehead, and have a curled bang, with the hair off the ears and left rolled up in back. If you're the piquant type, you can comb the hair all up into a bunch of curls on top of your head for a party. It's a little nutty, but kinda cute. This roll permanent provides a basic coiffure that has many variations.

The big problem we modern wenches have, which our mamas did not, is that our hair must look smart as well as pretty. The main thing in mama's day was to have a great quantity of hair, piled into a huge pompadour, which showed none of the line of the head and was impossible as far as hats were concerned. There was no relation between the hair and the hat. Today, the relation of the hair and the hat is one of the main secrets of smartness above the neckline. That's why I say you can't use fixy and fussy hair-dos for everyday living. Hats demand simple, rather flat coiffures. That's why I say that a mass of fluffy curls reaching almost to the shoulders isn't smart nor in good taste. It makes you look as if you had no neck. Your hair should be off the face as much as possible for wear with hats. People want to see your face, after all, and not curtains of hair escaping from hat brims. On the screen, look at Irene Dunne, Kay Francis, Merle Oberon and Rosalind Russell for various solutions of the hat and hair problem.

With the very high hats, no hair must show on the forehead and as little as possible at the temples. A flat wave or curl at the ears is all right. With a sport pull-on, brimmed hat, tipped to one side, it's nice to see the waves on the other side, but they must be well under control. A large-brimmed hat allows for a little more freedom of the waves. I can't think of any kind of a hat that bangs can be worn with. With the tiny pillboxes and berets, too-long hair looks too theatrical to my way of thinking. And that reminds me of another "pernt."

The fluffy or elaborate coiffures you sometimes see on the screen—which may intrigue you momentarily—are cared for at approximately ten minute intervals by the studio hairdresser. Remember that. After every take, an expert tress-tender rushes over to Miss Movie Star and with professional fingers and a "cool" iron, fixes the hair just so. Otherwise, Miss Movie Star would wind up looking just as much of a mess as you would if you walked down the street in a high wind with the hair elaborately arranged.

There's one point I've been avoiding, but I suppose I might as well tackle it. And that's what's to do with the girls who still have long hair, and quite a tidy amount of it. The general opinion is that the entire female population of the country has gone short-hair, but there are a few of us left, wondering what to do with the big wad on the back of the dome. Yes—there's the confession. I've got long hair meself. I've refrained from cutting it for probably the same reasons you yourself haven't done so—because my husband likes long hair, and because I think that, mebbe, in the long run, it's less trouble than short hair and because—well, just because. If we want to have long hair, it's our business, isn't it? But it does complicate life sometimes, and here's what I've got to say on the subject:

Make up your mind to this: you're never going to look as smart in hats as the short-haired lass. You can't wear the cute, mad hats, so stop crying about it and don't waste any more money on extreme chapeaux. Conservative bonnets for you, sister, if you don't want to look like a freak. Medium brimmed felt sports hats for everyday wear, with a back elastic to go under the bun (hateful word!). In the

# She had everything but love



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summer time, wear big hats if you can—they're life savers for us long-haired girls. For gala occasions, some simple modification of the beret—not too small—with a back strap if possible. Do your hair in a figure eight, and pin the top of the figure eight over the backstrap.

Now then—just because we're doomed to go through life, apparently, with our long hair is no reason why we must eternally fix it in a utilitarian knot at the back of the head. I won't take up the space here to tell you about some coiffures for long hair which I've figured out, because it is kind of a specialized matter. Write to me—just say, "Send me your ideas for arranging long hair." Tell me how long your hair is, whether it's curly or straight, coarse or fine. And I'll see what I can do.

Another subject I must leave out of this article is the treatment and care of dyed hair. I have a few tips on that problem, if you're interested.

You others, now, can write to me, too, and welcome, but I do suggest that you look through MODERN SCREEN at your favorite movie stars' coiffures, and look through the fashion magazines, too, and when you find a photograph or sketch of a hair-do that you think you could wear, try it yourself, if it's simple, and if you can't manage it, take the picture to a hairdresser and see what can be done about it. On t'other hand, if your hair looks pretty, becoming and in good taste the way it is, don't be in a tizzy to change it, just for the sake of changing.

And now in closing, here's a make-up

stunt that I've picked up since last month's article and want to pass along to you. It's known as the ice trick. Your face is all made up, see, and you're just before going out. You've put on a generous quantity of powder—pressed it on, I hope, rather than rubbing it in. And you've removed the excess with a powder brush (shaving brushes are just swell for powder brushes, if you want to know) or a bit of clean cotton. Fine. You look, too, too divine. But how will you look at 2 a. m.? This is where the ice trick comes in. Once you've tried it, you'll thank me.

Take a piece of ice and let it melt a bit so's the corners aren't sharp. Then rub it, gently but thoroughly, all over the face. Feel the glow come up into your cheeks. Go on—don't be afraid. You won't ruin the paint job. Now—take a piece of cleansing tissue or a soft cloth and pat the moisture away, very gently. See what it does? It kind of "mats" the make-up. It gives you a glow in your cheeks. And it keeps your make-up looking just simply swell for hours and hours! I've done it every evening I've been out since I heard about it. It really works.

Mary Marshall is now signing off, and asking you to write her for any personal information you would like to have. The address is MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. And do forgive me—you who have been waiting for replies—for the long delay. You'll get an answer, all right, even if you have had to wait a spell.

## She Tells on Garbo

(Continued from page 37)

"She taught me consideration for others. Like many girls, I thought that actresses were sort of special, were exempt from conventional creeds and customs.

**G**ARBO taught me how young and ignorant that point of view really is. By her unfailing promptitude, by her courtesy to the men working on the sets, by being always letter-perfect in her lines and by her generosity to those working with her, she gave me a standard I know I shall never lose.

"She has no petty fears about footage and camera angles and whether or not she is getting more, as star, than members of the supporting cast. She does her work thoroughly and she expects others to do the same and may the best man win!

"Whatever simplicity and honesty I put into my role in 'Ah, Wilderness' is due to her. I don't think," said Cecilia, "that I would have been up to it if I hadn't had the experience of working with Garbo.

"She taught me poise, too. She taught me how much more beautiful and impressive it is to bear yourself quietly with dignity and without circus show-off tactics.

"I shall walk quietly all of my days because of Garbo," said this quiet child.

"And she taught me," smiled Cecilia, "how to relax. Between scenes Garbo always retired to her dressing-room or sat on the sidelines watching, relaxed in every nerve and muscle. She can be more still than any human being I have ever seen. Her composure is more beautiful than the most animated motion. When she goes into an emotional scene, she is like a being charged and recharged; she is all alive and there is fire and force and depth back of it. She hasn't frittered it all away on nothings. She taught me to save myself for emotional scenes, in real life as well as on the screen. She taught me not to break myself

up into little pieces for trivialities.

"She taught me to be immaculate, which is quite a different thing from being 'dressed'. I have never seen anyone more immaculate than Garbo. Her shining, brushed hair, her clean strong hands, without nail polish or benefit of beauty parlor—if ever I thought it amusing to paint my nails like a Comanche Indian's, or frizz my hair or wear extreme styles, I got well over it, thanks to her. No, she doesn't 'fix up' in the beauty parlor sense of the word, but she is so shingly groomed that it makes nail polish and waved hair and make-up seem cheap by comparison.

"She taught me the beauty and the wisdom of tact. She never gives advice to younger, newer players who are working on her pictures. I know some actresses and actors who are always telling you that you should do a scene this way or that way or hadn't you, perhaps, better try it the other way; they really serve mostly to make you self-conscious.

Garbo is silent. She never gives one an inferiority complex. She seems to expect people to live up to what they are supposed to do.

**I** CAN'T ever be like Garbo physically," said Cecilia, regretfully, "even though I did resemble her enough to play her sister. I do have almost exactly the same coloring, though. I have gray eyes and so has she. We have the same shade of pale brown hair. Our skin is much the same in tone and texture. People tell me we have something of the same quality in our voices, I am short whereas she is tall. I have a round face, though I have hopes that it will thin out in time.

"Even though I can't look much like her, I can try to be like her inside," said Cecilia, "and I do. I like that I sound like a Garbo fan. Well, I am a Garbo fan. Of



course, being a Garbo fan means loving and admiring Garbo and only by intense admiration are we ever stirred enough to try to be like the object of our admiration.

"I know that I've lost all temptation to copy or imitate anyone. Please don't misunderstand—I don't mean that I'm trying to look or to act like Garbo. That would be ridiculous. If I were trying that then Garbo wouldn't really have taught me anything at all. No, what I am trying to do is to be as honest in my work and in my personal life as Garbo is in hers, to have in my way the same integrity and courage she has in hers.

"She taught me not to be afraid of anything—not even humdrum practical truths about oneself. I'm a good cook, for instance, if I do say so. When I'm not working I keep house for my mother, my brother and myself. I used to keep it for my sister, Linda, too, before she married and had a baby. Linda is also in pictures.

"And when I say that I keep house, I mean keep house, not just direct a servant. We don't have one. We did have one for a time but she made mother so nervous that we let her go. Mother likes to fuss about the house and do things her own way and so do I. And I cook and scrub floors and do some washing and ironing and just have a woman in to do the heavy laundry.

"A few weeks ago a director called me from the studio and asked me to come over for an interview. He said, 'Are you busy? What are you doing?' I told him I was scrubbing the kitchen floor. He thought he hadn't heard me right and he said, 'I don't get you—you're doing *what*?' I told him again and he laughed and said that he didn't believe me. But I was. He should have seen me and he'd have believed me all right—I had on an old house dress and no

shoes and stockings and my hair and hands and face were a sight!

"Well, there was a time when I wouldn't have admitted to this. I would have thought that a movie actress shouldn't let it out that she even knows there are floors to be scrubbed and meals to be cooked.

But if Garbo talked she would admit practical truths about herself, I'm sure of that. She probably doesn't scrub floors nowadays, perhaps she never did. But what I'm trying to explain is that Garbo would never be ashamed of any honest work she did, no matter what.

"But for yourself?" I asked this child of the round face, composed young mouth, grave gray eyes? "You don't really want to live the solitary life of Garbo, certainly? Doesn't love enter into your scheme of things?" (And I thought of the Hollywood rumors that Cecilia and Eric Linden were "hearting.") "Don't you want marriage and babies and a home?"

"Of course, I do," said Cecilia. "I want children more than I want anything else. I want to marry and to have a home. I'd gladly give up my whole career for home and marriage if those things come to me—."

"Do you mind," I said, "if I ask you a really personal question, since the columnists have been personal about it anyway? Were you or are you engaged to Eric Linden?"

"No," Cecilia said, "we do go out together quite a lot. We have so much in common. Not only our work but liking to be alone, not in a crowd, liking the same books and liking to talk about books, all that sort of thing. But we are not engaged.

"I hope things work out happily and successfully for me. If they don't, I hope I will have learned from Garbo to take loneliness with courage, and heartbreak with dignity."



Betty Furness and her Mother do a premiere together—"Born to Dance."

## BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!

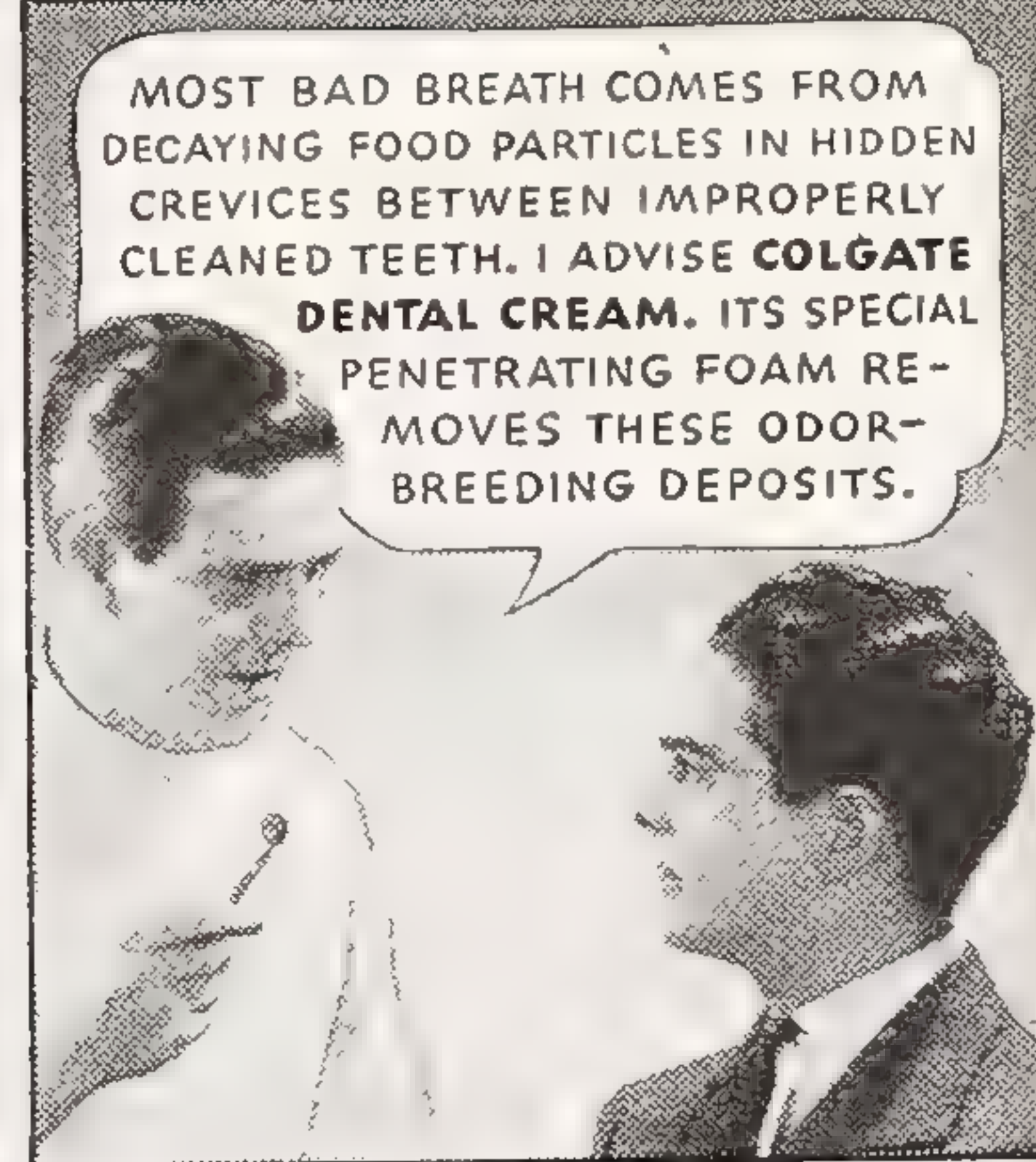


YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!



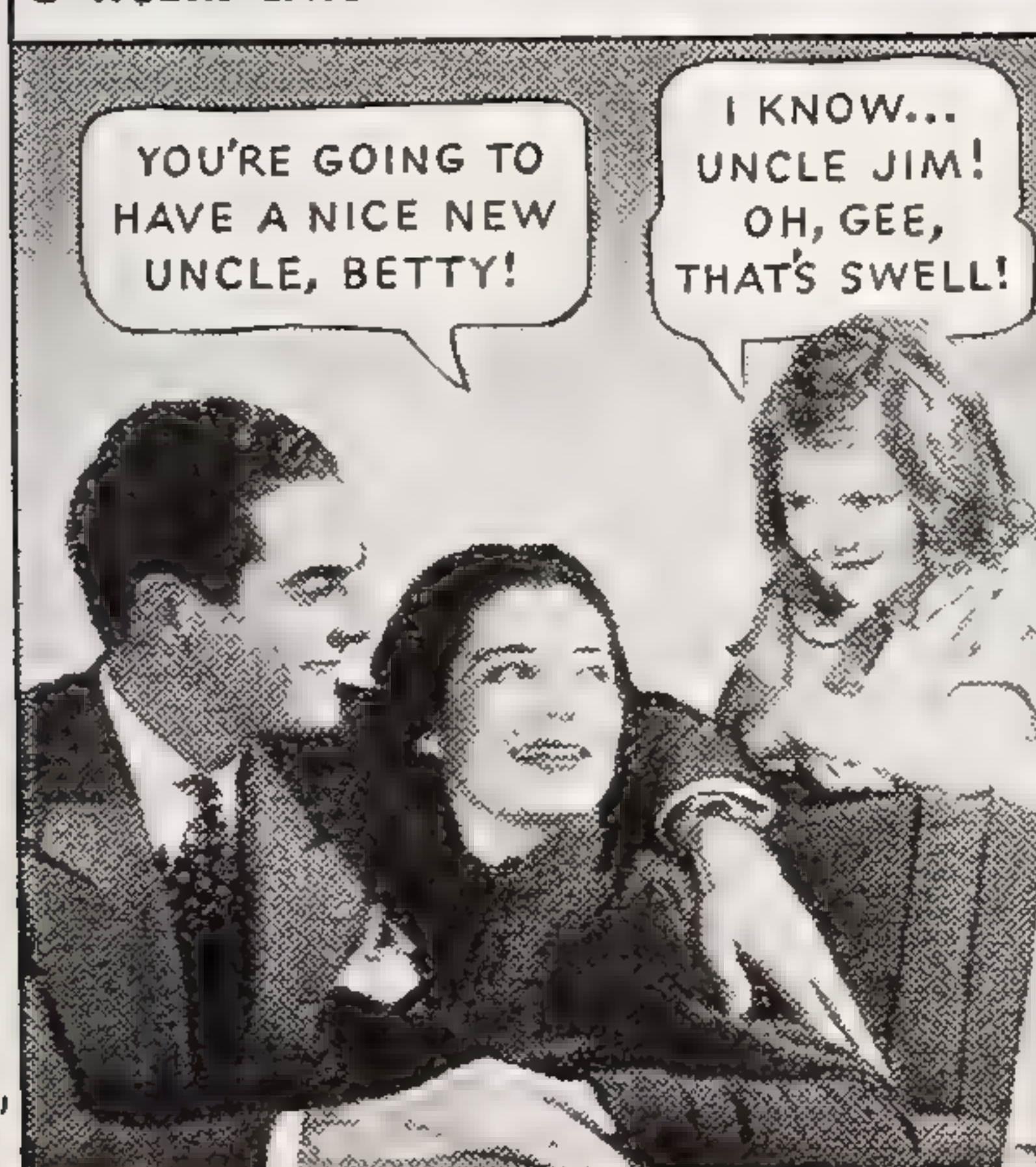
MEANWHILE...

MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST



MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

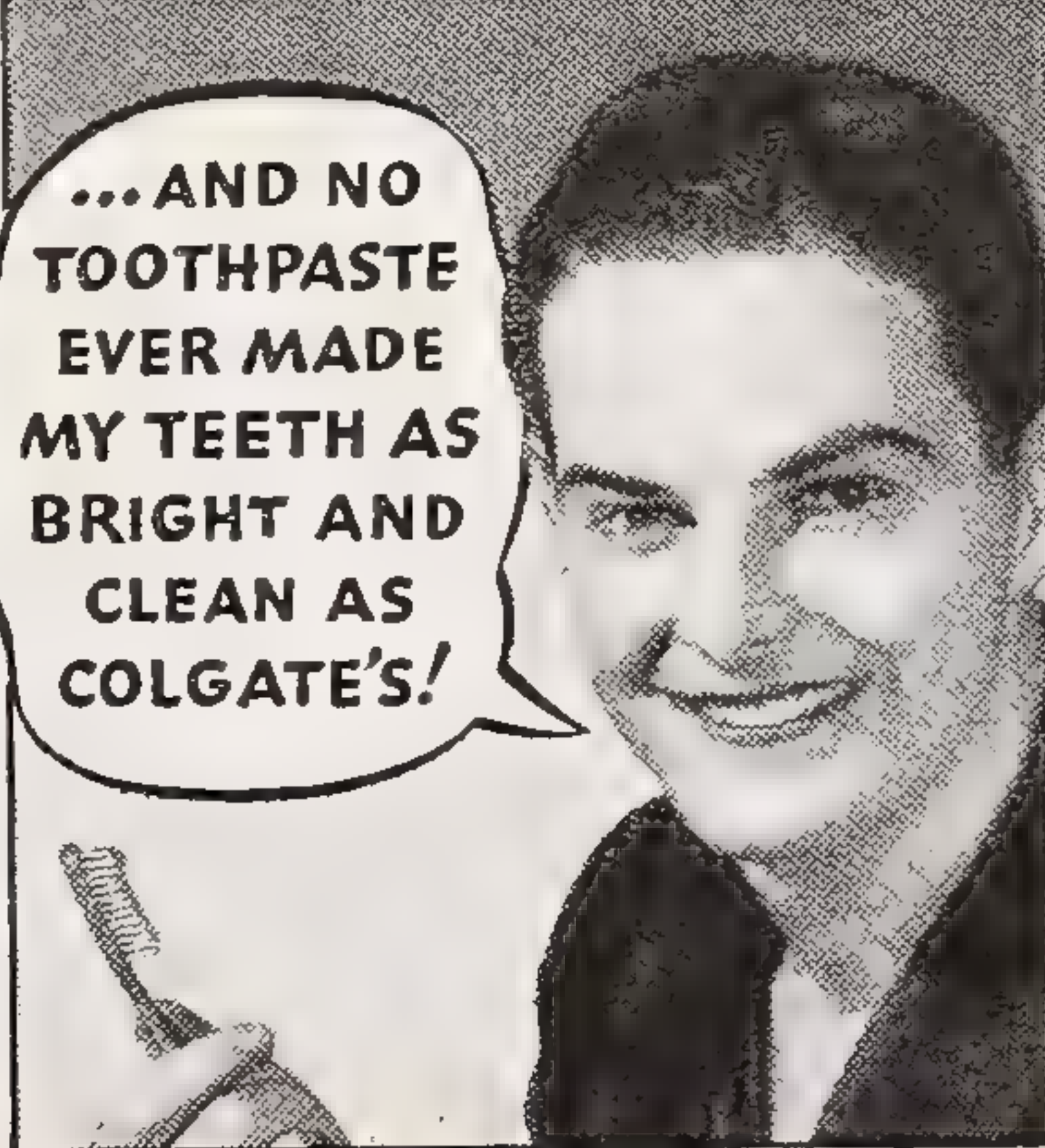
3 WEEKS LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S



YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!

I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!

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## Five-Star Capers

(Continued from page 8)

# SKINNY?

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NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of your food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking curves, but also naturally lovely color, new pep that wins friends.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, better color and natural beauty come—you feel like a new person.

### Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and Iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few short weeks as they have helped thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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League of Nations. If this produced perplexity at first, it brought a wonderful revelation after the first few days, when the movie staff realized that the five lively, almost impersonal, babies, had become divine and devilish little character actresses during their year's absence.

Director Taurog—with his staff of eighty players, technicians, wardrobe mistresses and what-not—arrived in Calander with a caravan of cars and trucks that looked like a strange exploring expedition combined with a comic opera troupe, stranded in the Far North. They were soon swallowed up, however, in the great throng of curious people who had come from almost every city and hamlet from all over the American continent—farmer families in blue denims, French Canucks in their black holiday best, flappers in their shortest shorts, city slickers and yokels in all that ultra sports costumes will do to them, mothers, sweethearts and swains, wives and grandmothers, children and grandchildren being lugged along or carried in arms.

It wasn't very long before Taurog was watching the "babies"—as Dr. Dafoe always calls the Quints—in a "natural try-out" and in a scene that would be hard to beat even though it were staged. It was nearing the zero hour of two when the five little Dionnes were scheduled to appear for their period of play. The line of on-lookers had formed, ready to crash the gate the moment it should be opened. Many had remained just outside the woven-wire fence that enclosed the "hospital" grounds, every eye focussed in the direction of the little white house on the bluff where the children live with their nurses.

Suddenly, an "Oh-h! Here they come!" rang through the throng, as a tiny figure in pink popped out of the door and toddled, as fast as its slightly-bowed legs would permit, around the corner. This was Yvonne, clad in pink rompers, running away! Emilie followed, in blue, taking the opposite direction. Annette, in mauve, came next, closely pursued by the nurse. When caught, they each sprawled out flat and had to be carried part way. Cecile, in green, and Marie, in red, however, were legging it as fast they could towards the great new scientific playground, bent upon gathering up all the toys before the others could reach them. The crowd, awed at first, now chortled with delight, until the last of the young ones disappeared within the enclosure; then everybody stampeded to get into line.

WE were accorded privileges by the Quints' Special Police and allowed to enter a side door and stand at a point where we could observe the whole show—both the five little performers and the crowds as they were admitted at the far end of the shed through turn-stiles. The playground was like an horseshoe-shaped arena, surrounded on two sides by silver-screen covered glass. Four hundred persons at a time were allowed in, two hundred lining up with their faces against the glass on either side. Silence was requested by the police, so that the Quints neither saw nor heard the spectators who were allowed to gaze to their hearts' content for two minutes and then were hustled towards the exits. On their way out of the yards every other woman surreptitiously picked up one of the "Magic Pebbles," five hundred pounds of which are placed in a long box near the gate every day.

The next day the shooting of the picture began. While it is true that Norman Taurog is nominally director, Dr. Roy Dafoe is the supreme boss. Nothing can happen concerning the Quintuplets, until he has been duly consulted and nods his head in approval. Everything must be natural; nothing forced or strained. Only four persons are permitted even within touching distance of the babies. The others must, whenever possible, keep out of sight. The moment the little ones show the slightest sign of fatigue or begin to yawn, the "rehearsal" is off. Dorothy Peterson, as Nurse Kennedy, and Jean Hersholt, impersonating Dr. Dafoe, are accorded the intimacies with these little sweethearts of the world that Dr. Dafoe himself and the two French Canadian nurses alone enjoy.

"Free action," unknown to Hollywood, is therefore permitted in the Dionnes' case. Curiously, or not, no scenarIALIZED scenes could possibly have possessed greater charm or effectiveness. As for humor, every action of these starlets seems to have a laugh in it. It is here that those intimate close-ups, unseen by the crowd, take place.

Emilie is talking, in her quaint French Canadian baby talk, to Yvonne, and Yvonne is supposed to be listening, according to the scenario. But Yvonne will not listen. She not only talks back to Emilie, but she gives her a swat. In fact, she actually puts a punch in an otherwise dull scene, as it turns out. Annette has really been taught to "play" the toy piano in a ladylike way and everybody is on his toes as she sits down of her own volition and seems on the point of acting—when suddenly, she begins pounding the lights out of the instrument and pushes it over, for bad measure. Free action again, and successful, because it is intrinsically dramatic.

Dorothy Peterson, as Nurse Kennedy, has surreptitiously been rehearsing a scene several times with little Marie, in which the child sweetly gives her Teddy a spoonful of her well-advertised porridge. The scene is all set for the camera with interested parties looking on smilingly, when dear little Marie lets Teddy Bear have the bowl all over his face and head. Not nice, perhaps, but, oh, what a kick to it, especially when Marie looks up and laughs mischievously.

Then, there was the tea party, that was all planned out as cute as a bug's ear. Little Cecile did her part charmingly, dragging up the small white chairs and placing them exactly where they should be at the miniature white table, two at each side and one at the head. The scene was perfect; the little group of spectators breathless. Then, just as the four little teasers were about to take their places, little Annette, with just the right naughty twinkle in her eye, toddled up and upset the chairs one by one. There was a tense moment, then everybody laughed, in which the five little actresses joined. It was fraught with all the best elements of good theatre—crisis, climax, tension, surprise, reaction—drama!

THE first scene shot in the new scientific playground, with an audience of four hundred concealed behind the patent glass gallery, was just as unexpected, except that it savored more of a free-for-all circus than drama. The stage had been set, filled with five great rubber balls, five little wagons, five sand pails and shovels, and other miscellaneous toys in fives. The





They still have dates even though marriage rumors are fainter. Mary Brian and Cary Grant see "The Garden of Allah" preview.

scene was "A Bathing Beach Somewhere in Canada." Realism was provided by a huge heap of fine white sea sand and a little shore surrounding the permanent concrete pool in the center of the yard. The five young ladies had been fitted out to meet this aquatic occasion in the height of fashion, each wearing a bathing suit of a different color, each suit consisting of baggy trunks, held up by white suspenders over their broad brown backs, with an enormous white bow as trimming. Their plump legs and feet were bare. The cos-a different color, each suit consisting of poke-bonnet hats to match their panties.

All five burst into the arena at once, hell-bent for one ball, one pail and one shovel, over which they wrestled until one would gain possession and then the others would rush towards another single article. There was one tiny tournament of shovels that threatened to become sanguinary until the nurse declared a forced peace. Thus thwarted, Yvonne and Emilie carefully descended into the foot-deep ocean and stood gasping under the fountain stream for a moment, before they were seized with a bright idea. Tearing off their bonnets they began scooping up the water in them and drinking it. The horrified nurse, seeing a billion germs flowing into the innards of two of her precious darlings, rushed pell-mell, ankle-deep into the sea before they could drink more than a pint of it! We hope the camera caught this scene; it was so deliciously, juvenily human.

However, there is another scene, that for sheer innocent juvenile charm has no superior on the screen. We must first fix in our minds the fact that these five little prisoners of biological science, hedged in by the tender but strict care of an unswerving master doctor, sheltering them from any contamination with a too-loving world, have never been off their small fenced-in reservation. Except once, on September 21, 1934. On that rainy day they had been carried in their incubators some five hundred feet, from the tumble-down Dionne home across the road to their newly-built



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"hospital." They were then five months old; little wraiths battling with intestinal toxemia with only a beggar's chance of pulling through. Today, little Marie—who had been the tiniest—is 31½ inches tall. All of them are as lively as five crickets, showing 16 or 18 teeth each when they laugh. Fine, healthy specimens of humanity, fit to enjoy to the utmost this great excursion in store for them. Five rich little poor girls about to realize what would be the sweetest dream of a princess.

Hollywood had brought them a veritable heaven in the form of dresses and gowns

for every occasion, costumes, shoes, bonnets—in quintuplicate. The whole land had been combed until five perfectly-matched Shetland ponies had been found. A pony cart had been built for each of them and, for this great occasion, five little uniformed coachmen had been furnished. And so the cavalcade set out down the lonely road towards Callander on a fairy ride of a thousand feet and back. Thus far, this has been the climax in the lives of the Quintuplets—an unforgettable episode in the moving picture of their intimate life, called "Reunion."

## Taking Irene Dunne for a Ride!

(Continued from page 51)

Dunne traveled on her way up to fame. I mean, you'd have to change buses, get transfers so many times. Of course, figuratively speaking, that is what Irene did, for the road to fame has many detours as you may soon see.

We took a taxi. And we had fun. And I learned about Irene Dunne.

"This," she told me as we craned our necks out of the cab, to gaze up at the Pennsylvania Hotel, "was where I stayed when I first came to the big city from Madison, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky. I was only sixteen years old, filled with ambition and hope for the future. I had been told by my teachers and all who had heard me sing that I was destined to become a great opera singer. I know I believed it myself.

"And so, I stood in the windows of my room on the fourteenth floor and looked out over the towers of this great city which I was seeing for the first time, and dreamed great dreams of what it was to mean to me.

I WAS having a delightful time letting my imagination soar to heights, when puff, came a gust of wind and my second best silk dress which I had hung in the window to let the breeze blow out its wrinkles—no expensive hotel valet service for me!—blew right out the window.

"My, such a hubbub as ensued. I forgot my flights of fancy. I forgot everything but that I had to have that dress. I was going to wear it the next evening when I sang before delegates to a national steel convention in Atlantic City. A bellhop did find it down in the alley after about a half-hour's search—a bit bedraggled and wrinkled, but my dress.

"I think of that incident often. It's typical of life, isn't it? You think everything is wonderful and splendid and the future stretches ahead of you in glorious panorama, when puff, comes a gust of wind or realism, smacking you right down to earth where honest work goes on.

"But as I day-dreamed, looking out that window, I saw myself a great diva at the Metropolitan Opera House. No, I've never sung at the Met. Many people think that I have, but I never have been so fortunate. Let's go by and look at it, it's at 39th Street. Driver, the Met!"

We didn't say anything for a minute. Then, "The Met—that's where I was to become famous—that is where my good friends and neighbors believed I was destined to become the great star of all time. They, who believed in me, gave me a beautiful feather fan with a tortoise shell handle just before I left home. It was to be my Met fan—I was to carry it when I made my debut.

"Well, I did carry it, but when I went to the Met to hear, not to sing, my first

opera! It was at a Thanksgiving performance and Rosa Ponselle sang 'Aida.' Never in my life have I been so excited over music.

"Now, let's go practical for a minute. Let's go over toward Times Square where I learned about jobs, managers and rehearsals and had that sick feeling of being dropped out of a show just before the pay-checks were to start."

ENROUTE to the Selwyn Theatre building at 42nd Street, near Broadway, Irene pointed out the Roseland Dance Hall which she told me represented to her the heights of fun and gayety when she was that youngster from Kentucky. "We dined in a restaurant across the street and I looked at it and thought how beautiful it was. I planned to go dancing with a beau there some day."

"Did you?" I asked.

"No," she said. "That's something I never got around to do. Look, here's the Selwyn, where I applied for my first job from the Hammersteins. It was on that first trip and I carried a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. I was forty minutes late for my appointment but swept in like a prima donna. Arthur Hammerstein loves to tell the story on me now—but I didn't get the job. So I went back to Kentucky and the family sent me to a music school in Chicago. It probably was all for the best."

It also was in the Times Square section of New York, where so much glamor is discovered and sent forth to shine on the New York stage or in Hollywood, that Miss Dunne had her first meeting with the famous Ziegfeld, the man who was later to star her in "Showboat." She met him in an elevator in the Amsterdam Theatre building, on her way to rehearsal for a Dillingham show "The City Chap."

"He offered me a job and I turned him down—just think," she said, laughing. "When I noticed him looking closely at me, I paid no attention at all! I merely turned so that he got the best possible view of me at the best possible angle—and pretended to be interested in something else. He stared and stared, so I knew I had impressed him. Just a few minutes later, after I had begun rehearsal, his secretary arrived, wanting to know the name of the little girl in the blue dress and blue hat. Who was she and what did she do? Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to see her about a job. But I wasn't interested. I had a job, thank you, I told him."

Imagine a young prima donna pulling that on Ziegfeld! But it has been Irene Dunne's nature to be independent and proud. Perhaps it is her pride, coupled with the fierce determination always to be somebody, that is the real keynote of her character.

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A GIRL with less backbone, character and pride might easily have been spoiled by her advantages, and the fact that she could lean on her family. That Irene wasn't, that she rode through to success and achievement and is, today, one of the best-balanced individuals I know in Hollywood, is a tribute to her character.

Well, we drove on, still looking at Irene Dunne's past. There was the Globe Theatre where she had her name in electric lights for the first time, for a Dillingham show. And Bryant Hall, where she had so many heartbreaking rehearsals for shows which didn't open, or shows from which she was forced to drop out—such as "Sweetheart Time" with Eddie Buzzell.

Next we were on Fifth Avenue. There was St. Patrick's Cathedral where Irene goes to church—big, impressive, handsome, a famous landmark. Central Park, where Irene used to roller skate for exercise.

I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO KOOLS

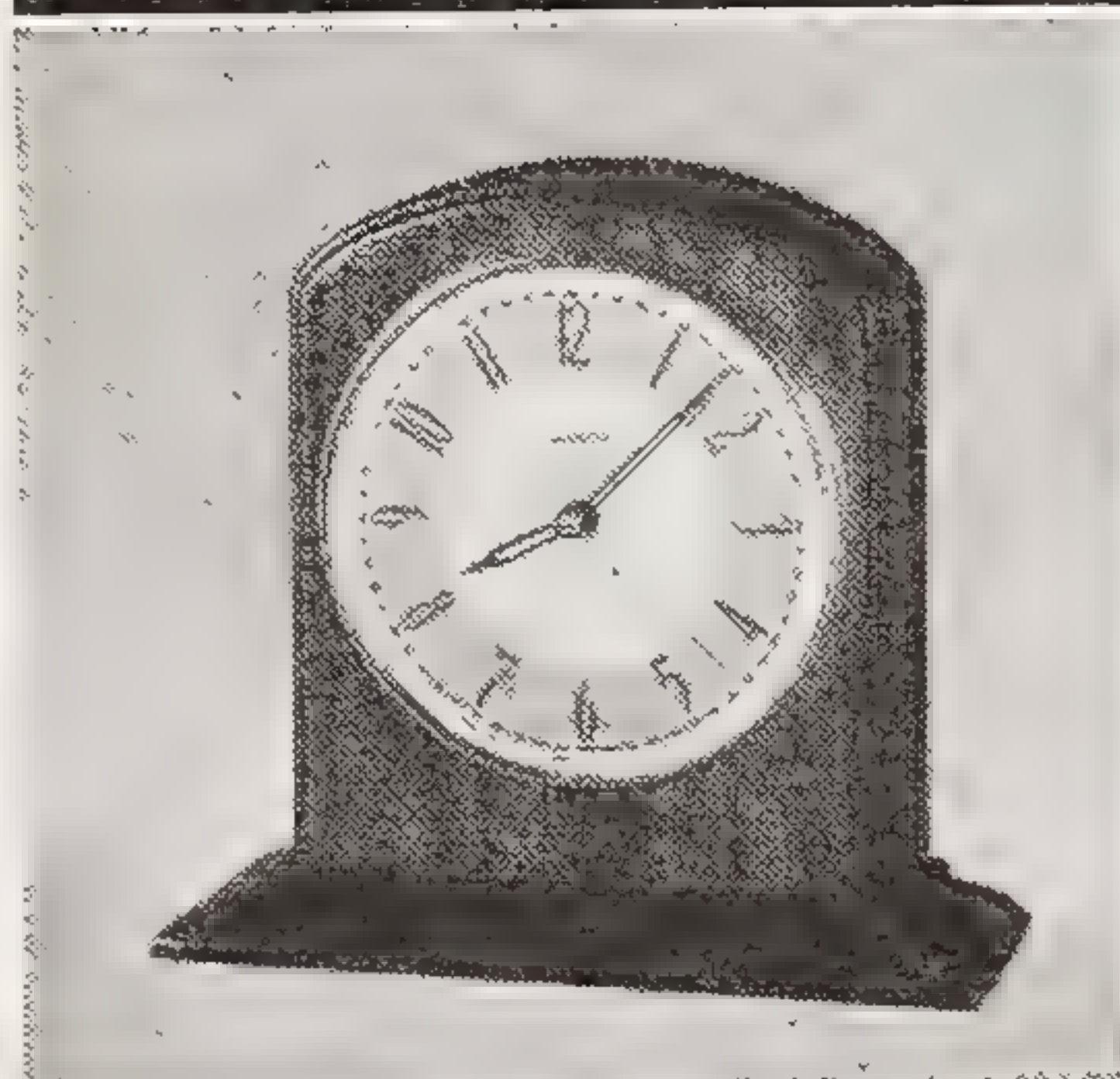


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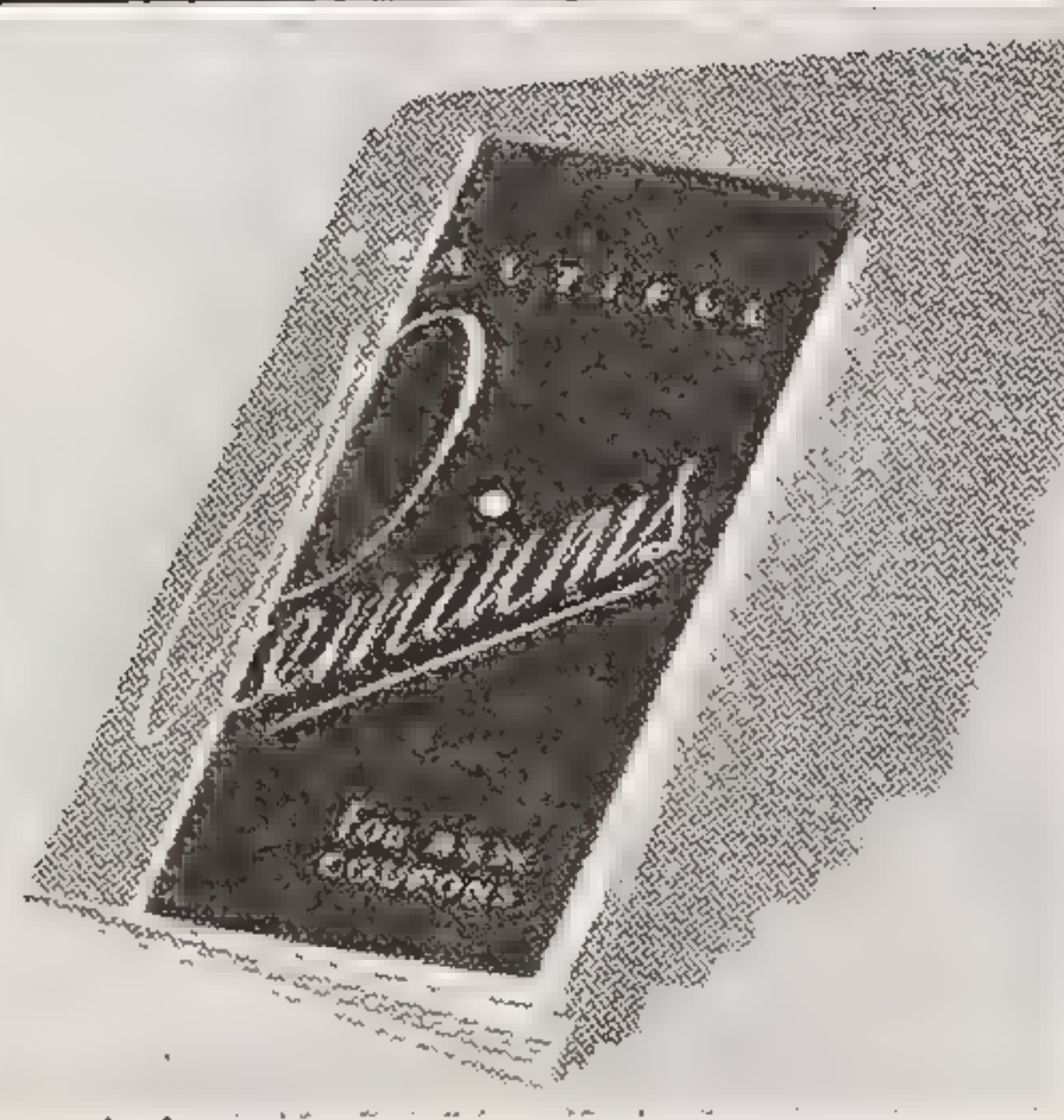
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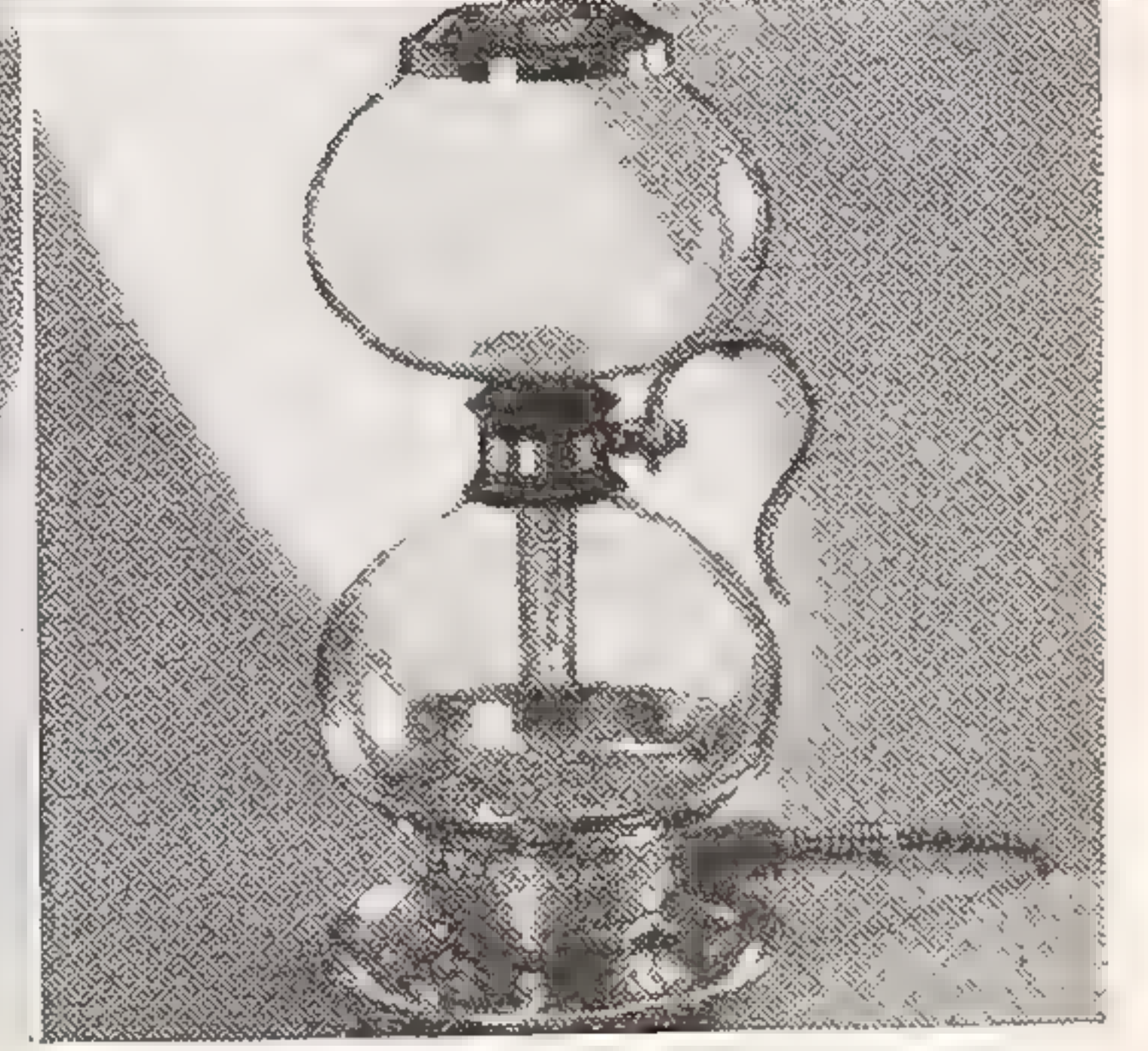
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Then the Lincoln building, where her husband, Doctor Griffin, has his office. The Biltmore Hotel where she first met the doctor. You know that story, of course, how they immediately were attracted to each other—he asked for her telephone number and she promptly gave it to him. Then he didn't call her for several months! She was pretty upset, but, when he did call, there was no maidenly stalling with, "I'm busy." Instead a prompt acceptance of his dinner invitation. They were married. And it was the dignified old Plaza Hotel where they had their wedding reception. (This was when Irene was going to retire from the stage and be a good wife for the rest of her life!) Soon we reached 85th Street and the apartment house where Irene and her mother lived for some time. It marked one of the happiest times in Irene's existence.

Why?

"Well, I paid the rent," she told me. "For the first time since I had been in New York I was making enough money and working regularly enough to be able to shoulder the financial responsibility that was mine. I was happy that I could pay back some of the money that the family had expended upon me. I remember, also, I used to practice singing like mad and as we were on a court my high notes echoed and re-echoed through the apartment house. One day while practicing, I was frightfully crushed when a woman yelled out, 'Hire a hall!' She turned out later to be an important newspaper woman who since has become one of my great friends. It never pays to take any rebuff seriously, does it?"

We wound up back at the Pierre where Irene Dunne lives today when she is in New York.

What does she like best today—the New York where she fought her early

battles, or Hollywood where she is famous and a star?

"Well, of course, first of all, I like to be where Doctor Griffin is," she told me. "That's the most important. I'm happiest when I am in New York with him or he is with me in Hollywood, but as comparative places to live, well . . .

"I dreaded leaving Hollywood to come to New York this last time. I thought of giving up my nice breakfasts in my patio and taking New York's rain and snow and sleet. Now that I'm here, I dread going back to Hollywood. I love New York as a town. We have our friends, made over a long period of time, we see them and enjoy them and we live a stimulating, interesting life.

"I feel as though, when I'm here, this is my permanent residence and I am not just on vacation. I feel as if I am a part of what is going on in the world of politics and finance. I meet and enjoy people who are active in those fields. But also, I go to openings and night clubs. We go a great deal. I don't know where you got the impression I live so quietly."

Well, maybe my impressions were wrong. Maybe Irene doesn't live so quietly, maybe it's because she doesn't do the usual Hollywood star-on-vacation, wear-a-wig and don't-let-anyone-see-me sort of thing, that I'm baffled about her. Perhaps it is because she has too much pride and good breeding to indulge in these cheap dramatics that I have been fooled into thinking she's a quiet person, living an uneventful life.

Perhaps she's just herself, Irene Dunne, a very nice individual who has made her way quietly and purposefully up through New York to Hollywood stardom and now goes about her own business without any monkeyshines and talks about it frankly, but minus histrionics.

## You Appeal in Star Fashions

(Continued from page 58)

typifies the Bennett brand of smartness. There's nothing haphazard about Connie or her clothes.

And you would just languish over her accessories. Opening dresser drawers which are heavily scented, she showed me an array of handbags in a variety of materials and colors. In another drawer, neatly arranged, were belts—wide ones, vivid velvets, soft suedes and shining patents. And a hothouse load of artificial flowers which included large-petaled single flowers, tiny French bouquets and brightly blended corsages. Scarves are another big item in the Bennett accessory drawers—Connie has 'em in all sizes and designs made in chiffons, velvets, wool, suede, taffeta and crisp pique.

Constance is a very systematic lass and so she insisted upon summing up her fashion advice in ten concise points. I pass them on to you as she gave them to me and I think they are darn helpful.

Here goes:

"Dress with an eye for your own particular type. Don't dress too consciously with or against fashion."

"Choose your gowns with simplicity, your hats with sanity and your accessories with subtlety."

"Never follow fads. There is a difference between novelty and originality. The former is for women who allow others to think for them. The latter for those who think for themselves!"

"Give your costume complete coöperation! Walk gracefully, sit gracefully—

even lounge gracefully."

(Incidentally, that is one of the best bits of advice you've ever had!)

"Do not wear colors just because they are new colors, wear them only if they are smart on you and if they flatter you. Colors should be semi-bright, not glaringly so."

"Be consistent in what looks best on you. If one gown flatters you more than another, copy it—twice, three times, as often as you like. And in various fabrics and colors. Repetition is never monotonous if it is smart repetition."

"Dramatize your dresses. Give them surprises—a daring back, a slashed skirt, a spectacular clip or belt-buckle."

"Combine value with vogue. Save your pennies if you must, but avoid cheap materials. Don't allow a momentary thrill for a dress to confuse your senses. How long will it thrill you? How well will it look the second time you wear it?"

"Dispense with fussy details. Remember that simplicity moulds the figure."

"Cultivate personality, discover your own type, find a style to agree with it, and develop the courage to express it!"

And because Connie Bennett practices what she preaches, her clothes have appeal for you. From her wardrobe she selected three outfits which embrace her ten fashion pointers—each of these three has something which is adaptable to you, whether or not you are specifically a Constance Bennett type.

There's the street dress of waffle



plaid-wool in a soft dusty rose shade. Connie points this out as an example of what she means by a simple dress dramatized by its accessory details. The neckline, hidden under her beautiful fur scarf, in the picture, has an Ascot scarf collar. The sleeves are long and fitted with cuffs of the material. Except for its unusual fabric, it would be a plain dress, but instead it is lifted out of the average class by the addition of a wide brown suede sash, looped over and held by an enormous gold safety pin. To tie up with the belt, she selects a brown suede bag with gold chain handle, a brown antelope hat with peaked crown and a giddy quill of the same leather, brown suede gloves and matching oxfords with the new high instep cut emphasized by an open lacing—these have neither toes, nor backs.

For afternoon dates, when she's not making a picture, Connie's pet outfit is a severe black velvet dress that looks like a coat. It has a concealed zipper all the way down the front. Into the V neck of this she tucks a rose colored scarf when she wears that sassy black velvet topper with the rose trim and flaring veil. The close-up shows you the hat as well as the other accessories which go with this.

Connie probably paid a fortune for her Iris blue taffeta dinner gown, but there's not a gal among you that couldn't have a copy of it—it's that simple and copyable from its short puffed sleeves held up by wide, buttoned bands to the elegant sweep of its full skirt. In the picture, the shadows hide the clever shoulder detail but I'll describe it because it's another one of those things you can make yourself with a couple of yards of velvet ribbon. It's a corsage made by clustering a series of crimson velvet bows, tied either large or small, as you like best. A swell color contrast to the Iris blue, too, isn't it?

All three of the Bennett costumes shown can be converted into usable ideas for each of you—and that applies as much to the girl who can't sew a stitch as to the one who can. The only difference being that the girl who can't sew has to trick up her ready-made clothes, while the girl who is needle-wise, can copy every minute detail if she likes.

The next day I hied myself over to the Cedric Gibbons' modern homestead. Mrs. G., Dolores Del Rio, has surrounded herself with the sort of house she has to dress up to. I don't mean that she has to run around all set for a party from morn to night, but she can't go old-fashioned and clinging vine in such a setting of brisk modernity. As a result, her wardrobe has that twentieth century tempo that is very stimulating.

Just as with Constance, the mention of clothes, brought us face to face with the Del Rio closets and boudoir, jammed with clothes and accessories. Her dressing-room is white carpeted and mirror-walled. Revolving doors on her closets swing around to reveal her clothes arranged according to their types. For instance, one section contains neat hangers full of satin, velvet, silver and gold cloth pajamas. Another displays hanger upon hanger full of wool, gabardine and broadcloth suits. In the same file-like precision you can see afternoon, cocktail and evening gowns. All the evening gowns hang from quilted hangers.

Each season Dolores picks one color to dominate her whole wardrobe. Does that sound familiar to you? It seems to me as if I am always dinning that in as the shortest cut to economical smartness! Anyway, this winter, she has picked black—black for morning, afternoon and evening clothes—with only occasional diversion such as a vivid splash of color on a blouse, in a handkerchief, a petticoat or a scarf. Now and then gold or silver metal cloth for evening.



Yes—

YOU WILL BE  
MORE  
BEAUTIFUL  
WITH

Princess Pat ROUGE

**SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".**

**Now let's see about Princess Pat rouge.** You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you *thrilling new beauty*. And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and

an *overtone* make each shade. It isn't just another rouge, but *utterly different*.

**When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!** Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that *no one can tell it is rouge*. Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible . . . and then you *are*.

**But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret.** It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you *will never know your own beauty*.



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**MAKES THE**  
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Nothing can clean a toilet bowl like Sani-Flush. This odorless powder is scientifically made to do this job. Without any rubbing or scrubbing, you can remove ugly stains from the bowl. Banish the cause of toilet odors . . . kill germs.

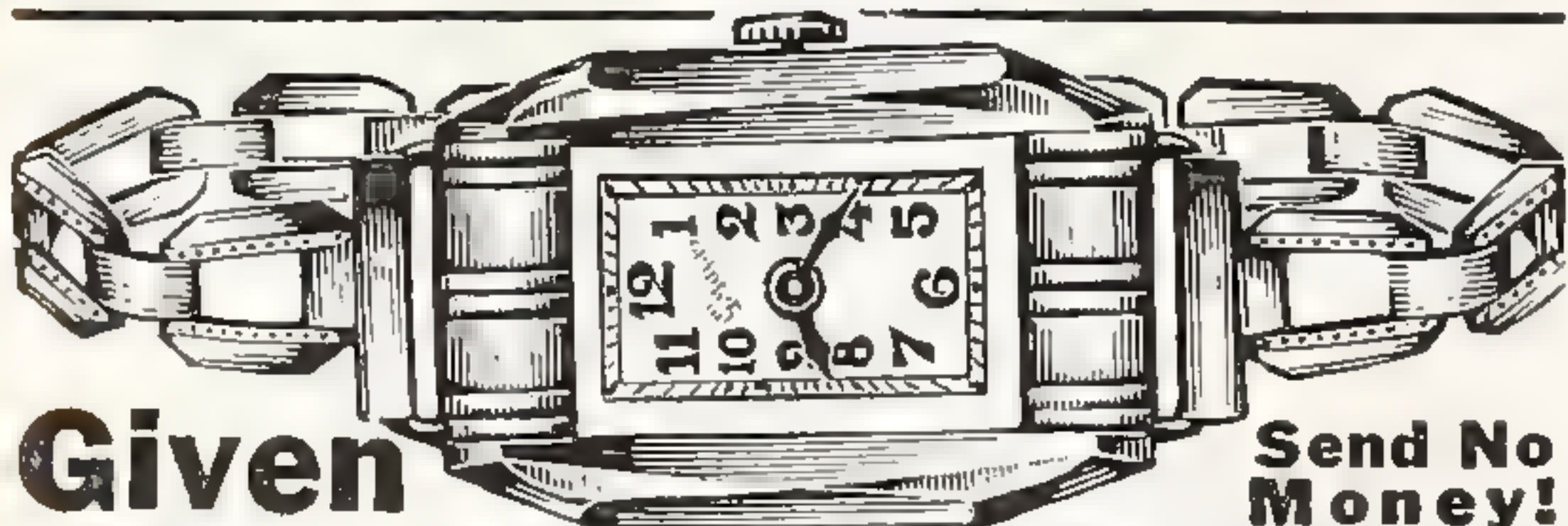
You only have to shake a little Sani-Flush into the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet . . . that's all! The porcelain becomes snow-white and gleams like new. The unseen trap that no scrubbing can reach is purified.

Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

**Sani-Flush**

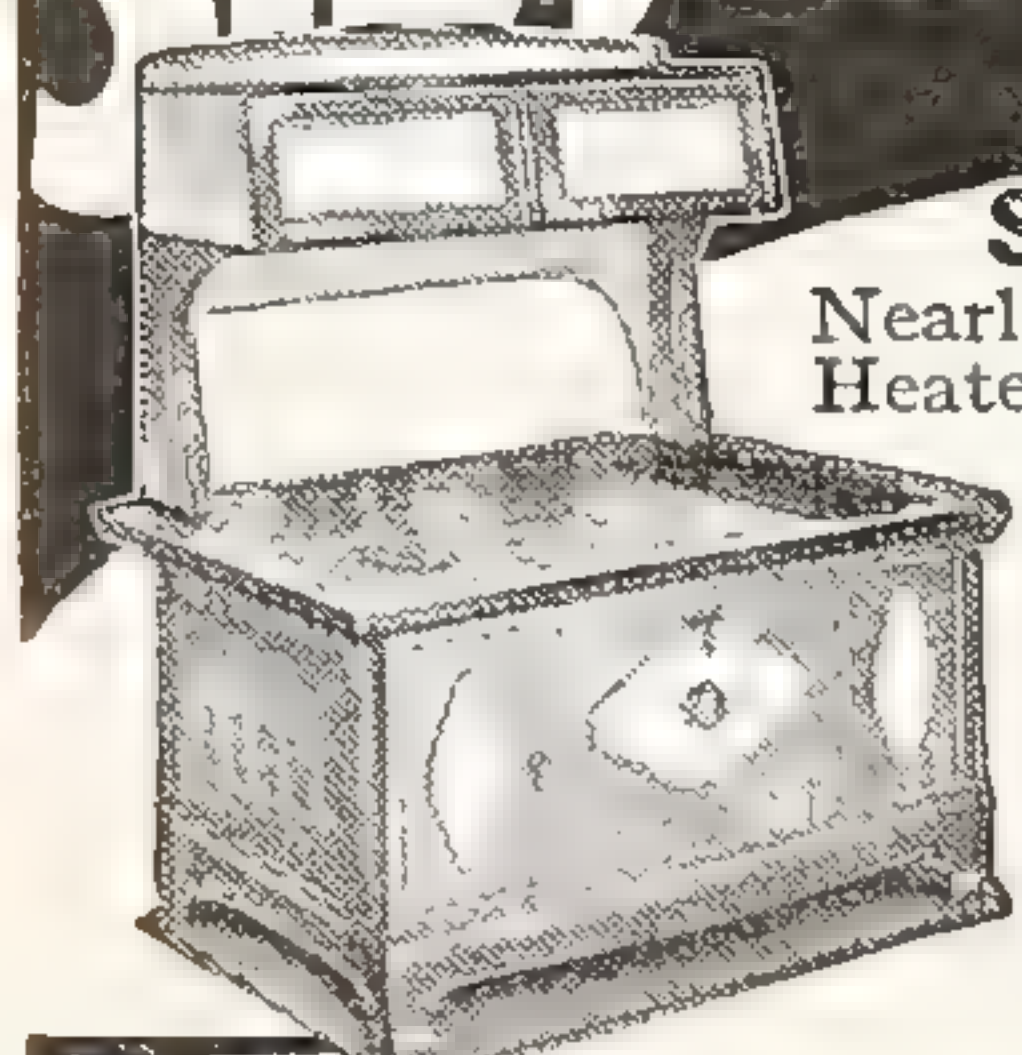


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**Latest Shape High Grade**  
**7-Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. Yours for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per premium plan book. Choice of many other premiums. 42nd season. We are fair and square. Write today for Salve and pictures sent postpaid. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 10-Z Tyrone, Pa.**

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**Direct to You**



Here's a utility bag that is as smart as a handbag. It's made by one of the big rubber goods companies and comes in moire silk of various colors. It can be carried by its chain or packed flat in a suitcase. It's rubber lined.

While she obligingly dragged clothes out of the closet to illustrate a point, we discussed skirt-lengths, trims, lines and accessories, designers, colors, short and tall women, stout and thin. About skirts, she said:

"Skirts—yes—they are going to be shorter and shorter, but women must be guided by what will become their own limbs—not by how short others may wear them. Irregular hemlines will be invaluable aids to those who must be wary.

"There are three factors most important to be considered in selecting a correct wardrobe," she continued. "Line, of course, is first. Color next, and specialty of style last. No matter how becoming a line may be, the wrong color or an unflattering style feature will destroy its beauty. It is important that all three be combined carefully for the perfect results.

"Proof of a woman's technique in choosing her clothes should be her personality when she wears it. She should present a different personality in tailored costume than in evening ones. Thus, the original and clever dresser may have as many moods as she has costumes!"

AND no one is more versatile on this latter point than Dolores herself. Just look at the completely different effect she achieves in the two costumes pictured. Although her evening gown of silver metal cloth bordered with black fur is severely simple, it manages to give her a rather stately, sophisticated air. This general type of evening dress is always good regardless of changing modes. Whereas, the equally simple black crepe afternoon gown, by means of its full swing skirt, short puffed sleeves and high neckline, makes Dolores look young and rather naïve. This dress

follows the favorite peasant trend, an effect which is further stressed by the wide suede belt, the high-crowned and ribbon-trimmed turban and the unusual sabot shoes. The only touch of color in this whole ensemble is the lipstick red ribbon trim on the turban.

Just as the Bennett costumes were easy to adapt or copy for your own needs, so are these two Del Rio models. Any girl with a flair for sewing, could make them. Why not try? It would be fun.

Dolores has a fund of good, sensible fashion axioms. Showing me her many and distinctive accessories, she said:

"Hats and accessories should be chosen to accent a costume's feature as well as to blend in color and design. More and more we find that designers are emphasizing this. For instance, buttons on a dress may be repeated again on a hat or a bag. Belt buckles may be repeated on shoes or a bag, even gloves.

"The psychology of color is as interesting a subject as clothes themselves. I definitely believe colors reflect favorably or unfavorably upon a woman's disposition as well as on her personality. Instinctively, women should know which color inspires them the most—and if their instinct fails to serve them in this respect, they would not be amiss to consult a student of color psychology. Personally, I prefer to make up my wardrobe along one definite color. Last season I had everything white, this year, it's black instead. A black and white combination is one of my favorites."

And all you girls with the black-haired, black-eyed Del Rio coloring could well cultivate some similar basic color scheme to stress your individuality.

"Every woman has some outstanding feature," she continued. "Naturally, in emphasizing our good points, we can more gracefully overcome our bad ones. Too thin backs and arms should be covered gracefully, no matter how otherwise perfect a dress may be for the wearer. Added touches, for the purpose of concealing less attractive features, will not detract from style or silhouette if carefully and expertly designed."

So there you have answers to many of the questions you write in to ask me about—answers which carry the weight of being the real style credo of two of the most perfectly groomed and smartly dressed stars in all Hollywood. And since these and other stars have such grand and practical tips up their sleeves, why don't you write in to me, telling me what questions you would like most to have answered by some star? I will make up a questionnaire of your ideas, submit it to some star, famous for her smartness, and then publish the answers to your combined questionnaire in some future article. So write in your question, but stick to fashion, remember, and let's make up a really helpful group of questions to send on to Hollywood!

And don't forget that helpful bulletin below! It's free!

**Adelia Bird,**  
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Please send me your February Shopping Bulletin. Enclosed is a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**ATTENTION KNITTERS!**

**Look on page 22 for a new service which will give you professional results.**



# One in a Million!

(Continued from page 39)

inclination to conceal that background. "Why should I?" he asked, smiling. "The saloons were good saloons, and my father was a good man."

Felix Ameche had ideas about the education his eldest son should have. When Don had finished the seventh grade in Kenosha, his father sent him off to St. Berchman's Seminary in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He remained there through his first year in high school. And that was where he first wondered what he would do with his life.

"I responded to the suggestion of my surroundings," he said. "I thought of the priesthood until I discovered how much studying it would take. Then I knew it wasn't for me."

That, also, was where he did his first bit of acting.

"I played the part of the Blessed Mother in the Christmas play the boys put on. And there's rather an amusing story connected with that."

"One of my duties was to help put the smaller boys to bed. That involved considerable rough-housing before the lights went out. And three days before the play was to be given, what should happen during one of those sessions, but that I should get kicked in the eye. I developed a beautiful shiner."

"By the day of the play, it was hardly noticeable. Then, that day, we had a fire drill. I ran down the fire escape and tore around the corner of the building. As I rounded the corner, I bumped into the janitor, who was coming toward me with a pipe in his mouth. The pipe hit me in the eye. The same eye was blacked all over again. I'm probably the one and only actor who ever played the Blessed Mother with a black eye!"

From St. Berchman's he went to Columbia Academy in Dubuque for three years; thence, into Columbia College for a year and a half. There he met the man who is his greatest friend today, Father Maurice Sheehy. He was the first discoverer of Don Ameche.

The ex-newspaperman-turned-priest saw potentialities in the tall, handsome boy who didn't like to study. He encouraged him to enter and to win elocution contests. He gave him the idea of a law career.

Father Sheehy, in his friendship, also did something else for Don. He took him along one night when he went calling on some old friends named Prendergast. He introduced Don to tall, fair-haired Honore Prendergast. He simplified their falling in love six years later, when they met again.

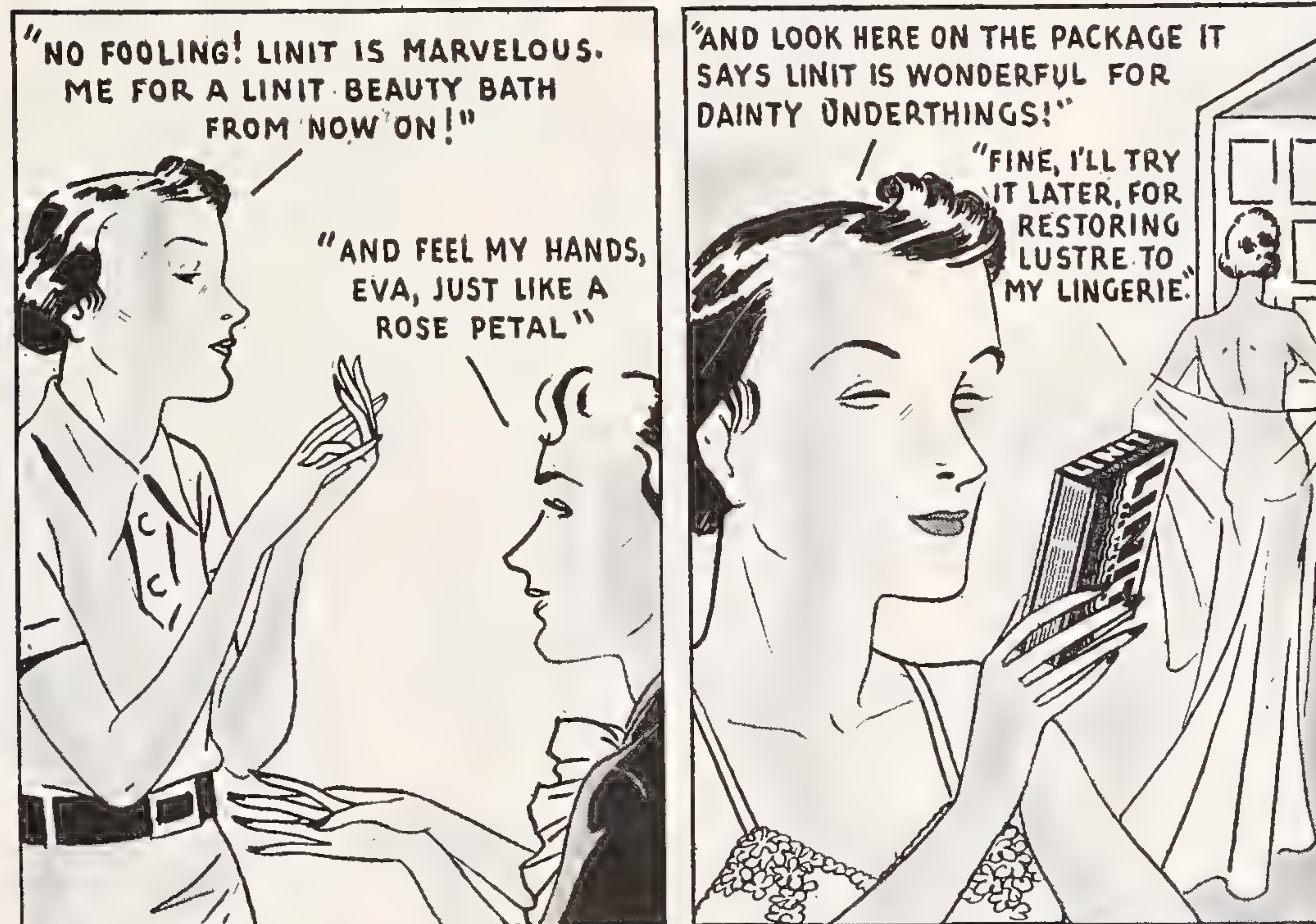
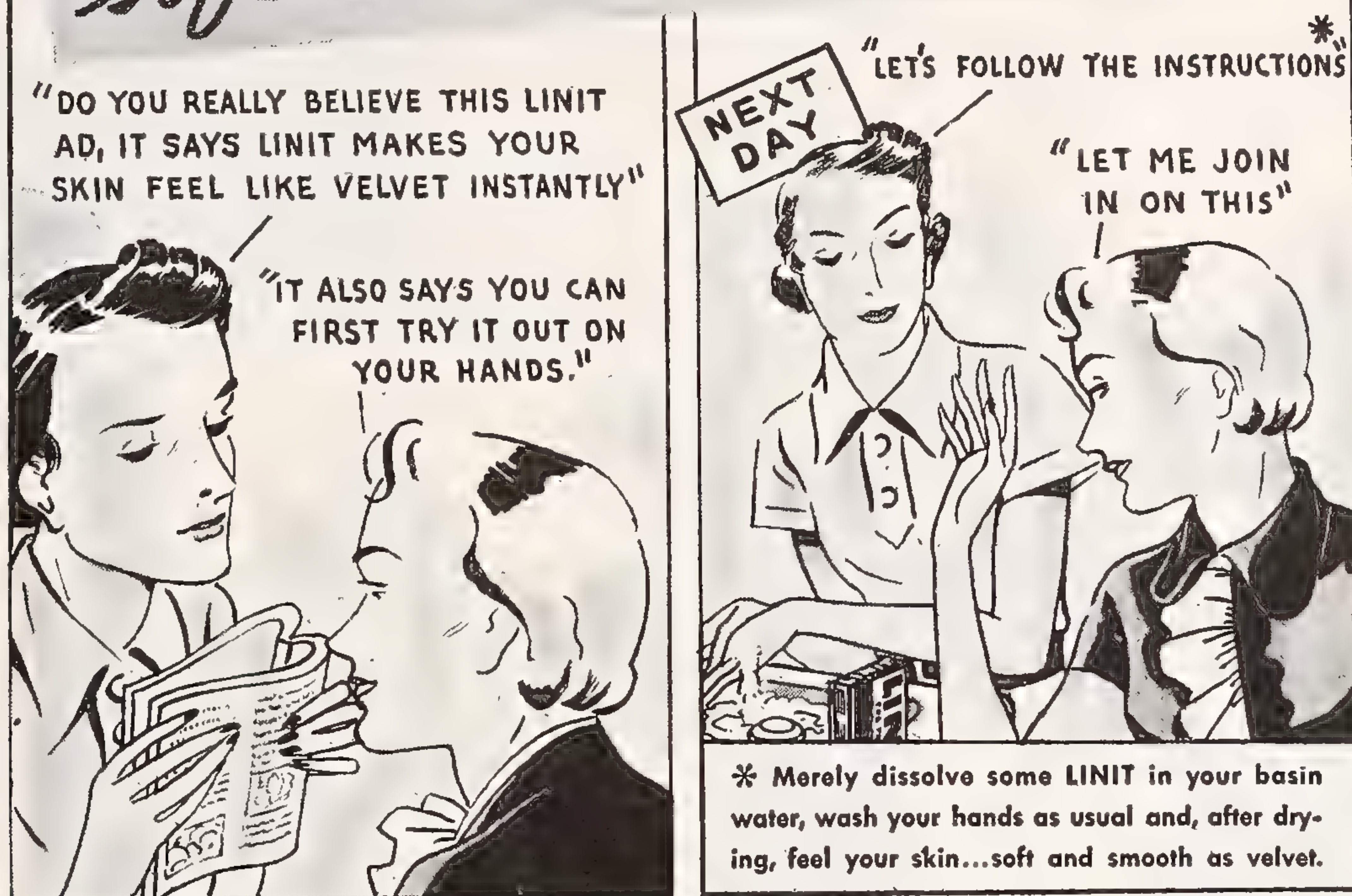
"I wanted to study law, and Columbia had no pre-law course. So I transferred to Marquette. I tried pre-law and it didn't work out. I couldn't settle down to study; I was too full of play. I hated to go to bed—I still hate to go to bed—but I wasn't staying up to study. I was reading every kind of book except text-books. I was having dates three or four a week, with three or four different girls."

"Meanwhile, I was cutting classes right and left, so that I could go to the movies. I saw two or three a day, on my good days. I loved them. I had Hollywood on my mind even then—only I didn't know what to do about it."

At the end of the year, when the Dean caught a glimpse of the Ameche grades, Don received a little note that said, "We regret to inform you that you have failed to pass the required number of courses. Therefore, etc."

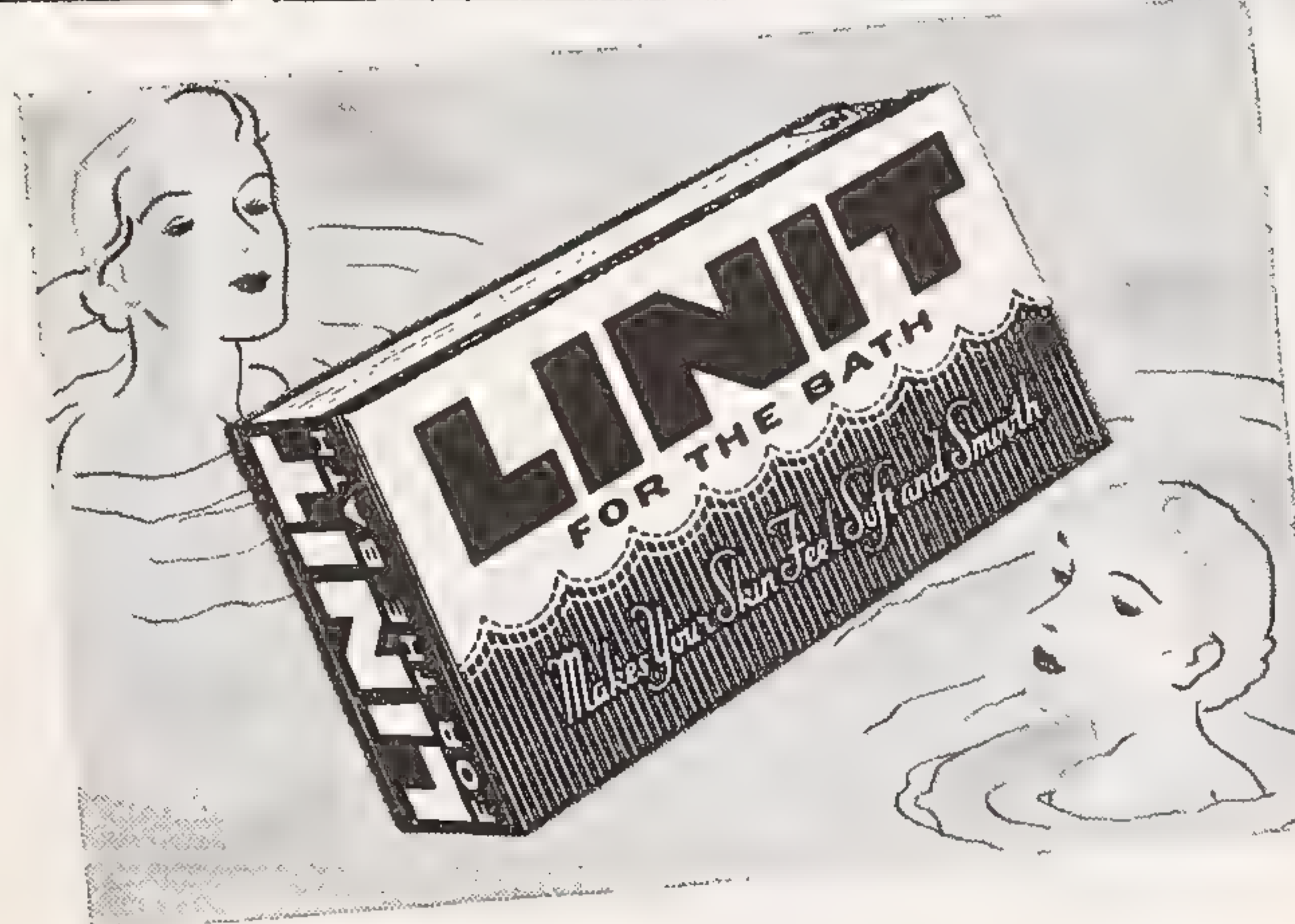
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**1 MINUTE**



**W**HEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved in one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

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**Hair  
OFF** Face  
Lips  
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**Happy!**

I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 337, Chicago.



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*Just isn't sticky*

New Secret Ingredient does away with sticky gums found in old-type lotions. Penetrates quickly, leaving your skin satinsmooth. Next time ask for Chatterbox.

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AT 5c & 10c STORES  
EVERYWHERE



Gene Autry's horse celebrates his sixth birthday aided by Mae Clarke and Gene. So popular are Gene's musical Westerns that his fan mail rivals the Taylors and Gables.

"From there, I went to Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. for a half-year—and quit before exams. It was senseless, my trying them. My next stop was at the University of Wisconsin, at Madison—where Mother and Dad had more of a chance to keep an eye on me. Poor Mother and Dad! They must have wondered what they had ever done to deserve me.

"Wisconsin had a fine Little Theatre, and a fine director—William Troutman. I owe a great deal to him. He helped to make an actor of me.

"I had done a little acting at Columbia, but none since. Now I became interested as I never had been before. I played the leads in a succession of plays there—plays like 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'Liliom,' 'Young Woodley,' 'Cradle Song,' 'Outward Bound.'

"There was also a good little stock company playing in Madison, the Jackson Stock Company. Thanksgiving Day morning, 1928, the leading man and the second lead were in an automobile smash-up. The leading man had a broken arm, but he could go on at the matinee. The other man couldn't. He was in the hospital with a badly cut head. They had to find someone to replace him in a hurry.

"A friend of a friend of mine told the manager about me. The manager didn't know if I could do the part, but he had to take the chance. It wasn't a matter of choice. There wasn't anybody else available."

That was his first professional appearance. And, note, a friend was responsible for it.

"After that, I stayed with them, making enough to keep me going until the first week in June. Then I resigned from the University. Exams were coming up again. Acting was interfering with my studying. Studying wasn't interfering with my acting."

And what did his mother and father say to all this?

"They weren't too much impressed when I first started out. But neither one ever said a word, either way. They told me, 'Make up your own mind; do what you want to do; it's your life.' They were very modern about that."

The budding young thespian, who had turned twenty-one on May 31, decided that Broadway couldn't get along without him

much longer. He armed himself with some letters of introductions, and set out.

He wasn't afraid of New York. "I didn't have enough sense to be afraid," he said, with a wry grin.

**H**E delivered all the letters on his first day in New York, and, like most letters of introduction, they didn't do any good. He was turned away politely, instead of brusquely; that was all.

On his third day of job-hunting, he met another young actor on the street. They struck up an acquaintanceship.

"He told me he was playing with Fiske O'Hara in 'Jerry for Short,' and that they were letting a player go. He suggested I put in a bid for the part. I did, got it, and had my first Broadway job three days after my arrival."

This time a total stranger had proved himself a friend.

Don thought he was on his way to uninterrupted success. But the fickle gods of fame were snickering up their sleeves.

When "Jerry for Short" closed, he played in stock in Greenwich, Conn., for two weeks. Then he won the juvenile lead in the road company of "Illegal Practice"—and wound up broke after nine weeks.

He had to borrow money to get back to New York. Between February and June, he had two weeks of work; namely, a vaudeville engagement with Texas Guinan. Came June, and he couldn't hold out any longer so he wired home for money to get back to Kenosha.

There, another friend came to his rescue.

"Bernadine Flynn, of the radio team of Vic and Sade, knew me in the stock company in Madison. She heard that I was back in Kenosha, and called me from Chicago. She wanted me to make an audition there for a radio program called 'Empire Builders.'

"If it hadn't been for her, I probably wouldn't be here today. I wouldn't have known about that audition. I wouldn't have taken it. I wouldn't have gone on the air that fall of 1930. Or ever, probably."

And he wouldn't have had the chance to go on the "First Nighter" program in the spring of 1931—the program that made him famous as a radio personality—and on which he still appears, every Friday.

In the fall of 1932, another friend played a memorable part in his life.

"This friend called up one evening and



asked what I was doing. If I wasn't doing anything, I could have a date with a pretty girl from Dubuque, visiting in town. I asked who the girl was; I might know her; I had gone to school in Dubuque. 'Honore Prendergast' was the name that came over the phone. 'Let me talk to her,' I practically shouted.

"We went out together that night, and every night after that while she was in Chicago. Then she had to get back to her work. She was a dietitian in Dubuque. That was the first part of September. After that, every week-end, I covered the hundred and seventy miles to Dubuque to see her. In the last part of November, we were married. Father Sheehy came back from Washington to marry us."

A fast worker, this Don Ameche.

He forgot his old Broadway ambitions. He stayed in Chicago and concentrated on his radio programs—which gave him a bigger audience and more money, than Broadway ever could. But he didn't forget his old movie ambitions.

"I came out to Hollywood a year ago last August to make a test at M-G-M. It was bad. So bad that I didn't have any Hollywood hopes left."

Then another friend did an unsought, unexpected favor for Don.

"He knew a Hollywood agent who was visiting in Chicago, and told him that my taking a test hadn't led to anything. He introduced me to the agent, who asked if I wanted an honest opinion of the test. My answer was 'Yes.'"

"When he got back to Hollywood, he looked it up, and liked parts of it—much to my surprise. A flash here and a flash there showed something, he said. He arranged another test for me, this time in New York. I flew there after a 'Grand Hotel' broadcast to make it. And all the

way back to Chicago afterward, I kicked myself for having gone on another wild-goose chase.

"I never expected an offer from that test. The lighting was bad; the make-up was bad; I was bad. When 20th Century-Fox sent for me, I couldn't understand why. I didn't see the test, myself, till I got out here. Then I understood even less.

"I did a broadcast on Sunday afternoon, planed out of Chicago immediately afterward, arrived here Monday morning, had a make-up test that afternoon, and started the picture Wednesday morning."

That picture was "Sins of Man," starring Jean Hersholt. In it, Don Ameche had a dual role. No other movie beginner ever has had such a start.

He came out on a contract for just one picture, with a year's option. And he didn't send for his wife and children until the option was picked up. That was less than a month later, on March 28th or 29th.

DARRYL ZANUCK then gave him one of the roles of the year—the part of Alessandro—in the first big Technicolor romance "Ramona." A week after that finished, he was testing for "Ladies in Love." A week after courting Janet Gaynor, he was wooing Sonja Henie in the big musical, "One in a Million." Before that was completed, he was cast opposite Loretta Young in "Love Is News."

In this he plays a fiery city editor. "They've put a moustache on me and grayed my hair. I'm anxious to see how I look and what I can do, as an older man."

People meeting him for the first time are invariably surprised at how young he is. As he puts it, "My voice is much older than my age."

Unlike most newcomers to sound-stages,

he had no "mike fright." Neither did he have camera fright. "Still lack of good sense, maybe. I've had my troubles loosening up in front of the camera. But that wasn't fright, it was just stiffness."

He had had the most fun, making "One in a Million." He has learned the most from "Ramona"—or, to be exact, from Director Henry King.

"I was trying too hard. He made me relax. He emphasized that the basis of a good performance is sincerity. Camera angles, appearance, nothing is so important as sincerity. Suppose I had to walk over to that table and pick up something, with the camera on the other side of the table. He would say, 'Do it as you would in real life. Forget the camera. Think as you would ordinarily think; look as you would ordinarily look.' I'm remembering that."

Don is glad that he has had radio experience. "Radio gives you a terrific insight into what people like. You learn that the purpose of entertainment is to take others' minds off themselves. That's why I don't care what I do—drama, comedy, musicals, anything—just so long as it's good entertainment."

He's convinced that the play—not Ameche—is the thing. That's typical of him.

When he received the screen offer and told his radio sponsors about it, he said, "My contract with you comes first. I'll do whatever you say." They said, "Take the offer. You can still broadcast for us. We'll pipe the programs from Hollywood."

He isn't taking his success big, isn't putting on any "great lover" act, isn't talking about himself except under pressure. He would rather talk about his two youngsters—Dominic Felix (called Donnie), aged three, and Ronald John (called Ronnie), who will be a year old on the thirtieth of December.

# Skin Flaky?

**H**AVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

## A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

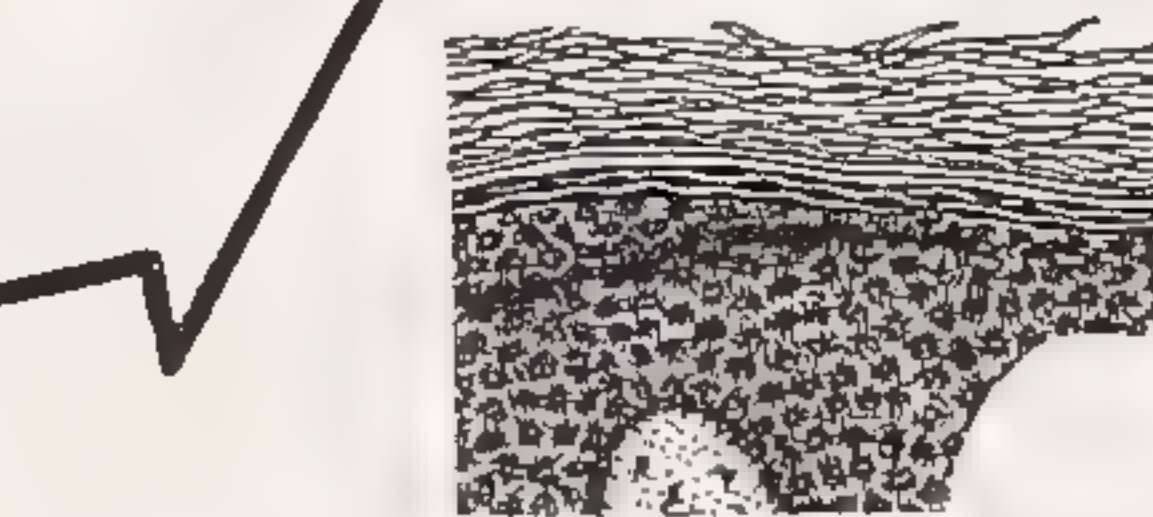
### For powder base—

Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

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## WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

Melt it Smooth  
... Instantly!



**How skin roughens.** Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can melt them off!

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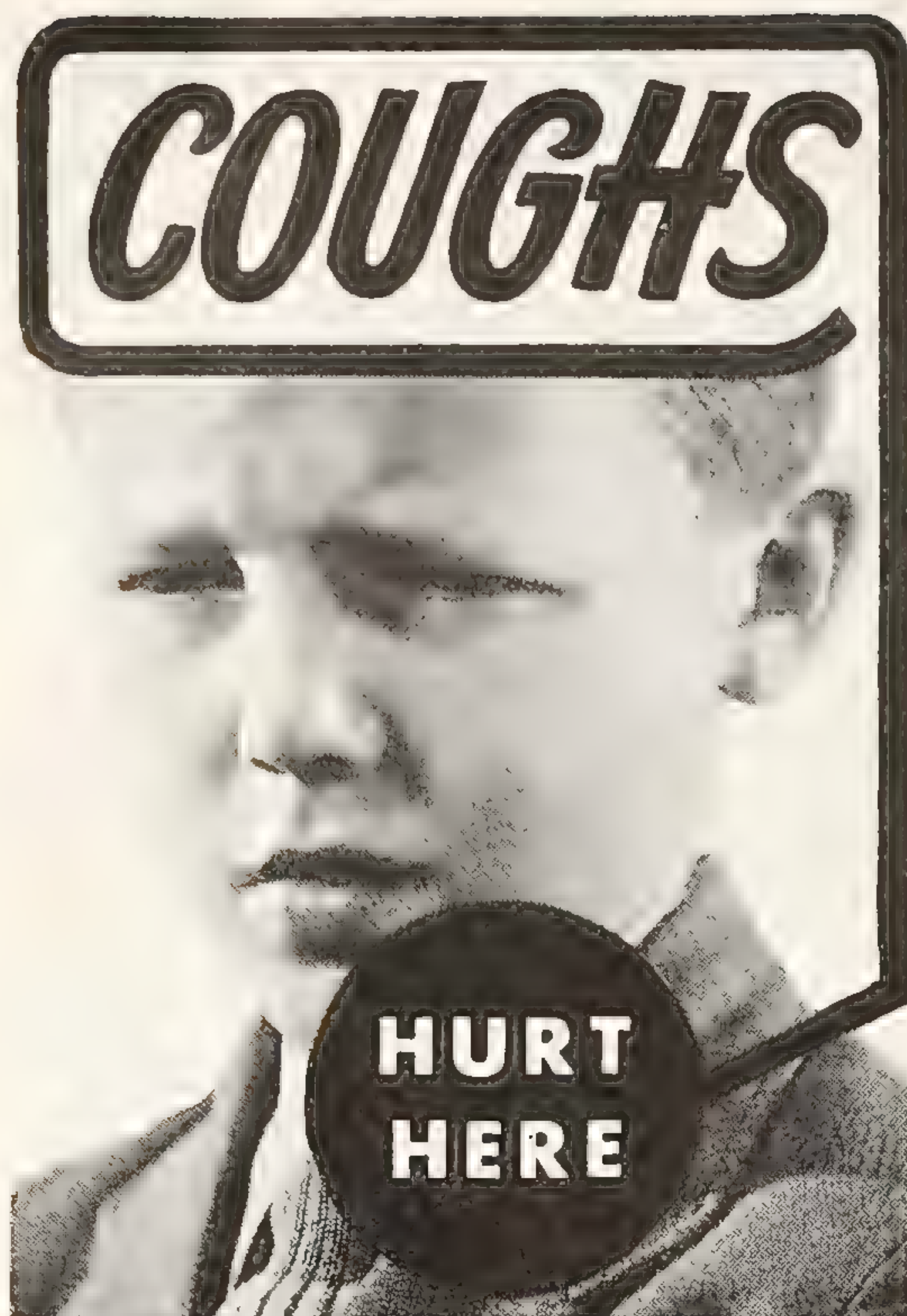
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Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ... in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—it's safe! 35¢ and 60¢.

### "IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



## SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA



Mercolized Wax gently melts off faded, discolored outer skin. Reveals the velvety-smooth, soft, beautiful underskin. Blemishes disappear.

Mercolized Wax is a complete beauty treatment in a single cream. Contains everything your skin needs. Cleanses. Softens. Beautifies. Protects.

Start using Mercolized Wax tonight. Win new skin loveliness. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of any complexion.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. At drug and department stores everywhere.

The Ameches live in a rambling Spanish ranch house at Encino, ten miles out in the San Fernando Valley. They rent. The place includes seven and a half acres of orange trees. The orange blossoms, he says with a smile, ought to be conclusive to a happy married life. He is madly in love with his wife. He doesn't leave any doubt about that.

He has brought his mother and father out to California to share in the sunshine, establishing them in a little place near his own. That's the kind of son he is.

Also, he is putting his younger brothers and sisters through school. One brother is studying architecture—"and I mean studying," he says.

Don isn't building a California home immediately. "I've moved around so much that I'm superstitious about trying to take root. I'm waiting till next April, when my option comes up. I'm not strong on these loan affairs. I want to have the cash in

hand when I build."

Success isn't going to the well-shaped Ameche head. He isn't building castles on hopes.

He sings a little, but "can't read music." He reads books until all hours. His favorite indoor game is poker. His favorite outdoor sports are tennis and swimming. He has been too busy to have time for golf. Horseback-riding? Some. He was never on a horse in his life until he was cast as Alessandro.

He is slender, well-tailored, just a fraction under six feet tall. His eyes are brown, with a warm glint in them. His hair is brown. But his most noticeable feature is his mouth. His smile is the warmest, friendliest in Hollywood.

And what does he think of Hollywood? "Everybody out here has been grand to me and very helpful. I feel as if everybody is my friend."

And he isn't far wrong!

## Miss Rainer Regrets

(Continued from page 47)

me to talk of love! Certainly, love is very important, to me more important than my career, but I do not care to make newspaper stories about it! In Europe this is all so different. There, with an actress, her life is her own.

"Here, I have a vacation. I am tired. I have just finished 'The Good Earth,' so I take an airplane East. I want to see New York. I want to go to the theatre. I want to be with my friends. But my whole trip, my little vacation, it is spoiled for me. Why? I regret that the studio tells reporters, so when my airplane lands I cannot even take notice of Clifford Odets who is standing, waiting, after coming all the way out there to Jersey just to meet me. No, I cannot even look at Odets; I don't dare because I am mobbed by the reporters, like wolves they are; so by myself I jump into a taxi and run away!

LATER, when I visited Odets, the reporters, they walked through the house. Can you imagine! Through the house!" She laughed. "But I fooled them. Do you know what I did? I hid for a whole morning. I lay flat on the floor under a divan. And the reporters, they walked by, and one, he sat down on the divan right over my head. But he did not know that!"

She giggled, then becoming serious as if a sudden thought had popped across her mind she said, "I regret that the American women spoil their men. European men treat women as if they are delicate—helpless, as if they will break. Not so American men. And it is the fault of their women, absolutely. They are too independent. No matter how important a woman may be, no matter how much money she earns she should never, never be independent. Men don't like it.

"But I talk too much. You noticed how I opened the door for you myself." Her eyes twinkled. "I regret this is Thursday, the maid's day out, or I would ask you to lunch.

"But I will ask you, anyway." And she jumped up from the couch.

When I refused to let her bother she rushed from the room with, "But I know what I can give you," and returned carrying a huge box.

"Viennese chocolates, they are marvelous." Once more she was seated on the sofa, this time with the chocolates on a table between us.

"What was I talking about?" she be-

gan. "Oh, my regrets. I regret I used to have such a different idea of pictures. In Europe I was *really* an actress, but *really*! I played 'Saint Joan' over four hundred times. I thought pictures were only for beautiful girls. Then one day I went to 'A Farewell to Arms.' After seeing Helen Hayes I realized *actresses* are now in pictures, and that they could do great things if given the chance. Perhaps, I thought, there would be room for me, too.

"And I came here. And I worked very hard. But I regret they have no feeling for personal art. It is heartbreaking to develop a part and have it go into the hands of strangers when you can do nothing about it. This is not acting! This Hollywood picture business is like a factory or a big machine. My part that I work on so hard is sent through the cutting-room, like a loaf of bread. Those cutters!" Here Miss Rainer fairly moaned. "Did you know they wanted to cut the telephone scene from 'The Great Ziegfeld'?"

"They have no understanding, none whatsoever. Naturally, in 'The Good Earth' I did not try to look pretty. I did not even use make-up. I worried about the starvation scenes because I was afraid I would look too healthy. So I found a dentist who knew how to make my teeth appear rotten and black. I was very excited over this wonderful discovery, but the producers, they say, 'No! That is going too far.'

"And because I look ugly in 'The Good Earth' they now tell me my next picture should be sexy." She shrugged her shoulders. "So I will be sexy.

"I was fortunate the first evening I was here. I met Garbo, Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes. After that I was not so fortunate.

"I regret the attitude of your celebrity-hunters. In Vienna the public has a warm feeling for its entertainers, but here . . . two hundred Rainer autographs equals one of Hauptmann. That's all they care about . . . headlines . . . not what a person puts into work. So I don't go to openings anymore. I cannot stand their coldness.

"As for buying clothes! In Hollywood they make such a competitive business of it that they take away the art. Back home I go look for material, for to me everything that counts in a dress is the material. Then I find a little dressmaker, and she pins the material on me so the dress becomes an individual thing. But here, I walk into a shop, they show me a



dress, and they say Constance Bennett just bought it! Again it is all impersonal, a matter of sales. No one cares about your individuality.

"A few weeks ago I was in San Francisco. I passed an antique shop, there, in the window, I saw a piece of material which I loved. For a moment I thought I was home. I said I must have a dress made of that material, and I went into the shop. I asked where they bought the sample. They did not know. They sent for the manager. He said it came from Paris. And I said I must have it. So they ordered it for me. Then, when it came back to Hollywood, I found a little dressmaker, and it all makes me very happy. For once, in America, I shall wear a dress that is mine alone. No shop can tell me some one else has it!"

I glanced at my watch for I realized I had stayed too long.

"Must you go?" she asked.

"Yes. I leave tomorrow—for the East."

"You mean New York?" Her eyes gleamed with quickened interest and excitement.

"Yes, New York."

"Then, will you do me a favor? Will you deliver a message to a very good friend of mine? Will you tell him that you just saw me and I am well and hope he is the same?"

"Here, I will write his name in your notebook, and his number. And you will not say his name to anyone, will you?" She gave me a worried, questioning look.

"I will not tell his name," I promised solemnly.

Excitedly she scribbled a well-known name and a private telephone number down in my book.

I duly delivered the message. And I hope that *that* is one action Miss Rainer will not regret.



The Pat O'Briens attended the opening at the Biltmore Theatre of George White's newest edition of the "Scandals." Pat and Eloise are one of Hollywood's inseparable couples, always together at parties and premieres.

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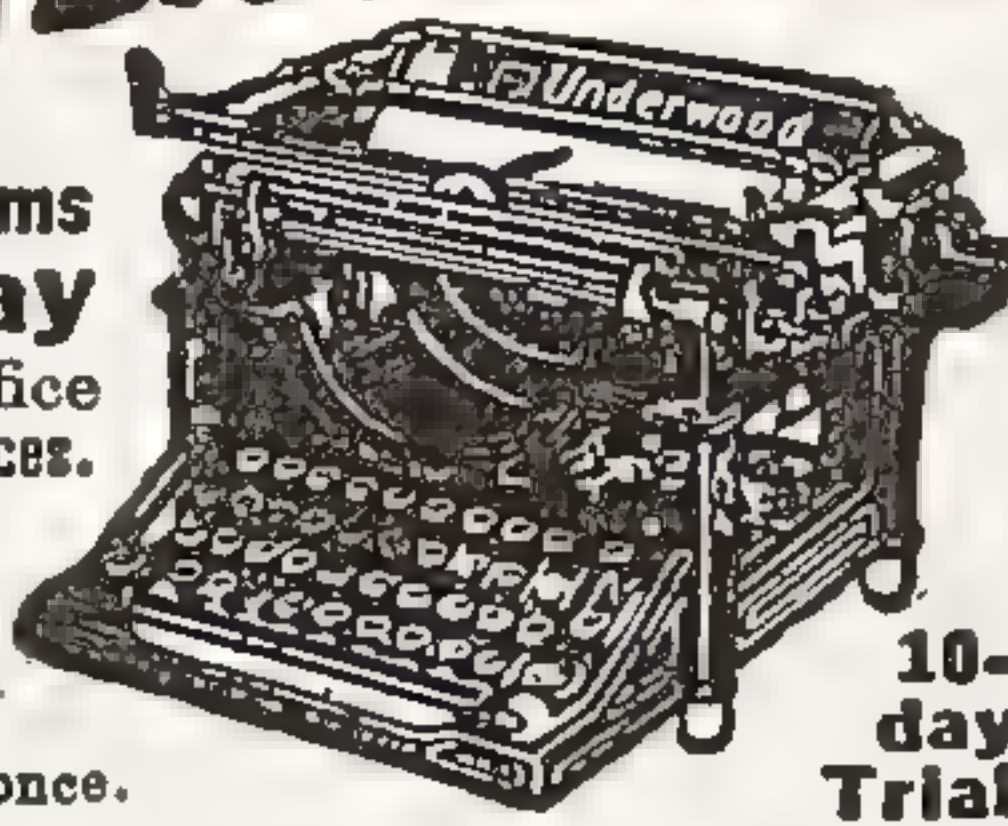
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With 2 Blades in Dainty Case

# When He's Wrong, He's Right!

(Continued from page 49)

Not being prepared to do any particular work, he did everything and anything that came to hand during the next year or so. His brief experience in school theatricals had driven all desire to write poetry out of his mind and he had definitely decided to be an actor. His family held out against that.

"Anything would be better than becoming an actor, they thought, and my father got me a job as a piano salesman, thinking it would stimulate my interest in music," Douglas told me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I wasn't very successful at that job because I was always hanging around the theatre or attending a movie. My salary was \$50 a week and I also had an expense account, which was just grand and gave me an opportunity to see all the good shows."

Finally, his sense of honesty came to the fore and he resigned, telling his employer that it really wasn't fair to take the money. His next job was in the wrapping department of a big music publisher and there he worked for a small salary until one day a girl friend came to town and he invited her out to lunch.

"We were living in Chicago at the time," he recounted, "and this girl had just arrived from another town where we had lived. I invited her to the most expensive speakeasy in Chicago for lunch. We sat at the bar and drank cocktails until my lunch hour was over and then, reinforced by the liquor, I telephoned my boss and told him I hadn't finished lunch. I suggested that I would be about an hour late, but he countered with the suggestion that I need not return at all."

From then on his experiences were varied. He read gas meters for a while and that job really appealed to him, he met so many pretty housemaids on his rounds of the basements. He worked in a dry goods store. He did everything under the sun but, he insists, "each different job was adding to my store of experience."

"Then one night at a party when I was, as usual, telling all who would listen what a good actor I was, a man reacted to my ambition and offered to teach me. It turned out that he was William Owen and he had a dramatic school. I went to live with him, acting as his secretary to pay for my lessons. I worked in the mens' hat department of Marshall Field half a day, which job paid me \$18 a week. I held this job and continued my lessons for a year and a half. We put on shows in a half-amateur, half-professional way and then, to help his pupils, Mr. Owen took us on the road. We performed in different Shakespearean plays in small towns throughout the Middle West."

Then came an opportunity to organize a stock company of his own in Madison, Wisconsin, which he did and the venture turned out to be very successful. Toward the end of the season, our hero had managed to save \$1,000. He had been producing, directing and acting in his own plays and perhaps had grown a bit tired. At any rate, as he was returning to the theatre from lunch one day he passed a travel bureau.

"The maps in the window looked interesting," he told me, "and I wandered aimlessly in and began talking with one of the agents. Certainly I had no intention of taking a trip, but before I left the place I had a round trip ticket to Europe in my pocket and my \$1,000 had dwindled

considerably.

"I went on to the theatre and told the company we would close in two weeks. Now, that would have seemed to be a great mistake. We were doing very well and were good for a couple of months longer in Madison, but that thousand dollars was burning holes in my pocket and I left two weeks later for Europe and the best time I've ever had in my life."

"I saw everything," he continued. "In France I rented a bicycle and, with another chap, rode all over that country. I had a grand time and didn't start home until my money was nearly gone and I arrived in New York with \$65 in my pocket."

"For six weeks I lived on that sixty-five dollars. I couldn't seem to get any kind of a job. I was just about out of money when I was hired to run an elevator, starting the following day. That very day I read that Jessie Bonstelle had arrived in New York and was interviewing actors in search of a leading man. I went to the agent's office where I knew she would be and asked for her. I was told she was not in. I went outside and started down the hall. Then I stood there and asked myself: 'Am I going to let them tell me she isn't in when I know she is? Am I going to accept that kind of treatment?'"

"I turned around, re-entered the office and, without a glance at the officious office girl who had refused to let me in before, sailed into the inner office where, as I had suspected, Miss Bonstelle was seeing people. I forced myself on her and she gave me an interview. She hired me for the second lead in her show. The next season I was her leading man."

"It might have been a mistake for me to break into her office that way. I might have been on that manager's black list the rest of my life for my freshness, but I wasn't."

HIS career went along then as many careers do. There were ups and downs, but mostly ups. Finally he was under contract to David Belasco, who was producing "Tonight or Never" with Helen Gahagan as the star.

"It will be impossible to do this play unless I have the right leading man," she told the producer. To which he replied that he had just the actor for the part and proceeded to dig up photographs of Melvyn Douglas to show her. One look at the picture and Miss Gahagan was positive he wouldn't do, but Belasco prevailed upon her to see him.

"I was so nervous when I met her for the interview," Mr. Douglas told me, "that to cover up my inferiority complex I put on a bold front that was very foreign to me. I did everything wrong. If I ever made mistakes, I made them that day. I smoked cigarette after cigarette, which was the greatest affront to any singer and particularly Miss Gahagan, who had just arrived from Europe where they have enough respect for a voice to refrain from smoking in the same room. I succeeded in making a boor of myself in my efforts to appear at ease. Before I left she had decided to give me the part. And that was the beginning of our romance, which we don't consider a mistake," he laughed.

Their marriage has been one of the happy ones in the theatrical world. They have even worked together in many plays, which most people of the stage think is a fatal mistake. On several occasions, when



he was appearing in another show, he has directed her in her plays. Strangely enough, she likes having her husband direct her, and some day they hope to appear in a picture together.

Eventually their paths led to Hollywood where both had picture contracts. He was under contract to Goldwyn, but Goldwyn had nothing for him at the time and lent him to other producers. Being loaned here and there irked Douglas a little, and he didn't like some of his roles too well, so he asked Goldwyn for a release from his contract. He talked it over with his wife and they agreed it was the best thing to do, so he spent as much energy in talking himself out of his contract as most actors do in trying to get a job, and succeeded in getting his release. All his friends were of the opinion that it was a big mistake, but having secured his freedom he left immediately, with his wife, for a trip around the world. On his return he did a play in New York and then had another season in Hollywood.

"But it seemed I hadn't gotten into my stride in pictures," he resumed, "and after a few months here I said 'to hell with it' and returned to New York. More plays and the opportunity to direct Lillian Gish in 'Within the Gates,' which I enjoyed very much."

**B**UT always he was brought back to Hollywood. Next came "She Married Her Boss" with Claudette Colbert, which stamped him indelibly upon the consciousness of both producers and fans—it won him a contract with Columbia. Now Columbia is learning all about the game of hide and seek for, although he is in constant demand for more pictures, he regularly runs away to New

York to appear in a play.

"Everyone said it was a mistake when Helen signed a contract and went East recently to do a play," he continued. "At that time I expected to be here all winter and our friends said it was a mistake to deliberately bring about such a long separation. But now I've signed a contract to do one of the best plays I've read in years and I'm going to New York in a month to start rehearsals. We'll be together after all, when it seemed impossible a month ago."

When he was engaged for the romantic lead opposite Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," everyone advised him not to do it.

"With Bob Taylor, M-G-M's pride and pet in the picture!" they said, aghast. "And Joan's husband, Franchot Tone, in the same picture! What chance will you have? Don't do it. It's murder!" they raved.

But Melvyn liked the part and took it. After he had worked a few days on the picture his part was rewritten and made more important. When the picture was finished it was the verdict of many critics that he had walked off with all the honors. As a reward for doing that good job he was next co-starred with Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild," in which he showed his versatility in a delightfully humorous role. He has just finished "Women of Glamor" with Virginia Bruce, and if you are fortunate enough to be in New York this season, you may see him in that play he is going to do.

"No, really," he concluded, "there's no such thing as a mistake if you don't allow your actions to be mistakes. But remember, there's always luck to be considered. It doesn't pay to accept advice, no matter how kindly and wisely it is given, because

it doesn't always turn out to be good advice."

There is one time, however, that Melvyn admits he made a great mistake, but he argues that inasmuch as he knew it was a mistake before he made it, it shouldn't count against his perfect record.

He and Mrs. Douglas were on a trip around the world and as they were about to leave Rome for a trek into the desert she decided to stock up on a certain kind of candy, of which she was very fond.

"We won't be able to get it anywhere else," she insisted, "and, in fact, we won't be able to get any decent candy at all where we are going."

That settled it and although Melvyn did, surreptitiously, dispose of several pounds of it before they left, they took along enough to attract a particularly large and vicious type of ant. Before they had an opportunity to open the candy the ants had discovered it. Those busy little creatures had called a field day. They had taken possession of not only the candy, but also all the Douglas' wardrobe, where they had lived and loved and multiplied by the thousands.

"Now, that is what I call a mistake," laughed Mr. Douglas, "but you see I was on a holiday so it doesn't count."

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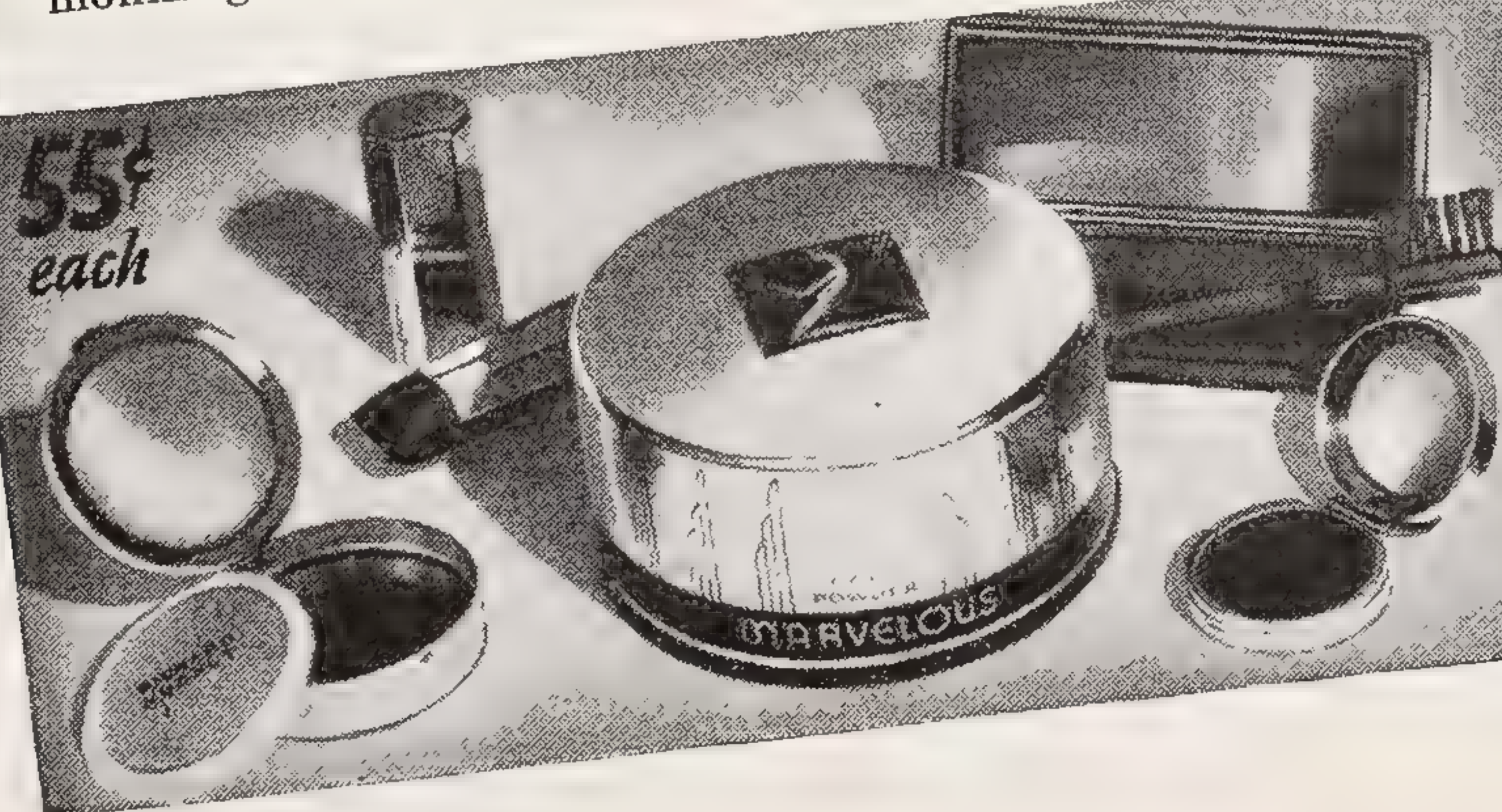
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(Continued from page 43)

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started on Eleanore's first celluloider, "Millions in the Air." In this she was doing a tap number on top of a piano. But what you didn't see was her clog catching and the resultant crash as she hit the keyboard, then landed on the floor with one ankle twisted under her.

"In those days," she explained, "I thought the show must go on, so I had my ankle taped up and took to the piano top again. As a result of my heroics I'll always have one ankle larger than the other. Now," and she nodded her red head for emphasis, "I've learned to let the show go on—but without me. I still haven't learned, though, how to keep on my feet!" she added sadly.

IN 'Three Cheers for Love' I was paralyzed for five days after doing a trambolene number on some chairs—you know, hopping from one chair to another. There were six chairs, but I missed the last one. That time I snapped a ligament in my back. Then in 'Rose Bowl' I was supposed to take a fall in a scene with Buster Crabbe. When the director suggested a double I got pretty indignant. That was my special line, after all. Well, there were nine takes but none looked realistic. The tenth was so realistic that I snapped my hip out and came to an hour later. And in the picture I'm working in now, 'College Holiday'—that is, if you're still with me," she grinned—"Johnny Downs and I do a dance on the platform of a train. There was some grease on the ground. Everybody else stepped in it. But I slipped in it." And she pointed under the table to a bandaged ankle as proof.

"That brings my casualties up to date, anyhow."

Wasn't this the first picture in which she had appeared with Johnny Downs, we asked.

Eleanore brightened immediately. "Now," she said, "you're on my favorite subject. Yes, it's our first picture together. The studio decided we'd make such a cute couple—and here Johnny and I had decided that six months ago! But," she shook her head earnestly, "we aren't in love. It's just a case of having so much fun together."

It may not be love, but none of the symptoms are missing. What's more Johnny and Eleanore have never been seen in anyone else's company since the day they met. And that brings up the case of Robert Taylor. Eleanore was making a personal appearance at a Los Angeles theatre when Bob and his manager came backstage to be introduced. That night Bob took Eleanore, plus two white orchids, to the Coconut Grove. And he made a date then and there for the next Saturday night, claiming that Eleanore was absolutely the best dancer he'd ever met. But—that was the fatal week when Eleanore met Johnny.

"You see, Johnny's the most un-Hollywood person I've ever met," she went on. "We can have the most wonderful times doing the silliest things. Like when we're driving along, and at a stop sign Johnny will lean out to the next car and yell, 'This is Eleanore Whitney with me. What? You've never heard of her! Why, the idea! She's the girl who does sixty taps in four seconds!'"

"The other day," and Eleanore's laugh bubbled over in the irresistible way it has of doing, "when we were on location at the Union Pacific depot, I decided to get

even with Johnny for all his teasing. I gave the porter fifty cents to help me out. You should have seen Johnny—he turned positively vermillion under his make-up when that porter came hollering through the depot, 'Paging Johnny Downs, the First Baby!'"

"We have so much fun," she said, "but according to Hollywood standards we're pretty dull. We don't smoke or drink or go to the Trocadero. We go to the movies and end up with a malt. You know, it's really funny," she chuckled, "what a disappointment I am to my friends back East. They've read in the papers about how I dash dizzily from one night club to another and then they come out here and find I haven't even been to the Troc!"

FURTHERMORE, the fastest girl in Hollywood hasn't had as many dates in a lifetime as the average girl her age! And that in spite of auburn curls, creamy skin and inch long eyelashes (her own, too) to say nothing of a figure combining an even five feet with an even hundred pounds. It isn't, as you may have guessed, because Eleanore hasn't had the chance. She hasn't had the time. When you start out at ten to be a career gal you can bet that the "dates" for the next eight years will be chiefly with dancing teachers and school teachers, and any chance engagements will be limited to the theatre.

"As a matter of fact," Eleanore said, "my career started in the crib. At least my mother says I wiggled my toes even in my sleep. I know I learned to tap lots faster than I learned to talk!"

A gift for dancing had never showed up in any of the Whitneys before, so no particular attention was given to this daughter's talented toes. Not until one eventful day when Eleanore was ten years old and Bill Robinson came to town. He was appearing at the Palace Theatre in Cleveland and Mrs. Whitney took Eleanore to the performance. The little girl begged so hard to "see the wonderful man close up" that Mrs. Whitney arranged with the manager to take her backstage.

"I don't think the child lives whom Bill Robinson wouldn't smile at in the same kindly, friendly way he smiled at me that day," said Eleanore, "but it seemed so particularly for me that I forgot about being bashful and offered to do a dance for him!"

Bill Robinson sat watching the red-headed youngster for a couple of minutes while his smile broadened into a delighted grin. Suddenly he was beside her, his famous feet falling into step with her inexperienced ones. The visit ended up with Mr. Robinson teaching her a routine which he said no white person had ever been able to master.

"Yes, little girl, I'll teach you what I know about dancing," Bill Robinson had said. And every time he came to Cleveland he gave Eleanore a lesson. Then one day, several months later, Mrs. Whitney received a wire. If she would bring Eleanore to New York, Bill Robinson would give her a lesson every day for the two months of his stay.

And so the lessons started—fifteen minutes the first day, then twenty, then half hour lessons until the patient teacher had the child trained to dancing for hours without becoming tired out.

"Bill Robinson has the biggest, whitest heart in the world. Do you know that he has never taken one penny for all the time and patience he has spent on me?"



If you are grateful, that's all Bill Robinson wants. When I was a guest on Bing Crosby's radio program a while ago I happened to mention how much my first teacher had helped me. I didn't say much—but I meant it. And a wire came from him before the program was half over. He thanked me and said that ten thousand dollars could never have repaid him for those words."

AGAIN a smile crinkled up the corners of her eyes and she burst into laughter. "Bill Robinson said the funniest thing that ever happened to one of his dances was in 'The Big Broadcast.' You see, when he heard that I was going to be put in the picture at the last minute, he helped me with a routine for it. Oh—that's just Bill Robinson," Eleanore added in explanation. "Well, we worked hard on that number—awfully hard. And when the picture was released, Bill said he didn't even see the dance. He blinked once and missed my whole appearance on the screen!"

When the two months' New York training was up, Eleanore and her mother returned to Cleveland. But it wasn't "out of sight, out of mind" for Bill Robinson. At his instigation, Rae Samuels, "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville," called Eleanore to the theatre for an audition the first time she came through Cleveland.

"I danced for Miss Samuels in the bathroom, of all places," Eleanore continued. "It was the only tile floor backstage. When I finished she said, 'How would you like to come along with me?' Well, I was twelve then, and the only Santa Claus I believed in was Bill Robinson. So you can imagine how I felt when a wire came from her two weeks later telling me to join her at once in Youngstown, Ohio."

This time Mrs. Whitney didn't go along, because she had another daughter, three years younger than Eleanore, to take care of at home. So small Eleanore Whitney set out alone to make her mark in the world.

"And I loved every minute of it—except those made miserable by the Gerry Society," she added with a grimace. "It was funny, though, at that. You see, when any of these child-labor-law addicts would start backstage, everyone would rush to disguise me. I'd get high heels, a long dress, glasses and sometimes a few grease-paint wrinkles if there was time enough. And I always tried to think of Methuselah or something more or less aged in hopes that I'd look a little older. Well, they'd take one look at me and leave, whispering that footlights and make-up were a remarkable invention. I looked so pretty and young on the stage! And that was my first dramatic training, because I never did anything but dancing then, and never dreamed about acting until Paramount signed me up a year ago."

AFTER four years with the "Blue Streak" Eleanore decided to strike out on her very own. The Roxy Theatre in New York City was her first engagement.

"If you've ever seen the Roxy you may have a vague idea of how I felt." Eleanore looked woe-begone at the thought of it. "There I was, just a little peanut out on that huge stage—alone for the first time in my life! I'd never had the slightest touch of stage-fright before. Most of the rhythm on that program, let me tell you, wasn't from my toes tapping, but my knees knocking."

When Jack Benny asked her to make personal appearances with him the next week, Eleanore jumped at the chance. On the completion of their engagement there,

# THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

## Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

### Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

### What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a *cold treatment*! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the

system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets*! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

### Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledged wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

### Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

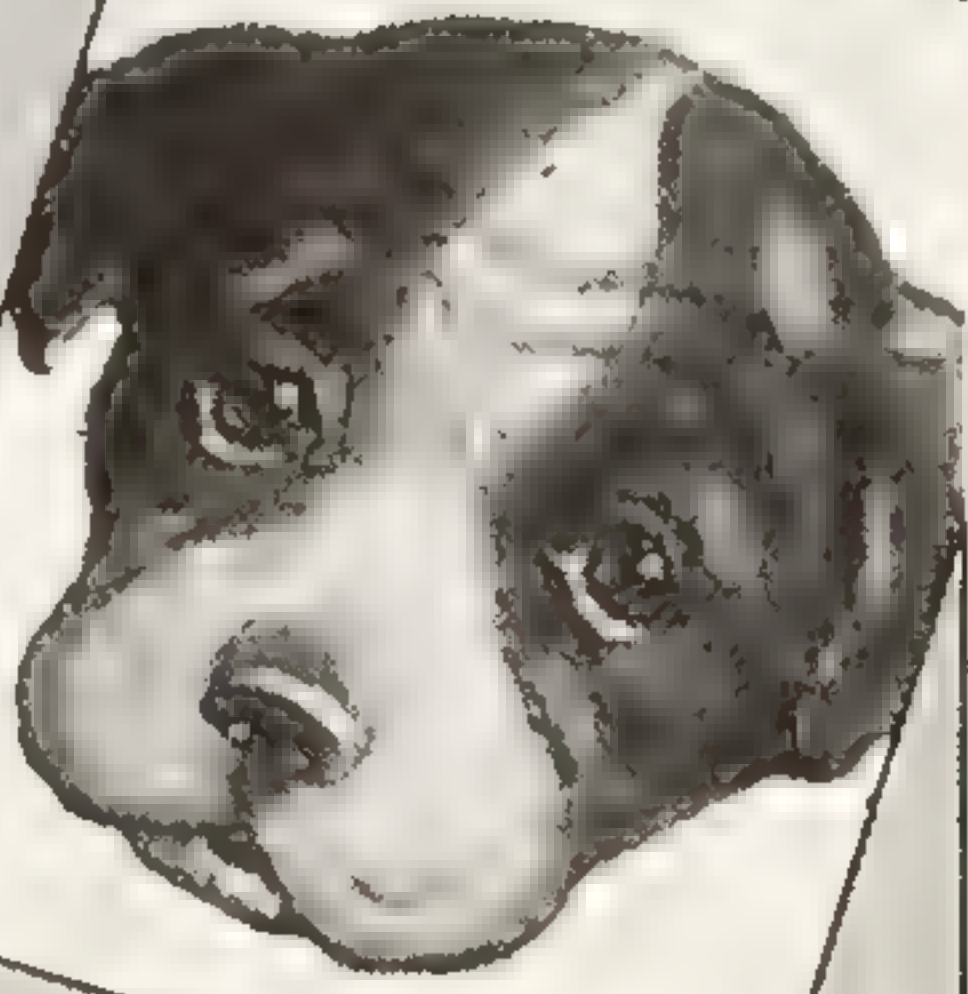
Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

**RADIO NOTE:** Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.



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Personal Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

Jack Benny left for Hollywood, with a bet that Eleanore would be following inside of two months. Her next job was with Rudy Vallee in a Chicago theatre. It was while there that a screen test was made and Eleanore received a wire to report at Paramount Studios for work. On the last night of their appearance together, Rudy called Eleanore to the stage for a final bow, then motioned to the

orchestra. They burst into "California, Here I Come."

"And I burst into tears," said Eleanore. "Hollywood was the last place I wanted to go just then."

But the next day Eleanore Whitney was on the plane bound for California. Hollywood's fastest—and nicest—girl was on her way.

## Is Hollywood a Woman's Town?

(Continued from page 55)

or do any stunts or dress up in any funny costumes. They stayed until after four and I think that I have never had more fun at a party in Hollywood, even if this one was my own. I have never," he added, lugubriously, "given or attended another one like it!"

A woman's town? I think it was Pat O'Brien who related recently that he was having a rub-down after a strenuous game of handball. Suddenly he said to the rubber, "Hey, buddy! What's the matter? Have you gone sissy? I want a rub-down. I don't want to be patted!"

The attendant looked startled. "So sorry!" he apologized, beginning to pummel the O'Brien anatomy with real vigor. "Y'know we have more women customers than men, these days, and we've had to learn to pull our punches!"

Ronnie Colman says that Hollywood is pretty well ruled by a certain type of woman. "Most of the women here have jobs," he commented. "They can afford to meet men on their own terms and they don't have to make any special effort to please us. But the out-of-door woman—the woman who rides, swims, plays a good game of tennis—has more attention in Hollywood than she can possibly use. If she dances well, is lively and is good at the glib conversational give and take, she can have things pretty much her own way, so far as the local male contingent is concerned.

"But I observed recently that a beautiful visitor in our midst—a helpless, frilly, sleep-until-noon girl, lovely to look at, expensively dressed and fragile—had a very thin time of it. She left us abruptly in a state of fretful discontent. No one was very sorry.

"Look," he said, suddenly, with an amused sort of bitterness. "Look at what they—the women—have done to places like Malibu and Palm Springs. A man's idea of a perfect beach shack is a house with sand-proof floors, water-proof upholstery—made of leather or canvas or something. What do you think happens now if you drop a wet bathing suit on one of the pastel, glazed chintz chairs which embellish the houses at Malibu? I have," he was suddenly smug and secretive, "I have a place in the desert . . . now!"

HE went on, "If anyone should ask me whether I should like to sit, in a dinner coat, playing some ridiculous game. I should say that I would certainly NOT like to do any such thing. And yet I find myself doing it and enjoying it. You see, they make us like it. And that, I suppose, is the real test of whether or not Hollywood is a woman's town. They make us like it!" He shook his head and looked puzzled. But I was convinced that he really did like it.

Clark Gable wrinkled his famous nose

and squirmed a bit when I tackled him on this moot question. "Please don't make me sound like a disappointed cynic or something," he urged. "But in all truth the thing does boil itself down to a matter of money—salaries. Feminine glamor, appeal, whatever you choose to call it, is worth more at the box office than anything a man can offer. Nearly all of the well-known women in Hollywood earn more money, per week, than the men do. Maybe, in your home town, or mine, the banker's son is considered the real 'catch'. His attractiveness is not actually measured, perhaps, by what he can do for a woman. But that ability to 'do' certainly comes into her appraisal of him! In a town where the women, as a rule, earn more money than the men do, things get all topsy-turvy. These women have hundreds of admirers who are outside the industry, chaps who don't have to spend as much time and effort on their jobs as we do, chaps who haven't any jobs at all and who can spend their time perfecting their polo, developing their bodies, traveling, acquiring sophistication and whatever mental attributes attract women.

"Did you ever," he added, with some heat, "encounter an actor at the end of a hard day's work? Unless he is a sort of superman, he is fit company for almost no one. And it is so difficult to synchronize your leisure hours with those of the woman who interests you . . ."

I didn't bring it up but I did think, at this point in the conversation, of a remark made by a leading man who was under contract to M-G-M. "It's a woman's lot!" he said. "If a man gets himself a big following at the box-office, what is his reward? He is allowed to support one of the important women stars!"

I was feeling distinctly depleted with it all when I finally collared Gene Raymond and asked him his opinion. "Is Hollywood," I murmured, "a woman's town?"

WELL, Gene surprised me some. "It certainly is," he opined, briskly. "Almost every man in Hollywood who has had a really successful career owes it to some woman. Sometimes it is a wife. Sometimes a sweetheart. Often it is some experienced, older woman who interests herself in him and from some maternal instinct undertakes to guide him. Maybe the glamor girls get all the admiration, the bouquets and the notices from the press. But when you see a successful man in Hollywood, keep in mind that probably some woman is almost wholly responsible for that success! I could name dozens!"

Is Hollywood a woman's town? I've collected what evidence I could from the gentlemen. Maybe, some day I'll muster up strength enough to ask the girls what they think!



## Information Desk

(Continued from page 20)

The Fox picture titled, "Up the River," was his initial cinematic offering. Astrology fans will tell you that Spencer, born April 5, 1900, is an Aries man. And Aries means a ram. The hometown is Milwaukee. Spencer is five feet ten and one-half inches, sturdily built, has blue eyes and a shock of uncontrollable brown hair. He is married to Louise Treadwell, non-professional, and has a son and daughter. His next picture will be "The Foundry," with Jean Harlow.

**SALLY JANE BARTLETT**, Winnetka, Illinois—The explanation for the absolute secrecy surrounding Harpo Marx's marriage isn't hard to find. Prankophobia (fear of pranks, to you) is the answer. At Chico's marriage, his two brothers amused the guests by eating all the leaves off the family's rubber plant. The clergyman walked out. And when Groucho married, Harpo played possum under a rug. Oh yes, Chico and Groucho were laying for Harpo, all right.

**ROBERT YOUNG** (Last printed November 1935. Total number of requests since then 243.) Never was there so righteous, so self-possessed a Dr. Jekyll as the off-screen Robert Young, or such a rampaging, scampering, egotistical Mr. Hyde as the Young you and I adore on the screen. Quietly married to the "Sweet Adeline" of his high-school days, daddy to pretty little Carol Anne, taking the problems of parenthood as seriously as a daddy with his first child does, this is the private life portrait of Bob Young. Tinging this domestic bliss is a wee shade of melancholy springing from an inferiority complex that all Bob's



success has not eradicated. A "putter-offer" is what he calls himself, and he'll tell you whimsical stories about himself to prove the point. He's ambitious, too, or is "ambitious" out of place applied to a chap who's already arrived? Bob'll tell you he hasn't arrived by any manner of means... he wants to be a great actor some day. His life story starts in Chicago where he was born February 22, 1907, son of a well-to-do building contractor. Educated in Seattle and Los Angeles, his dramatic tendencies came to light in high-school club work. His diploma won, Bob started knocking about for a profession. He tried his hand at everything but the stage... clerk in a drug store, reporter, building and loan association salesman, bank clerk. Meanwhile, nights, he was playing everything from Hamlet to Little Caesar in Pasadena's amateur "little theatre." Eventually his work was noticed, and, to his surprise, Bob became neither a druggist nor a bank president... but an actor... cast opposite Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Bob is just six feet tall, with sympathetic brown eyes and brown hair which he parts in the middle. His next picture is "Stow-away"... the latest Shirley Temple vehicle.

**ANNA JUHASZ**, Tulsa, Oklahoma—They tell a cute yarn about dashing young Tyrone Power. In days gone by, Tyrone didn't use to be as wealthy as he is today. Invited to a formal party, he had just funds enough to rent himself a white tie and all that goes with it. Without a nickel in his formal pockets, he started up Broadway. When the borrowed shoes began to pinch, he slipped them off and finished the march in his silk sox.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** (Last printed June, 1936. Total number of requests since then 189.) To change a habit, a single habit is an act of will beyond the capacity of most of us mortals. To revolutionize a personality, plumbing its very foundations... who has the moral fibre, the courage to perform that dangerous operation on himself? Yet that is just what intrepid Joan Crawford has done. Above all others, above Clara Bow, above Colleen Moore, Joan Crawford was the symbol of the crazed post-war jazz age. She it was who copped all the Charleston prizes, the tango prizes, who starred in "Our Dancing Daughters," "Our Modern Maidens," who worked all day and went to parties at night. But time marched on, and with a last weary saxophone bleat, the jazz age passed away. Carried along in the wake of its passage were legions of its exponents... unfortunates who had been unable to adjust themselves to changing ways. Among the few who stood prepared to answer the call of the new era was Joan. Compare the modern maiden of ten years ago with the sophisticated lady of today. Today she is married to one of the screen's most polished gentlemen. Together they study voice, together they have amassed one of the finest libraries of classical music in Hollywood, together they produce high-brow plays in their private theatre. Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23rd, 1908, and baptized Lucille Le Sueur Cassin. She was just a baby when the family moved to Kansas City where Billie Cassin, as the gang called her, was educated. Father Cassin owned a theatre but wouldn't hear of Billie having anything to do with

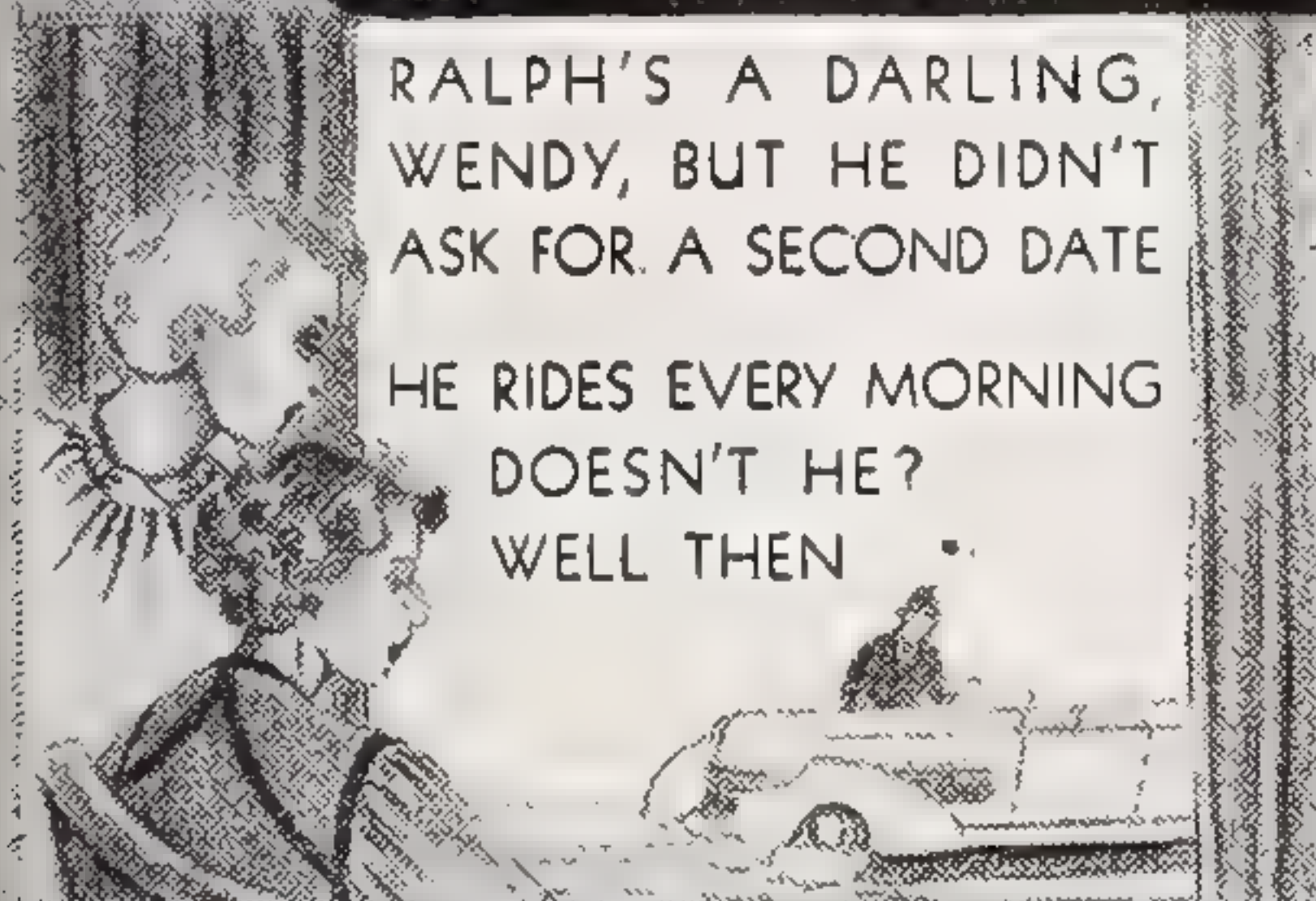


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see romance straight ahead. If your eyes are not quite as thrilling as they can be—if they do not stir the pulses as they should—then try WINX mascara—just once. You'll be amazed at results. One application and lashes appear longer, more luxuriant, sweeping and silky, and WINX keeps lashes soft, too! WINX is harmless, will not smart and it's streak-proof and tear-proof. Get acquainted with this marvelous mascara today. On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores. In three flattering shades... Blue . Black . Brown and in three convenient forms... Cake . Liquid . Creamy.



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WENDY, BUT HE DIDN'T  
ASK FOR A SECOND DATE

HE RIDES EVERY MORNING  
DOESN'T HE?  
WELL THEN

Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness—WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up.

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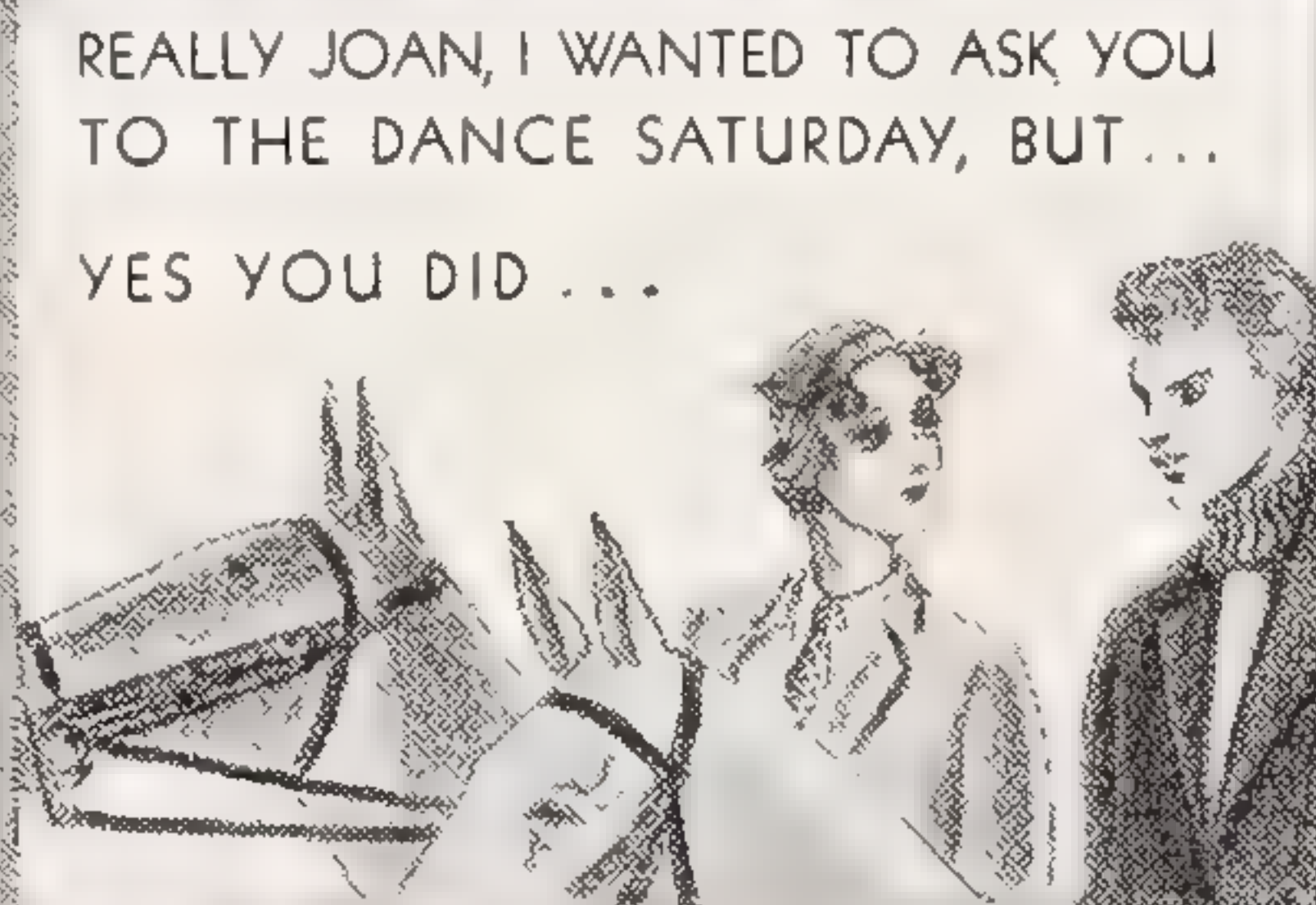
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SHADOW AND BLACK MASCARA FOR  
DAYTIME WEAR, SO



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IT'S ALMOST TOO  
GOOD TO BELIEVE!  
AND THE SURPRISING  
THING IS THAT WINX  
DOES NOT GIVE MY  
EYES THAT ARTIFICIAL  
MADE-UP LOOK....



REALLY JOAN, I WANTED TO ASK YOU  
TO THE DANCE SATURDAY, BUT...  
YES YOU DID...



JOAN YOUR EYES WON ME  
THE FIRST TIME WE MET

(TO HERSELF)  
NOT THE FIRST  
TIME... BUT  
FROM THEN ON  
... THANKS TO  
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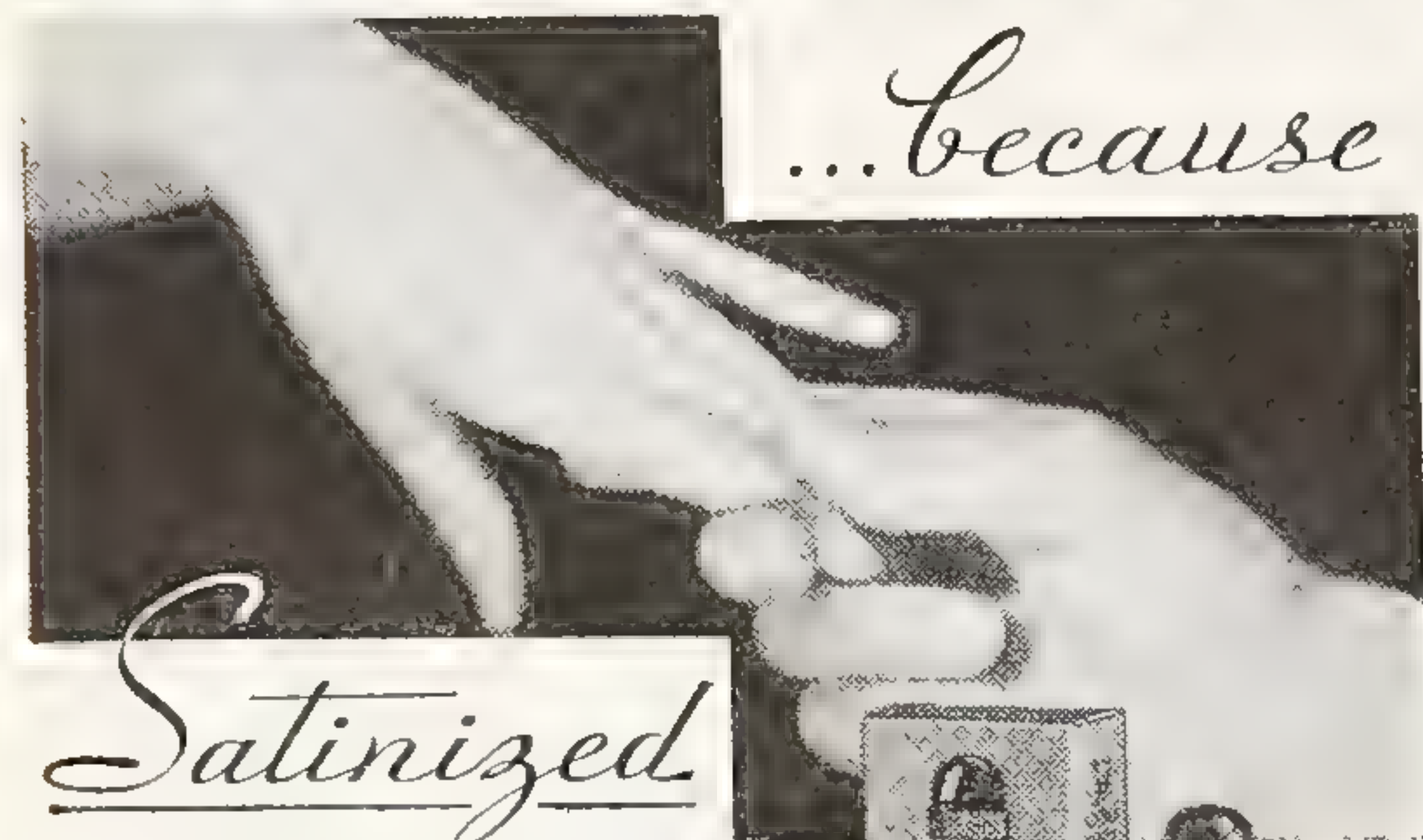
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the stage . . . which meant that Joan had to pursue the stage career she dreamed of, in spite of Cassin senior, rather than with his help. Joan's dancing feet won her her initial stage job, but she soon moved into the purely dramatic field. In the late '20's, her stage name, Lucille Le Sueur, was exchanged for the more pronounceable, more spellable Joan Crawford of today. Her 1931 marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. lasted two years. And two years after the divorce, she wed Doug's old friend, Franchot Tone. Joan is 5 feet 4 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. The next picture on her schedule is "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," opposite Robert Montgomery.

**MARCIA PETERS**, Akron, Ohio—Is Clark Gable still popular? Well, last time he was in New York, a gang of female fans, spying him in a cab, ordered Mr. Gable out. Clark, shy young chap, demurred. Whereupon the enraged maidens started to overturn the cab. Gable, capitulating, stepped out of the swaying vehicle and let the girls gaze at the face that had come so near launching a taxi cab. Oh yes, Clark Gable is still popular!

**BILLY LATZO**, Athens, Georgia—The tallest star in pictures is not Gary Cooper by a long shot. Of all people, it's Arthur Treacher, the screen's butler of butlers, who measures six feet four and one half inches from stem to stern. And, speaking of size, you might be interested to know that Lily Pons takes the cake for daintiness, wearing a 1½B shoe. Lucky that Arthur isn't in Lily's shoes.

**COLONEL TIM MCCOY** (Last printing, November 1934, Total number of requests since then, 368.) No Kentucky Colonel is Tim McCoy. But, while his rank in the movies has had nothing to do with his rank in the army, the epaulettes had plenty to do with his screen success. When



production began on "The Covered Wagon," way back in the old silent days, the problem came up . . . "How do we corral five hundred savage Indians and transform them into movie actors?" Answer to the director's prayer was McCoy, at that time cavalry captain in charge of Wyoming's Indian reservations. Nee-hee Cha-uth (High Eagle) his Indian brothers called him, and he was the only pale-face East or West of the Rockies who could order a hamburger in Indian sign lingo. So the handsome army officer became official Indian rounder-upper. But a very simple equation, fermented in the minds of Columbia executives, changed the face of things. McCoy's the McCoy. Here was the virtuoso of the West . . . the genuine article . . . wasting his time as a rounder-upper. Soldier Tim declared an armistice with the red-skins, and for thirteen years has been standing at attention before batteries of cameras. The vital statistics read like this . . . Timothy John Fitzgerald McCoy is the full name . . . the bearer was born the tenth of April, somewhere along in the early '90's . . . Saginaw, Michigan was the birthplace, and in those wild and woolly days was a lot farther West than today . . . Tim is 5 feet 11 inches without his boots, 170 pounds of bone and muscle, has blue eyes and blonde hair . . . in private life he is rancher McCoy, proprietor of a 15,000 acre ranch . . . divorced from wife Agnes Heron Miller, mother of his son and daughter . . . one of the world's fastest trigger men . . . can yank the ole six shooter from its holster, fan the hammer, and put six slugs into a target, all in two thirds of one second. The Colonel's most recent release is "Bulldog Courage."

**SHEILA MCCORMACK**, Oakland, California —Your question about insurance brings to mind two astonishing cases of out of the way policies. Marlene Dietrich's legs are insured for one million dollars. Gertrude Niesen's back, of all things, is covered by a fifty thousand buck policy. Wonder how they estimated that Marlene's legs were worth twenty times as much as G.N.'s back?



These three Warner starlets spent a real outdoors week-end recently, way up at Arrowhead. And you can't say they didn't come prepared for some honest-to-goodness sleigh riding. They are, left to right, Jane Wyman, Marie Wilson and June Travis.



# She Won't Play Hunches

(Continued from page 59)

a lower berth ticket, I would be able to buy myself another dress, which I certainly would be able to use. The idea was agreeable to all."

As it happened, Gertrude at that time had rather unfounded notions about Hollywood.

"I thought everybody dressed in light, airy things," she laughed ruefully, "like crinolines and taffetas. Heaven knows where I got the idea from, but I got it. So I took the \$98 rebate on my compartment ticket and bought a dress that was the last word to me but wasn't even a first word in Hollywood! It was such a shame, too, for I was so elated over that new dress. I kept it in a separate box until I got to Hollywood. I wore it just once!"

That was Gertrude's first Hollywood error. Her second followed without much delay. Being the type of person who feels it is right to work for a salary, Gertrude had quaint ideas about working when she arrived on the Coast. She took her screen test and was signed to a contract. No one mentioned work to her, but Gertrude took it for granted she was meant to be around the premises daily—just in case.

The premises of the lot are enormous. They ramble fore and aft for miles. Gertrude, undaunted, arrived every morning at nine o'clock. Not knowing just what to do about her arrival, she sought company and company, of course, was on the various sets and stages where pictures were being made. The directors began to know Gertrude. The supervisors began to know her. The writers and the players began

to know her. Day after day, Gertrude appeared at the studio at nine o'clock, lunched in the studio restaurant at noon and departed for home at five o'clock.

Then came the discovery that maybe she was being a little enthusiastic about things. The discovery happened in the studio restaurant. The hour was noon. Entering the restaurant, Gertrude passed a table where several directors were sitting. As she approached the table, she couldn't help hearing one of them describe a certain type actress he was trying to find—with no success thus far.

"The description he was giving was of me," Gertrude recounted. "He described me perfectly. As I came alongside the table, he stopped in his description to call out to me:

"Hello, Gertrude."

"Then he went right on describing me as this actress type he needed and was having such a hard time finding."

"Why didn't you walk up to him and ask him for the job?" we put in.

"I couldn't do that," Gertrude was aghast at the thought. "But it began to dawn on me then that perhaps it wasn't just the thing to do to appear at the studio every day unless I was especially called to be there.

"I stayed home after that," she continued. "I had things to do anyway."

Keeping up her music was one of these things. Not only did Gertrude give piano recitals before she was twelve years old, but she studied at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music when she graduated from

high school, becoming a real artist.

**S**PEAKING of my music," she remarked, "I've made up my mind to one thing since being in New York this trip, and I can say this to you with exactly the same certainty that I can say I'll die someday. In five years time I am going to be the solo artiste with either the New York Philharmonic Orchestra or Stowkowski's Philadelphia Orchestra and I am going to play Tschaikowsky's Concerto Number I. I've made up my mind to achieve that."

Be surprised if she doesn't achieve it, not if she does. Gertrude takes her time in coming to decisions, but once she reaches them—well, she's a bulldog for hanging on to them.

For instance, after being with M-G-M for little over three months and during that time playing in only one picture, Gertrude asked for and got her release. She went in for freelancing and tasted starvation—not stardom.

"It wasn't at all gay for a while," she admitted.

Then things began to brighten. One picture led to another and the final one to a Paramount contract.

"I've played about every kind of role except myself," she recollected.

Some she enjoyed, some she grimaced over. Only two did she suffer real heart twinges over. One occurred when Frank Capra tried to borrow her from Paramount to play the lead in his production, "Lost Horizon," with Ronald Colman and an

ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE  
NOT THE SWEETHEART  
I MARRIED!

THEN, MOTHER, HE WENT  
AND SLAMMED THE  
DOOR



DORIS, WHEN YOU  
LIVED HOME—WHEN BILL  
WAS COURTING YOU—  
YOU ALWAYS USED  
LIFEBUOY. ARE YOU  
USING IT NOW?



OH, I SWITCH  
AROUND! WHY?



DEAR, YOU'VE GOT TO USE  
LIFEBUOY REGULARLY, IF  
YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP  
DAINTY! NO OTHER WELL-  
KNOWN TOILET SOAP HAS  
ITS SPECIAL INGREDIENT  
THAT STOPS "B.O."



AND, ANOTHER THING — BETTER  
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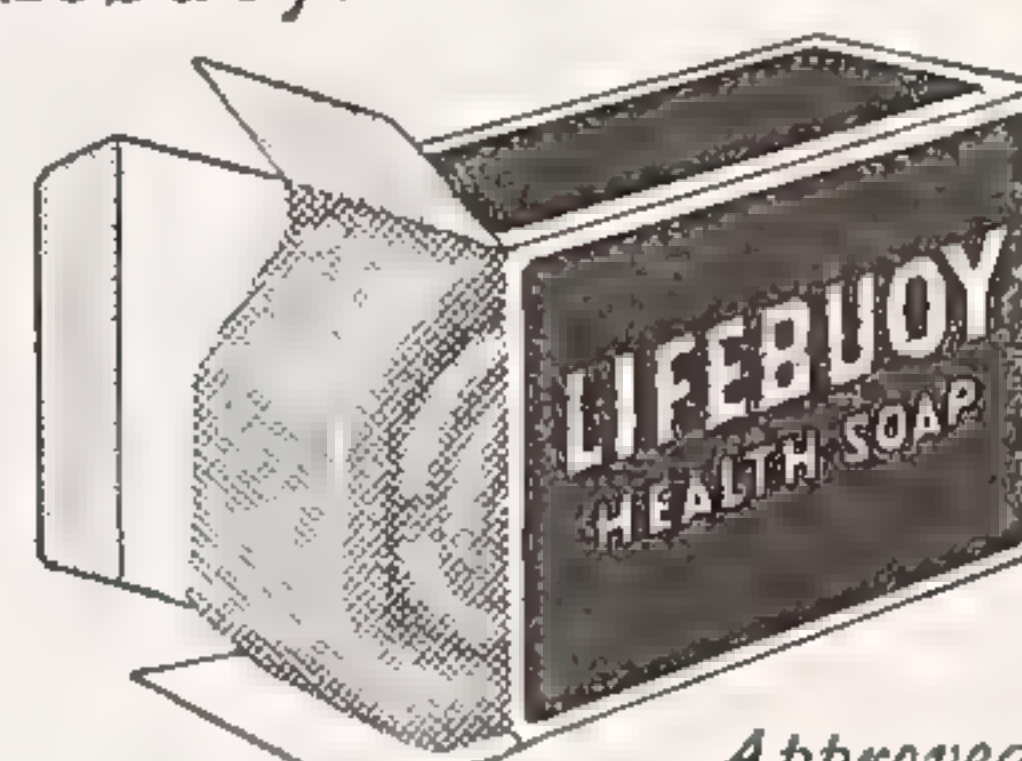


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What a line-up of gents! And it looks as if those rivals, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, were pretty darn pally. Left to right, there's Gable, Spencer Tracy, Bob Taylor and Bill Powell.

all-star cast. Paramount refused to loan her and Gertrude could have wept. Maybe she did, a little. And who could blame her?

Paramount, however, couldn't see their way clear to loaning her at the time. They saw their way a little later, though, and loaned her to another studio for a picture that, when she read it in script form, didn't believe was seriously intended for production. But it was. Gertrude protested to Paramount against making the film. Paramount said they had given their word she would make it. Gertrude, who understands loyalty—though not always its devious motives—did the picture. Soon after that, she asked for her release and was free-lancing again. She preferred it that way. Then RKO-Radio flirted a contract beneath her small nose and after considering it she finally put her signature on the dotted line.

She's an easy-going young woman, Gertrude Michael. That is, she's easy going until she reaches a decision to be anything else. Having been born and reared in the South, Gertrude is a true reflection of old Dixie. A trace of a southern accent lingers in her voice. She has a special study fitted up at her home in Toluca Lake that is lined with books.

She's no "blue-stocking." She simply is hospitable and gracious in answering questions. Because of this trait, she may unwittingly convey the impression that she's an easy mark. But she isn't. She sometimes yields a point to avoid being teased and then, as it works out, she learns something of significance to herself.

Gertrude tells the story about the day in Hollywood when Isabel Jewell came to see her. Isabel was feeling "low" and decided she had ailments, so the best thing to do was to go see a doctor and learn

the "happy worse." There is a medical center in Los Angeles where patients may go for a complete diagnosis. Isabel wanted to go there.

"You come with me," she invited Gertrude.

Gertrude refused. "There's nothing wrong with me."

"But I want to go and I won't go alone," Isabel complained.

The long and short of it was that Gertrude went along with her even though reluctant to do so.

**WE** were X-rayed and had everything done to us that goes with a general examination," Gertrude recalled. "Then, after an hour or so of this, we were ushered into the reception-room to await the verdict. I was bored to death by this time and tired as the dickens. Isabel stood by the window, awaiting the dire news. After a short wait, a doctor came out, looked around, espied Isabel and me.

"'You,' and he waved a dismissing hand at Isabel, 'there's nothing the matter with you. But you,' and he swung around on me, shaking his finger at me, 'young woman, you have—', and he went into a long rigamorole of what I had. Isabel was dismissed with a clean slate. But I," Gertrude laughed, "I was told to come back the next day!"

She didn't though, and there was where Gertrude made another mistake. It was no fluke of chance that she accompanied Isabel Jewell to that medical center. Gertrude, herself, had the "hunch" that she should listen to that doctor, but she didn't. And because she didn't, and likewise because she kept going at a terrific speed, she lost something she intensely wanted—the chance to make a picture in England



this fall. On the eve of sailing for London to star in a talkie called "The Dominant Sex," Gertrude contracted a cold and because she had ignored previous warnings, the cold became disturbingly complicated and landed her in Doctors' Hospital for the six weeks she would have spent in England, starring in that talkie.

"And I was looking forward so eagerly to the trip and the picture," she sighed.

"Maybe next time you'll listen to the warning when you get it," we comforted.

"I hope so," and Gertrude sighed again.

She's a curious combination, this Gertrude Michael. She has the "up" or the "down" temperament; hitting the even keel between the two is something she hasn't quite caught onto yet. She has been the "man" of her little family since her father passed away some years ago. His passing induced her to give up a five-year scholarship she won, while at the University of Alabama, to study in Italy.

Instead, with the aid of those who understood how to handle the business details of the idea, she founded Radio Station WFDA at her home town, Talladega, Alabama and was pretty much the whole station, acting, playing the piano, arranging all the programs. A year of this and she returned to the stage, to the Stuart Walker Stock Company and then on to New York's Broadway. Pictures finally routed her out of the theatre dressing-room to the motion picture dressing-room. But, she said, "I am going to do a play next year."

"Have you got one picked out?"

She nodded. "Yes."

Gertrude lives alone in her house at Toluca Lake. She knows many people. She likes many people. She, in turn, is very popular. For a number of years, her almost constant escort was Rouben Mamoulian, the director. Of Armenian heritage, moody, artistic, Mamoulian would appeal to the gay yet unhappy little southern girl from Talladega, Alabama. There was talk of Gertrude's engagement to Mamoulian. But there is no engagement, and as for marriage, Gertrude neither says she will nor won't marry.

She wants to be a "somebody" in motion pictures and in the theatre, too. One picture will give her the particular opportunity she knows will come. She has made an enviable place for herself in pictures, but she still feels she has yet to get the "break" that she yearns for.

## Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

but that I know is impossible. I have nothing more to say, but in closing I shall look forward to the fact that "There's Always Tomorrow" in expecting to see you starred in another picture. Yours truly, "Camille."

—Ann Miranda, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## \$1.00 Prize Letter High and Mighty Stars

I wonder if the movie stars ever stop to think how high and mighty they often become once they are "in the money." Many of these people worked hard once upon a time in the chorus or at other jobs. It is quite annoying to read in the papers and magazines how this star or that one has either walked out or is having trouble with his studio. They claim they are overworked, not getting enough money, or refuse to work in a picture with someone they don't get along with. These people get more money than many men who are heads of large organizations and who have

# Capture romance



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1. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of the hair.



Soap Shampoo

2. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



Fitch Shampoo

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I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J. D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740

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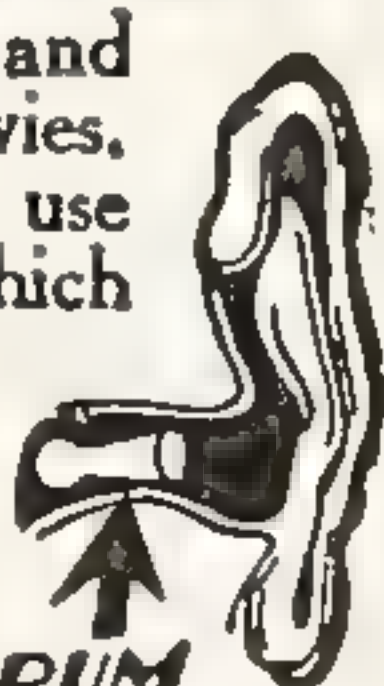
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real brain work to do, not counting men and women who do manual labor for a mere existence with none of the luxuries our movie stars enjoy. Can a person in any other business go to his boss and tell him just whom he would like to work with? I am an ardent fan and have many favorites, but I do think it is time our stars sat back and did a little serious thinking about this.—Mrs. R. Boyd, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.

### \$1.00 Prize Letter Casting the best-seller, "Gone with the Wind"

How much of the greatness of "Gone with the Wind" will be lost if it is not properly cast! The subtleties of this story, to me, seem more important than the actual facts, and must be brought out to the full, or it will be just another Civil War picture. The actors and actresses who would recognize this would be:

Margaret Sullavan as Scarlett; Clark Gable as Rhett Butler; Loretta Young as Melanie; Randolph Scott as Ashley Wilkes; Merle Oberon as Ellen; William Frawley as Gerald; Spring Byington as Aunt Pittypat; Bill Robinson as Uncle Peter; Stepin Fetchit as Pork; Shirley Temple as Bonny.—Lee Brown, East Orange, N. J.

### "Bits" from Letters

Robert Taylor could almost be named

Robert Trailer, for in the list of forthcoming pictures he's listed four times in six.—C. C., Vancouver, Canada. . . . You can have your Gables, Taylors and Mac-Murrays, but I'll take Don Ameche.—M. Doehl, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. . . . Why not cast Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew in a picture together?—Elizabeth Graves, Nashville, Tenn. My pet peeve is the "still" displayed in theatre lobbies that bears little or no relation to the picture it is supposed to be from.—Anna Johnson, Youngstown, Ohio. Gene Autry is God's gift to Western pictures. I was just about ready to fire Westerns from my staff, when Gene and his grand personality loomed upon the gray horizon.—J. Myers, Kansas City, Mo. Of the 270 pictures rated in MODERN SCREEN'S Movie Scoreboard, only 79 are classed as good or better; 144 are rated as fair or poor, with 47 receiving a 2½ star rating, being neither good enough to receive 3 stars and a little better than fair. Can something be done to improve the quality of pictures?—B. Douthit, Okmulgee, Oklahoma. He isn't handsome like Taylor; he can't dance like Astaire, nor sing like Eddy, and we can't imagine him playing Romeo, but we cast our vote for the best all-round actor on the screen to James Stewart. I have just read the article in MODERN SCREEN called, "He Knows Women," meaning none other than the dashing Errol Flynn. To say the least, it made me boil! You, Mr. Flynn, may be descended from an ape, but certainly I am not.—F. Atnip, Colorado Springs, Colo.

## His Jubilee Days

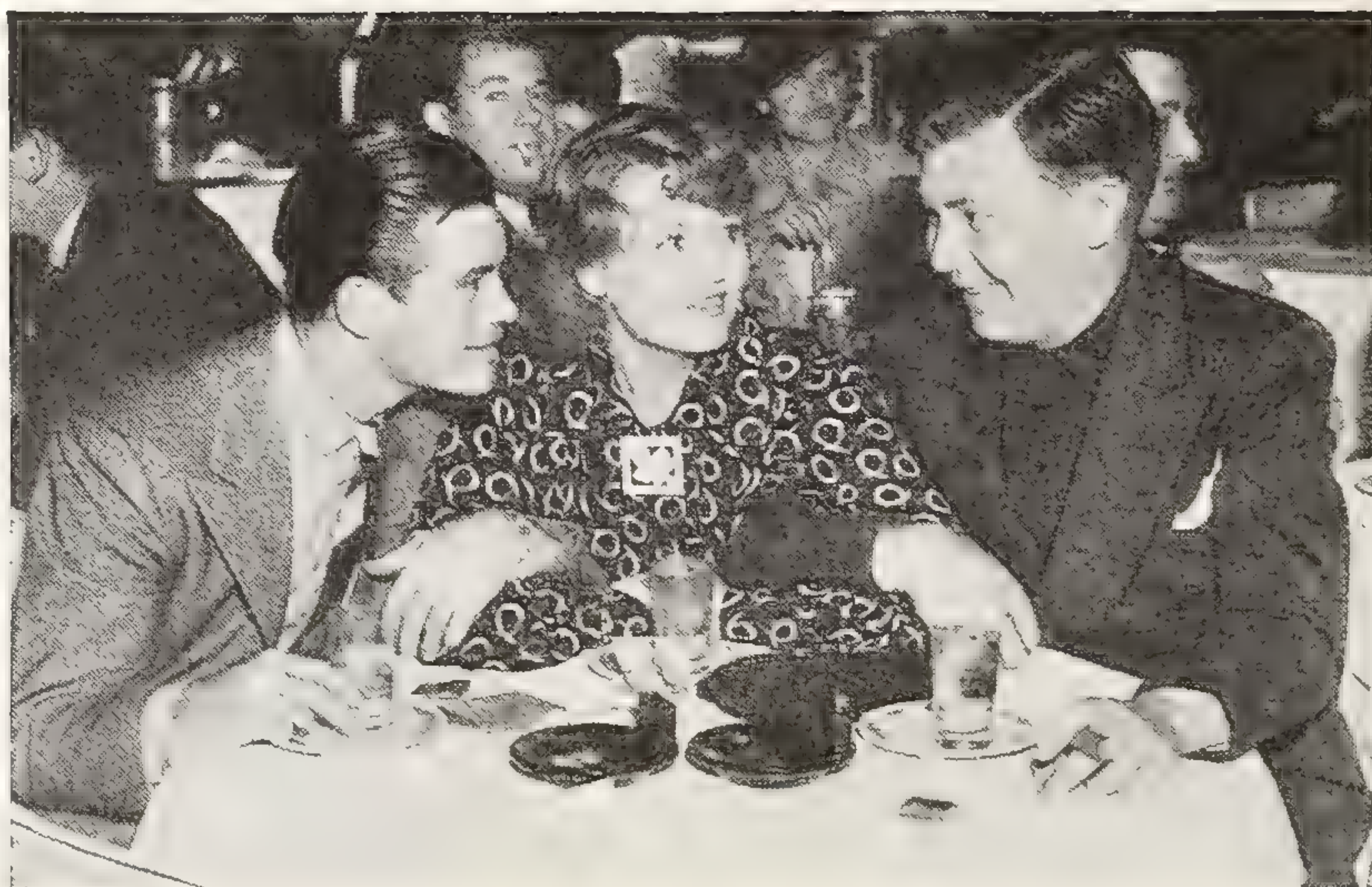
(Continued from page 15)

old Chelsea, where hung the triumphant challenge, "Famous Players in Famous Plays." Marguerite Clarke, a diminutive little person who had captivated audiences in "Prunella" and "Baby Mine," was induced to transfer these little classics to the screen. But as the years went by and the pictures in motion began to develop talent of its own, Zukor invaded the bathing beauty area and Gloria Swanson in slithering silks and satins, emerged. Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor sprang from little parts into startling prominence, and Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno and Wallace Reid became responsible for the fluttering of feminine hearts from continent to continent. Emil Jannings and Pola Negri and Chevalier, gay and debonair, were imported from European screens while those grand old character actors, Theodore Roberts and George Fawcett, had the whole world

chuckling. The star of Valentino rose dramatically, first noticed in a stirring piece called "The Four Horsemen," and inaugurating a new type of hero as "The Sheik."

From "Queen Elizabeth" to "Champagne Waltz," Mr. Zukor's Jubilee picture, it has been a long and dramatic story. Zukor Jubilee stars, like all his stars throughout the years, are variously assorted. There is Gladys Swarthout, the little Western girl who edged her way into the Metropolitan Opera House, won Mary Garden's coveted shawl and the plaudits of the sophisticated audiences, but couldn't get a foothold in films till the Zukor scouts changed her make-up and packed her off to the Coast.

There is clear-eyed and glamorous Carole Lombard, the essence of smart sophistication of the day, who underwent a plastic surgery operation on her face because



Benny Baker beams fondly upon Mrs. B. and Tom Brown. The three had an evening's whirl recently at the Club Casanova. Benny tries all his gags out on his wife!



of an automobile accident and was being bandied about from studio to studio, Mack Sennett's included, when she got her Paramount foothold. Of English and Scotch descent, her real name is Jane Peters, and if she hadn't become an actress, she would in all probability be one of the smart young matrons of Fort Wayne. What with her social position, her talent for cooking and her flair for beautiful clothes and star sapphires. She can cook anything from eggs to a full course dinner, but won't admit it.

FROM the stage comes Claudette Colbert via France. Practical Claudette, who had supported herself giving French lessons and doing a little art designing on the side, had gone in for dramatics in a desultory sort of fashion when she got a part in "The Barker." All eyes were centered on the bewitching little person with the beautiful figure when Paramount snapped her up and she started her merry journey all the way up to the top, always alluring and beguiling.

Tall and lanky, 6 feet 2½ inches of utter guilelessness, Gary Cooper came from Montana. By turns cowboy and cartoonist, he was persuaded by a girl, who thought she was going to marry him, to leave college, his ranch in Montana, and to try his luck at earning a living. The stalwart Montanan left his native haunts and shyly, almost blushing, rode his way to fame.

From Weimar, Germany, came a demure little *maedchen*, the daughter of a Prussian first lieutenant in the patrician regiment of grenadiers, who studied the violin and whose early years were filled with the spectacle of marching soldiers. It is hard to recognize in the serious young violinist the ultra-chic product known as glamorous Marlene Dietrich.

From Broadway, Brooklyn and vaudeville appeared Mae West, wise-cracking, hard-boiled. And also from vaudeville and the radio comes that merry pair of wits and nit-wits, Burns and Allen.

A college band brought Bing Crosby, from Tacoma, Washington. Mrs. Crosby's boy Bing was studying to be a lawyer at Gonzaga College, and sang in the glee club where his vocal efforts were received with such local enthusiasm that Paul Whiteman eventually helped him croon his way to the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood found him.

With ten letters for his athletic prowess in football, baseball, and track, came Fred MacMurray from Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin, to Broadway, playing the saxophone against his father's wishes. As one of the California Collegians, a co-operative orchestra in "Three's a Crowd," he was seized upon by Paramount scouts and drafted into stardom.

Randolph Scott, a nice horsey young Southerner, born at his family's country place near Orange, Virginia, joined the Pasadena Community Players, after leaving the old homestead and an uneventful bout with engineering in the South. He gave up his real life role as a Southerner, who loved horses and the great out-of-doors, in order to transfer that drawl to the screen.

From Tenth Avenue, New York, hailed George Raft, a hard-working young man who toiled as an electrician's helper for the magnificent sum of \$4.00 a week when not going to Public School Number 169. Eventually he danced his way onto the screen.

Not to forget that lusty old comedian, W. C. Fields, who after years of hand-to-mouth existence, struck his stride with a juggling routine which brought fame in the "Follies" and eventually a Paramount contract in his pockets.

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stances of vitamin deficiency. With the intestinal tract again in healthy function, pimples should quickly disappear.

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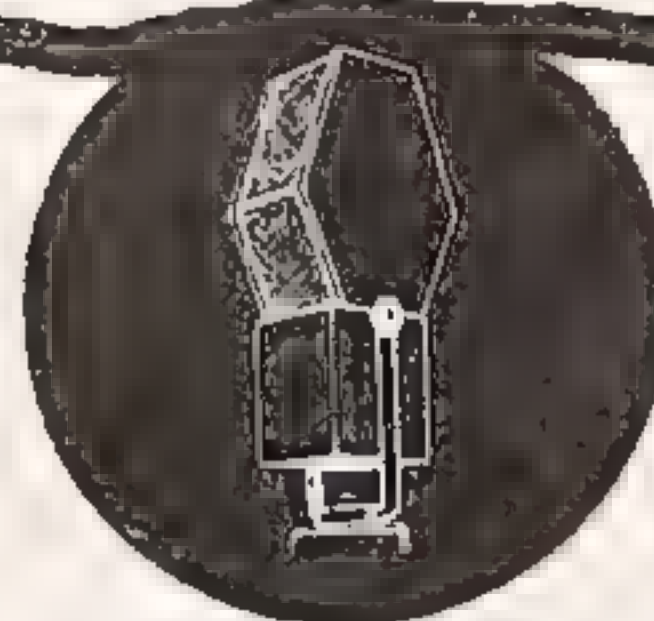
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*The Best Remedy is Made at Home*  
YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

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Doing a broadcast after a hard day's work at the studio was a pleasure for Olivia de Havilland. And no wonder! Bob Taylor was on the same program.

## Reviews

(Continued from page 61)

pictures, by Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president of 20th Century-Fox. A crew of eighty technicians went to Callander, Ontario, to get the gals on celluloid again. Dr. Dafoe will not permit his charges to "work" more than an hour a day. Though the company's schedule called for ten hours' work, or ten days, the unexpected Canadian blizzards delayed outdoor shots to the extent of twenty-four days. . . . Equipment for this trip included \$1500 worth of toys, which were all left behind with the exception of the pony carts. Left behind also was the elaborate wardrobe which was especially designed for the young ladies by Royer, studio stylist. . . . Cameraman Dan Clark was again on hand to photograph this picture. Next time, though, he says he'll take along five cameras instead of the two he packed for this trip. Says his subjects were so lively that it will take five cameras to keep track of them and that it's a shame to miss getting any of their antics on celluloid. The Quints are even revising their own scripts this time, some of the things they do and say being too good to leave out. The incident in which Marie picks up Hersholt's snapshot camera and removes the film was her own idea. Marie, incidentally, is the acknowledged comedienne of the sisters and the favorite of Director Norman Taurog. . . . John Qualen, who does such a good job of fathering the Quints in their pictures, has actually never laid eyes on them. All his sequences have been filmed in Hollywood, but as soon as the studio gives him a breathing spell Qualen is hiking off to Callander. . . . Rochelle Hudson is the envy of all the Hollywood girls since she brought back ten white bear rugs from the Canadian wilds.

### ★★★ Love on the Run (M-G-M)

Here's a merry little item directed in the fast and furious tradition of W. S. Van Dyke and made terrific by the presence of such box-office champions as Clark

Gable, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. The story is an impossible sort of thing, which means that due credit is herewith handed to the scenarists for turning out a script full of comical moments and a generous quota of first-class lines. Here's the set-up: Joan Crawford is an heiress about to marry Ivan Lebedeff, a phoney nobleman, while Gable and Tone are London correspondents for New York papers assigned to cover the wedding. Joan jilts Ivan at the altar, and Clark rushes off with her in a plane chartered by Reginald Owen and Mona Barrie, who turn out to be spies—in fact, international spies. The movies continue to portray newspapermen as half clown and half faun, so perhaps Gable and Tone are not to be blamed for falling into the pattern. At any rate, they do it well, with the aid, no doubt, of the Van Dyke touch. Joan Crawford unbends surprisingly in her high comedy moments and handles the romantic interludes in her customary manner. Reginald Owen and Mona Barrie sharply define their spy roles, and Ivan Lebedeff is as phoney a count as you could ask for. It's good fun for all audiences.

### Preview Postscript

Clark Gable "faked" that scene where he takes up the plane in blissful ignorance of all its mechanics. For Clark's really a licensed pilot and knows what it's all about—only the studio won't let him prove it, having put a ban on this type of Gable recreation. They won't even let him take that China Clipper trip which has been a suppressed desire of the star for the past year. However, M-G-M couldn't stop Clark covering 25,000 miles of South America last year by air, or keep him on the ground on the completion of this picture. He had three days before reporting for work on "Parnell" and spent them flying between Hollywood and New York. . . . That's Amelia Earhart's \$80,000 plane used in this picture. The stu-



dio wanted a plane that would most closely resemble a stratosphere plane and Miss Earhart's flying laboratory most closely approximated their needs. . . . Joan and Franchot are making plans to visit England during the Coronation for business as well as pleasure. They have an offer to do a play in London together—a deed they have been contemplating for the past three years, but as yet have found nothing that suits them both. Every spare minute is spent in the Tone Little Theatre in their three-acre backyard play-acting, so they should be pretty good by now.

### ★★★ Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)

This is one of the season's most refreshing and amusing comedies, a film you'll enjoy as much as anything you've seen this year. Besides, it presents Irene Dunne as a delightfully adept comedienne, something no one would have believed after her rather awkward attempt at comedy in "Show Boat." In this one Irene is Theodora Lynn, an extremely proper young lady who resides with two prim maiden aunts. Neither the aunts nor her neighbors in Lynnfield know that Theodora is also Caroline Adams, author of sexy novels. When Theodora pays a secret visit to New York and her publisher, she meets Michael Grant (Melvyn Douglas), an artist a bit on the carefree side, who follows her back to Lynnfield and hangs around until he creates a village scandal. Theodora promptly dashes to New York, moves into Michael's apartment and creates a nice little scandal herself, since the frantic Michael has a wife somewhere in the background. Their romantic turnabout is hilariously funny in the capable hands of Miss Dunne and Mr. Douglas, and much credit is due also to Richard Boleslawski's splendid direction. Thomas Mitchell, Elisabeth Risdon and Spring Byington are outstanding in supporting roles. Besides offering a brand-new Irene Dunne, it's swell entertainment.

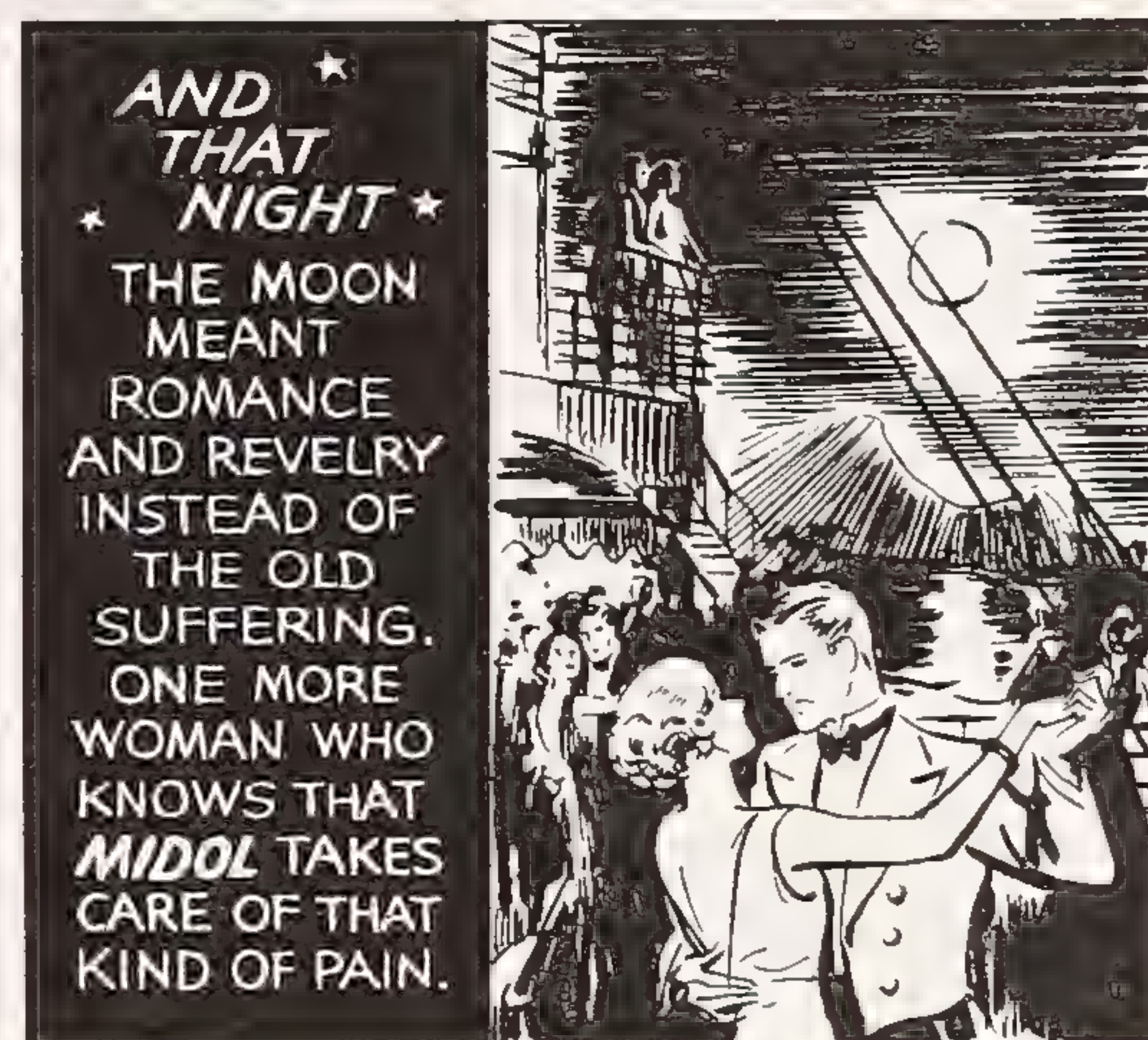
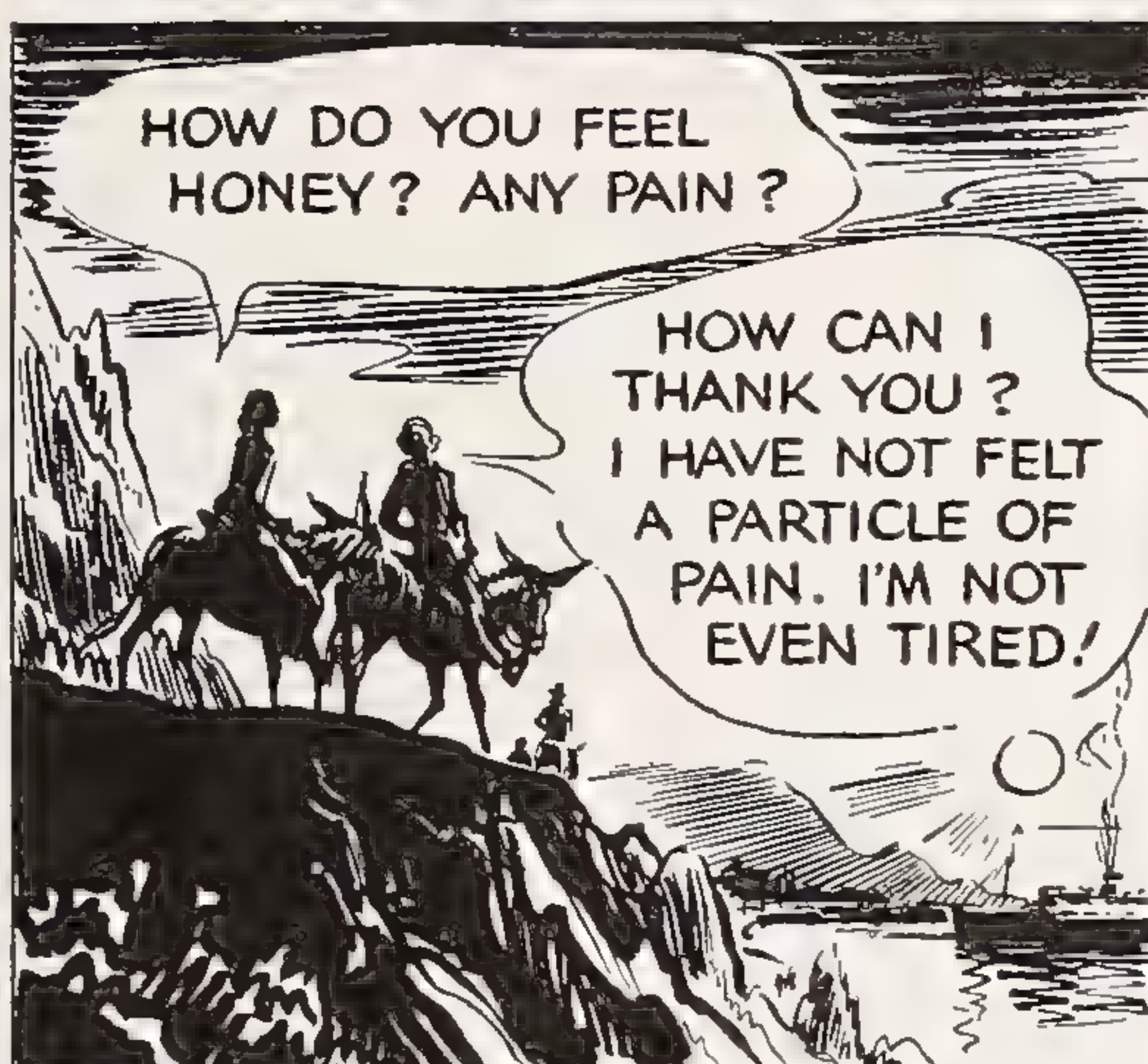
#### Preview Postscript

During his long association with the theatre, Thomas Mitchell has been producer, director, playwright, star and general "play doctor" to ailing stage opuses. Hailing from Elizabeth, N. J., Mitchell got his first taste of the stage when he was seventeen and ran away to join forces with a traveling vaudeville company. After two months of this, he took father's advice and became a newspaper reporter. This led him to Broadway and a dramatic critic's job, which led him back to the stage. Now he's under a three-way contract at Columbia, as writer-director-actor. . . . Rosalind Keith came to pictures through the film city's "showcase." This, in the language of Hollywood, is the aggregate total of the many legitimate theatres strung along Hollywood's famous boulevard. Here many an aspiring young player wangles a job sans salary, or practically none, in the hope of catching the eye of a producer or director. Rosalind came from St. Louis two years ago with the idea of acting in the movies. The movies didn't have that idea until she showed them what they were missing by obtaining a role in "Small Miracle."

### ★ Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)

This is neither Dixie, fish, flesh nor fowl. It is, unfortunately, one of those inept little pictures on which almost everything seems to have gone wrong. Its star, Jane Withers, is buried under an avalanche of stock situations and has little opportunity to display her talents. The story—and don't stop us if you've heard it—gets under way when Jane and Slim Summerville, a

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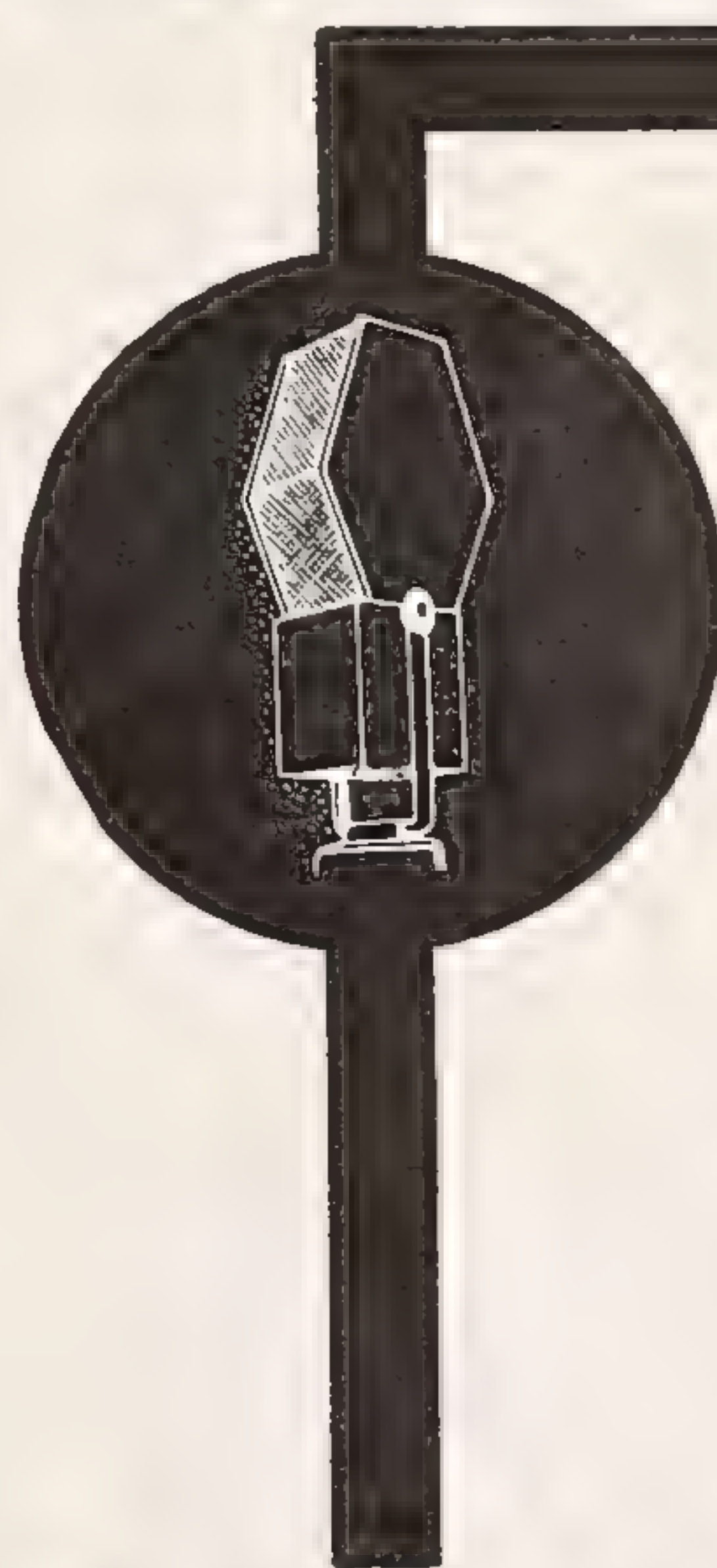
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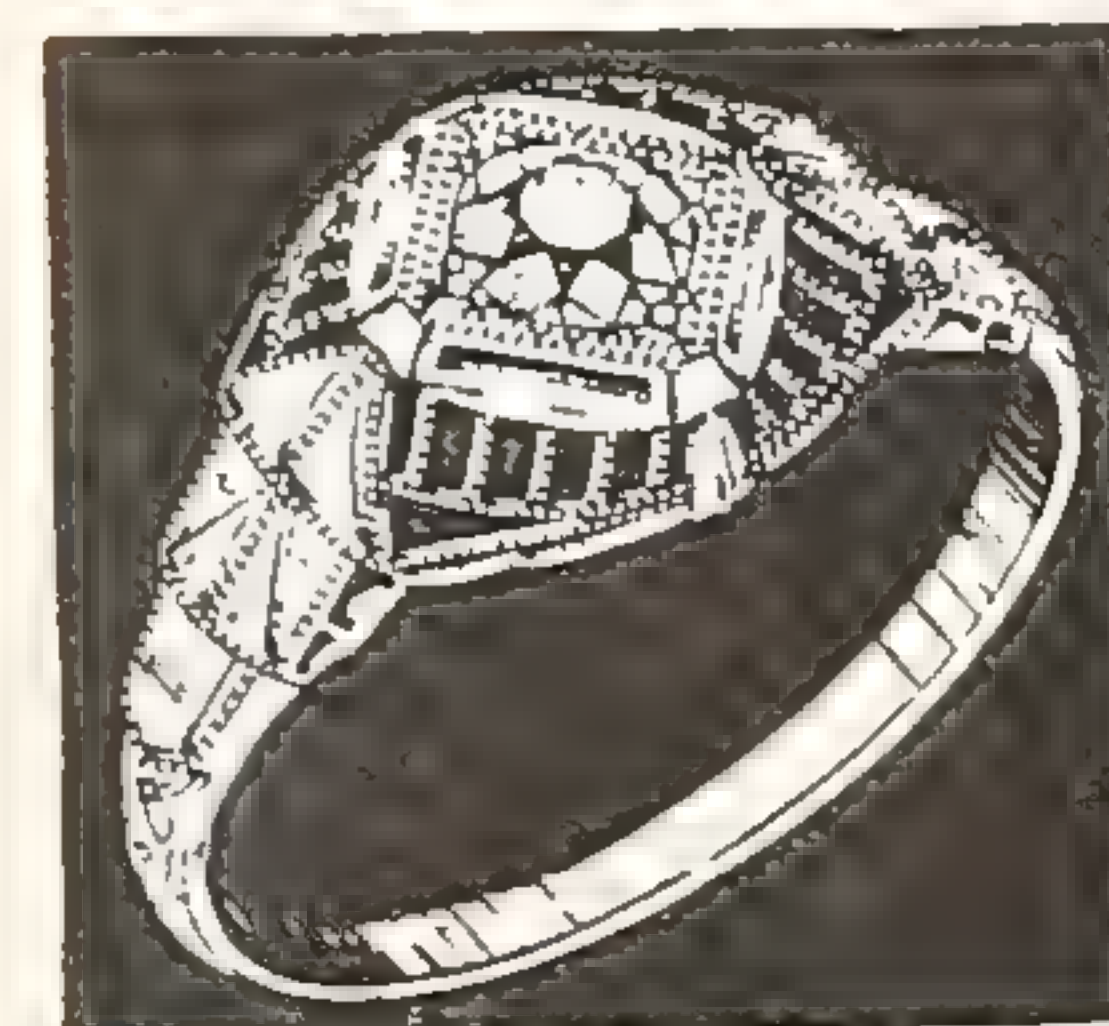
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traveling minstrel team, wander onto the estate of old Colonel Peachtree (Claude Gillingwater). The Colonel, a proud and penniless son of the Old South, is trying to save the homestead from the clutches of the village banker (Donald Cook), a black-hearted villain who holds the mortgage. Mr. Cook has the temerity to suggest an exchange of the mortgage for the hand of the Colonel's granddaughter, a proposition which met with a round of hisses from the preview audience. But little Jane saves the old plantation and the gal's honor by the simple process of winning an amateur show and rushing back with the money just as wedding bells are about to ring. The plot goes on from there, but we don't. Claude Gillingwater does what he can with the role of the old Colonel, but the dialogue writers are too much for him.

## Preview Postscript

No Southern dialogue director was needed for the cast of this picture of the Old South. Jane Withers hails from Atlanta, Georgia, and hasn't forgotten either the corn pone or the accent yet. Helen Wood comes from Clarksville, Tennessee, and had just managed to pronounce r's when the studio called her in for this one; Thomas Beck was born and raised in Baltimore, Maryland; Hattie Hill was once a slave; Slim Summerville, though born in Canada, spent so many years touring the South in road shows that he claims he's a Confederate by environment.... Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are teamed romantically for the third time in this film—and off screen they are justlikethis. Helen won a beauty contest in Tennessee which started her on her way to Hollywood.... Jane Withers is the most businesslike of all the child actresses about her work. She doesn't believe in wasting a minute's time—for the simple reason that it will mean one minute less of playing with the "kids." However, she manages to lose out on every picture due to a series of casualties. On this one, the door of an auto-trailer fell on Jane and knocked her unconscious for a half hour, she ate just a little too much chocolate cake for one scene and was slightly incapacitated for work, then helped put out a fire in a wagon-load of cotton and suffered a couple of singed fingers and managed to mash a finger with a baseball bat two days before the picture's completion. There's a saying around a Withers' set that Jane can always be located in a split second by tracing down the liniment and iodine odors.

## ★★ Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)

The new Bing Crosby opus is a joy and a disappointment. It's a joy because it gives Bing the best set of songs he's ever had, and it's a disappointment because these same songs are so much better than the picture. However, the music will appeal to the Crosby fans, who by this time have probably given up anticipating anything startling in the way of a story in their hero's pictures. Briefly, it has Bing as a happy-go-lucky guy who wanders about the countryside strumming a guitar and boop-a-dooping love ballads to the world in general. He meets Edith Fellowes and her grandfather (Donald Meek), and spends most of the film's remaining reels trying to keep Edith out of the clutches of the county truant officer. The t. o. is Madge Evans, so you know the rest of the story. High spot of the picture is a cafe scene with Lewis Armstrong, the dusky dispenser of song and hot trumpet, rendering "Skeleton in the Closet." Bing's best song is "And So Do I." Almost as effective are "Pennies from Heaven," "Let's Call a Heart a Heart" and "One, Two—Button Your Shoe." Edith Fellowes, who portrays the screen's

nastiest brats, is swell in her mean moments and impossible in her nice ones.

## Preview Postscript

Bing Crosby, Inc., is one of the film city's busiest corporations. This was true particularly while this picture was being prepared and produced, for the firm had the complete say-so about story, songs, dialogue and the leading lady. Bing himself is president, Brother Everett is secretary-treasurer, Brother Larry is director, with Dad Crosby and Mother Crosby giving the final okay on everything. Bing says he can't wait for the next couple of years to roll by, when he'll have Bing, Jr., and the twins on his payroll, too.... Edith is rated the biggest little actress in town. She's thirteen now, has appeared in over one hundred films, wants to be sophisticated, but admits she has the biggest collection of dolls in Hollywood and adores them all.... Madge Evans was a "baby star" herself. At the age of five she was starring in "Edith's Burglar," a play that never saw Broadway, but did see the sticks. At thirteen she was John Barrymore's leading lady, and a year later Richard Barthelmess'. To go back to Madge's youth, she was modeling at the age of two—in soap, dress and hat ads. She's still getting neat royalties from the "Madge Evans Hats"—remember?

## ★★ Go West, Young Man (Paramount)

In this film you are treated to the spectacle of Mae West burlesquing, of all people, Mae West. In its original stage production, "Go West, Young Man" was "Personal Appearance" and its star, Gladys George, portrayed a high-salaried movie queen on a personal appearance tour. The character played by Miss George reminded many audiences of Our Mae, and now, wonder of wonders, here is the screen version with Mae herself in the role. To those who have seen "Personal Appearance," the West performance will be a distinct disappointment. Those who haven't seen it will witness a typical West portrayal as she struts and swaggers her way through the role of the temperamental film darling. Forced to spend a night in a rural boarding house in Pennsylvania during a cross-country tour, she practises her well-exploited charms on Randolph Scott, a handsome filling-station attendant. All of this is highly perturbing to her press-agent (Warren William) until he hits upon the fine old idea of dragging out a tiny garment and convincing his charge that her roadside Romeo is about to become a father. Alice Brady is lost in the minor role of the boarding-house owner, but Elizabeth Patterson, as Aunt Kate, and Isabel Jewell, as a movie-struck young gal, give outstanding performances. Others in the cast are Lyle Talbot, Jack LaRue, Margaret Perry and Etienne Girardot. The picture is mildly vulgar in the best Mae West tradition, but it doesn't rank with this season's better comedies.

## Preview Postscript

Those jools sported by La West are the genuine article, down to the last square-cut diamond, a fact attested to by the stalwart presence of three detectives on the set. Ever since Mae lost that batch of jewelry in a robbery, she's decorated with both detectives and diamonds.... This marks the first time any of the present cast has played in a picture with Miss W. and no complaints were heard. There wasn't even in-law trouble with Peter Baikoff, sister Beverly's Russian husband, who plays a minor role.... Warren William has played so many sleuth roles in the past years at Warners that finger-printing was second nature to him.... Alice Brady, the lady who owns so many dogs, said she would not set foot in any studio which banned her





Remember this star? It's the Russian Anna Sten and she's much seen about Hollywood these days even though she has no permanent studio connection.

pets. Alice, therefore, came every day with at least three in tow. Checker, Lavinia and Cocktail, all wire-haired terriers. The exclusive Club Norconia, at Corona, where the company went on location, never allowed a dog in the house before. But they rented on entire wing to Miss Brady and five canines for the two weeks of her stay—complete with wire fences to protect the other guests and canvas to protect the floors. . . . Nicodemus, whose real name happens to be plain Horace Stewart, was Mae West's own idea of a colored comedian. She spotted Nic while he was playing in Cab Calloway's orchestra and offered him a role in her next picture. Nic broke out with a new car the hour following his signature on the dotted line. . . . Jack LaRue was Mae's idea of a leading man way back in the "Diamond Lil" days. This is the first time, though, that they've appeared together in celluloid.

## ★★ Charlie Chan at the Opera (20th Century-Fox)

Charlie Chan, the wisest Oriental in Hollywood, returns again to his smooth sleuthing and his generous dispensing of proverbs. It is safe to say that this latest of the Chan series is also one of the finest, for it combines an excellent story with a murder mystery which will baffle almost all of the amateur detectives in the audience. Warner Oland, in his customary Chan role, has a worthy foe this time in Boris Karloff—so worthy that in the cast they're billed "Warner Oland vs. Boris Karloff." This time the suave Chinese and his son (Keye Luke) are called in to prevent a murder expected during an opera performance. Karloff, a mad musician escaped from an asylum, is at large in the theatre, and the long finger of suspicion points ominously toward him. There are others concerned, including a couple of young lovers (Charlotte Henry and Tom Beck), but good old Charlie comes through with the solution just when you're beginning to suspect the man in the next seat. As usual, Warner Oland's performance is smooth and ingratiating. Karloff offers swell contrast to the Oriental detective, and in the role of Chan, Jr., Keye Luke definitely brings an important char-

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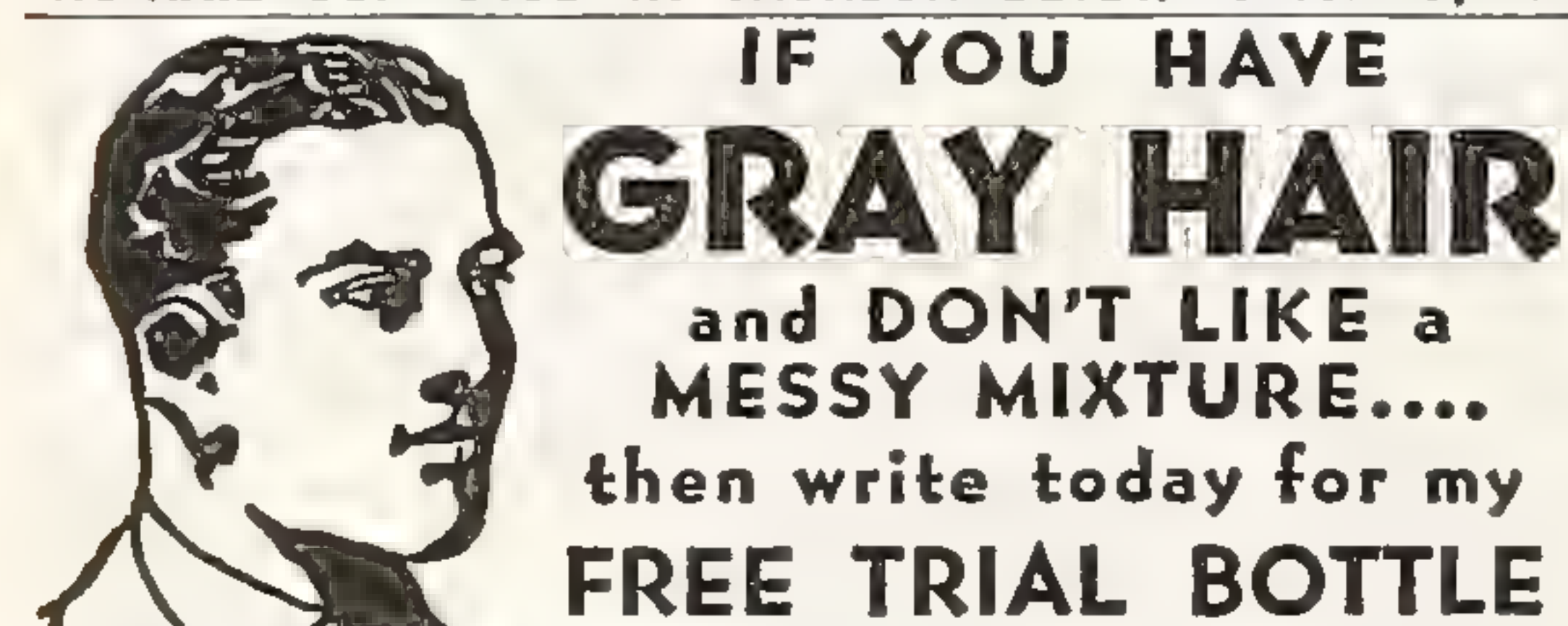
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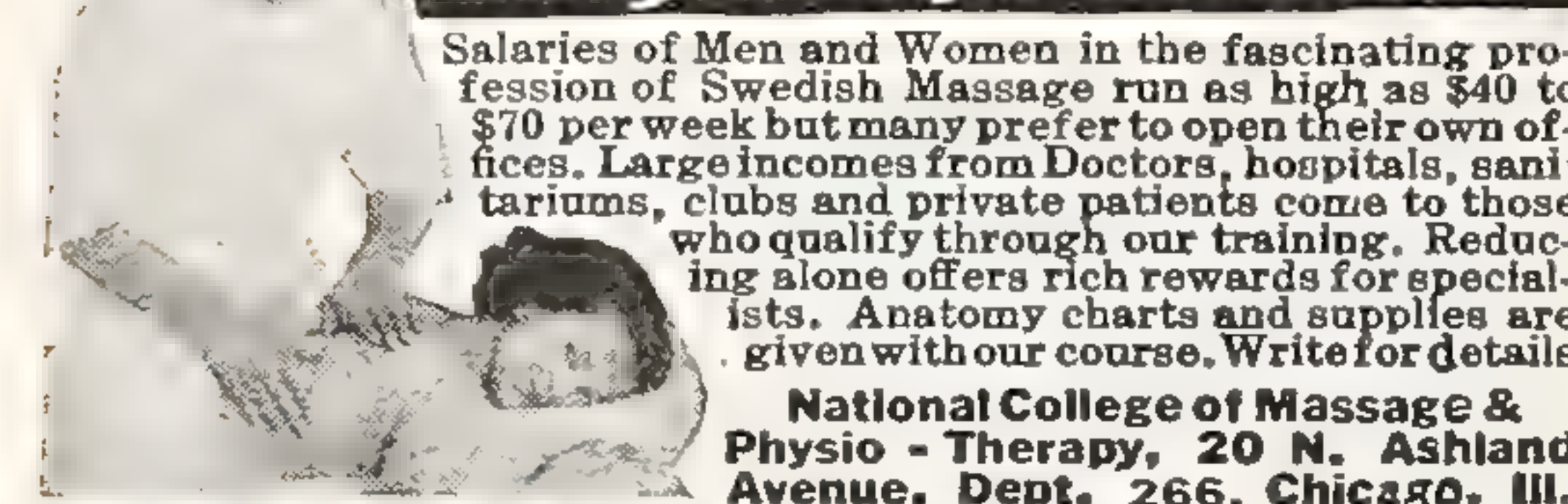
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acter to the series. William Demarest brightens up the time-worn role of the dumb detective, and there are effective smaller parts by Neda Harrigan and Margaret Irving.

### Preview Postscript

Warner Oland and Boris Karloff have long entertained a deep admiration for each other's screen hokum, but this picture afforded them their first opportunity for meeting. And a fast friendship developed between the two, bound closer by a discovery that both are ardent chess fans—a game that hasn't met with too much popularity around Hollywood. Between "takes" on the set the two were at it constantly. . . . The fact that Oland does not use any screen make-up gave him a decided advantage over Karloff, who had to spend plenty of time with the make-up men while Oland thought about chess. Warner's only make-up technique is to twist the ends of his eyebrows up and the corners of his moustache down. That benign expression is his very own and requires no altering. On his recent trip to China, his first, incidentally, after all these years of looking and acting Oriental, Mr. Oland was taken by the natives as one of them. But both Mr. and Mrs. Oland are as Swedish as Garbo. . . . Boris Karloff was originally trained for service in the Chinese Consulate at Hong Kong—but the training didn't take. It was his family's idea in the first place, his father being in the British Indian Civil Service. So William Henry Pratt, Jr., changed his name to Boris Karloff and decided to disappear from England and family. He set sail for Canada, determined to become a tiller and toiler of the good earth. This lasted until he bought a piece of land and tried it. His next move was Vancouver, where he answered an ad for an "experienced character actor," got the job and did it so well that he quit after that performance and hired himself out to a stock company at considerably better pay, figuring he was considerably more experienced. Here he saved \$800, since the manager held out a quarter of his wages every week and paid him at the conclusion of the engagement. So he headed for "big time" in Chicago, had it and then trekked on to New York and on to Hollywood where he struggled along till they realized what a menace Boris Karloff could be.

### ★ The Jungle Princess (Paramount)

Here's a Tarzan-in-reverse-English sort of picture which serves as the film debut of Dorothy Lamour, a reformed radio singer, who portrays a Malayan gal left an orphan in the jungle with no one to protect her but Lemau, her pet tiger, and Bonga, a congenial ape. Miss Lamour is known only as Oolah, but judging from the way she looks in her scanty jungle raiment, her last name is probably Lah. At any rate, her first contact with civilization comes when she saves the life of Ray Milland, an author, who happens to be on a hunting expedition in her territory. Mr. M. has suffered a sprained ankle, so Oolah takes him to her cave, where he spends a pleasant fortnight with the young lady and her playmates, Lemau and Bonga. Love blooms in the jungle, just as it does in Times Square, so when Milland returns to his hunting camp and his fiancée, Oolah follows him. The natives, who regard her as an evil spirit, capture her with Milland and most of the supporting cast, and are about to do them considerable dirt when Bonga and a group of his simian friends descend from the trees and save the day. With a little strain on the imagination you can have a rather enjoyable time watching this sort of thing. Miss Lamour undoubtedly has a screen career on her hands, and Ray Milland

makes his wandering author is believable as possible. There's a good comedy performance by Lynne Overman and a first-rate menace by Mala, the ex-Eskimo.

### Preview Postscript

Dorothy Lamour had entertained romantic pictures of the life of a movie actress, only to find herself lost in the wilds with all the conveniences of a construction camp for three months on her first picture. Dorothy hails from New Orleans but lost the accent somewhere over the NBC airwaves where she's been performing for the past year. Married to Herb Kay, Chicago orchestra leader, the two have frequent rendezvous in Kansas City by plane. . . . Molly Lamont is naturally a brunette and that's a wig you see curling so prettily. She's from Johannesburg, South Africa and thinks California has it all beat. . . . Ray Milland decided to cook up a little excitement during the long days on location and started on a ping-pong tournament. Knowing Molly was from darkest Africa he offered to teach her the game. She proved a fair pupil, interested at least. And in the tournament proceeded to wallop the entire cast, crew and director, modestly admitting that she's the Johannesburg champ.

### ★ The Plot Thickens (RKO-Radio)

Once again James Gleason assumes the role of police inspector and hard-boiled guy out to see that justice is done, no matter what. And once again Hildegard Withers, the suppressed schoolmarm, shows up to see that Jimmie sees that justice is done. This time Miss Withers is none other than Zasu Pitts and to our mind is the best of the crop of Hildegardes to date. The plot centers around the theft of the famous Cellini cup from the Metropolitan Museum. Everyone, of course, is under suspicion and complications come thick and fast once Jimmie starts stirring things up. The background of the huge museum is excellent to provide a few more thrills and chills as the sleuth and his uninvited assistant, Hildegard, prowl around on the scent of clues. Romance is supplied by Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr., who handle it capably enough with the small opportunity afforded them. Arthur Aylesworth does a commendable job of butting and Agnes Anderson and Paul Fix do well by their jobs of chauffeur and maid, respectively, to Richard Tucker, who meets an unhappy end in this film. In short, if mystery murders provide pleasant diversion for you, you won't go wrong on this one.

### Preview Postscript

Jimmie Gleason has been the Oscar Piper of all four pictures in this series, but there have been three leading ladies—Edna Mae Oliver for two of them, Helen Broderick for the other. "Penguin Pool Murder," "Murder on a Honeymoon" and "Murder on a Bridle Path" were the other cheerful titles. . . . Jimmie Gleason is back again in the race-horse breeding business. At one time Jimmie had a racing stable of his own, but is more interested in raising them than racing them. He also invented a liniment, after a series of polo falls, that is so good his friends are urging him to market it. Gleason's Glue, the family calls it. Owen Davis, Jr.'s glassy stare on occasion can be blamed on Anne Shirley. She was in New York while this was being filmed and Owen faded visibly every day until her return.

### ★★ Mad Holiday (M-G-M)

The holiday taken by the characters in this picture is slightly insane, to put it



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Married over a year and fond parents, to boot, the Norman Fosters (Sally Blane) look like young lovers as they dance at Joan Bennett's Cocomat Grove party recently.

mildly. Edmund Lowe, Elissa Landi, Ted Healy, Zasu Pitts, Edgar Kennedy and a few others see to that. It's farce from beginning to end, but can't, with justification be called mad farce since some pretty weak gags are included. However, many of the situations are hilarious and the picture is practically bore-proof. Edmund Lowe plays himself here—a movie actor who has played so many roles on the Philo Vance line that he's about ready to commit murder himself. In order to get away from it all, and particularly from Peter Dean, whose brain-waves are the source of all Lowe's pictures, he books passage for a nice, restful ocean trip. Peter Dean, none other than Elissa Landi, books passage on the same ship for a well-earned rest. Ted Healy, a publicity pest, boards the same boat as does Zasu Pitts, who simply adores anything connected with movies.

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Francis Lederer and Margo arrive in New York for "Winter-set" opening.

Across-the-table notes: Shirley Dean waggles a finger at Russell Gleason during Assistance League luncheon for "Lloyds of London" cast.



With several gentlemen with ulterior motives on board, some pseudo-detectives, a few dope-fiends and drunkards, and a priceless diamond to boot, excitement is a safe bet. But we didn't bank on all those corpses. However, most of them are laughed off in the nonchalant spirit of the picture and everyone, with the possible exception of the latter characters, has a fine time. Elissa Landi is a welcome sight after her year's absence from the screen and does full justice to her role as does Lowe in his usual dependable manner.

### Preview Postscript

This is the first picture for both Elissa Landi and Edmund Lowe under their new M-G-M contracts. Elissa recently returned from working in European pictures and visiting around New York and Washington. She's hard at her fifth book at present—and not just hard at encouraging her ghost-writer, for La Landi actually pens her own stuff. Elissa's new horse is named "Meistersinger" in honor of Nino Martini, who spends nine-tenths of his time at the studio watching Elissa or singing to her at her Palos Verdes beach home.

Eddie Lowe used to play fullback on the Santa Clara football team, so this picture's schedule had to be carefully arranged to "shoot around" Eddie on Saturdays before he would sign for the role, since it was to be made during football season. Twice, though, Eddie was detained at the studio so late on Saturday that he had to charter a plane to make the Santa Clara games. Eddie's home town is as famous this year for its team as its prunes, for they haven't lost a game. Now Mr. Lowe is spending all his extra time trying to get them into the Rose Bowl game festivities on New Year's day. . . . Edgar Kennedy's been in pictures since the year one, was in fact one of the first Keystone cops—and a genuine one, which is rare, in this town filled with phoney Keystone cops.

### ★ Without Orders (RKO-Radio)

If you're air-minded, you will like this picture. If not, there's a good possibility you will be when the picture's over. "Without Orders" is not a first-class story, it isn't even second-class in some spots, but those scenes directly concerning aviation are fascinating from a technical standpoint and exciting from an adventurous one. A large air-port is the background, with transport flyers, air stewardesses and

aviation officials the principal characters. Charles Grapewin, president of the airline, has a son, Vinton Haworth, who is more interested in flying high on terra firma than in the skies. So he appeals to his ace pilot, Robert Armstrong, to make a man of Vinton. The fact that Bob's girl, Sally Eilers, fancies herself in love with Vinton doesn't make this assignment any easier. To add complications to the plot, there's Frances Sage as Sally's sister, who's also mixed up with Vinton. Our heroine is finally brought to her senses when Vinton turns yellow in an air crisis and she has to bring the plane down, with Robert Armstrong giving her directions via radio. The Eilers-Armstrong team turns in adequate performances, and Vinton Haworth is commendable as the weak-kneed son.

### Preview Postscript

Robert Armstrong knew a thing or two about planes even before making this celluloider. He was in the air corps during the War. While attending the University of Washington Bob was the White Hope of the football team. But he turned down the team his last year in favor of college dramatics, wrote a skit for the collitch boys and then took it on the road with such success that he never again saw dear old Washington. Having proved his stuff, Uncle Paul Armstrong, producer of Broadway plays, gave Bob a chance in his next production—a little number that lasted two nights but gave Jimmie Gleason the opportunity to spot Bob. Jimmie offered Bob a chance in a play that he guaranteed would last three nights. It was "Is Zat So?" which lasted three years, finally bringing Bob to Hollywood and pitchers. . . . Vinton Haworth, whose screen debut this is, is the uncle of no less than Ginger Rogers. He's married to Mama Lela's sister. Vinton has had radio and stage experience prior to this. He used to be Jack Howard in the Myrt and Marge series.

### ★ Hideaway Girl (Paramount)

"Hideaway Girl" tries desperately to be a gay, romantic comedy-with-song. Intended to be a combination of mystery and high comedy, it emerges as just another dismal little imitation of "It Happened One Night." The picture opens with a shot of Shirley Ross, and you are led to suspect that she has just swiped a fancy diamond necklace from a fancy wedding



party. In her flight she is forced to stop at a filling station, but the attendant who serves her isn't really an attendant at all; he is Robert Cummings, who, we soon discover, is the possessor of considerable wealth, a barrel of charm, and a yacht. When the two of them start yapping at each other all of us constant movie patrons recognize the time-worn tip-off; they're in love. Things all lead to the Cummings' yacht, a skiff of such proportions most audiences will mistake it for the *Queen Mary*. After considerable horseplay and plot manipulation we learn that Shirley didn't really steal the necklace at all; the real thief is Mr. Cummings' fiancée, who all the time had been in cahoots with a character named Jake, the Rat. Shirley Ross does nicely considering the circumstances, but Robert Cummings is a bit too debonair for comfort. Major disappointment is Martha Raye in the comedy department. After her swell clowning in "Rhythm on the Range" we expected her to be louder and funnier in this one. She's just louder.

### Preview Postscript

Martha Raye is apt to be just as crazy, and sometimes more so, off screen than on. Between "takes" La Raye will oblige at any time with songs and dances—even between takes. An overnight sensation in Hollywood, Martha's lost thirty pounds trying to keep up with it all. A year ago she wasn't sure of her next meal ahead and now she's scheduled for four pictures at a time. The Raye girl is kept hopping between costume fittings, dancing and singing lessons, hairdressers and trying to get to bed for awhile each night. When she couldn't find time for the latter after the close of this picture, Martha retired for a week to the hospital to catch up on it... Shirley Ross still can't believe that things are happening the way they really are around her. Appearing with Gus Arnheim's band a couple of years ago at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, in Beverly Hills, Shirley was instantly spotted by an M-G-M talent sleuth who whisked his find away from Gus, out to the studio, and signed her to the dotted line before she had time to catch her breath. But she had plenty of time in the next years to do that. For the Ross "find" never got a chance at a part except in "bit" roles. When she heard there might be a chance at Paramount, Shirley gambled all, broke her M-G-M contract and trotted over. The "Big Broadcast" was her first, this her second and

next you'll see her with Bing Crosby. . . . Robert Cummings is the Missouri boy who went to England for the sole purpose of acquiring an English accent to impress Hollywood. For Hollywood had long been his goal, but producers took one listen to that Southern drawl and decided Bob was too naïve for he-man roles. Having spent a year in London, Bob came back with the most sophisticated twang in town. And was promptly cast for his first picture—a role, suh, in "So Red the Rose."

### ★ Smart Blonde

(Warners)

Here's another murder story, enlivened by the girl reporter hot on the trail of the murderer and the handsome detective trying to get there first. After resorting to every under-handed ruse they can think of and every dirty crack not in the dictionary to use on one another, they proceed to fall in love, practically over the corpse. That's the story, but Glenda Farrell's the newshound and Barton MacLane's the sleuth, which considerably improves matters. True enough, some of the gags and situations are a bit aged, but in the competent hands of the leading characters they don't lack punch. Winifred Shaw and Jane Wyman are other highlights of the picture. Miss Shaw gives her usual deft characterization and Jane Wyman walks off with the best laughs in the film.

### ★ Flying Hostess

(Universal)

Here's a little number which takes up the subject of airline stewardesses. It makes an interesting story for gals with an eye on that profession and not a bad one for the rest of us to watch. In this case we have three very pretty and determined young ladies out to make the grade. Judith Barrett, one of Universal's new "finds" among the younger crop, is the heroine of the tale. To prove her nerve, after fainting dead away in the first examination, Judith brings down a great big plane all alone, thereby impressing William Gargan, head of the airline, and re-impressing William Hall, the line's star pilot. Ella Logan has a time for herself, too, what with proving her mettle and sparring with Andy Devine. The aviation scenes are well filmed, dialogue is good.



You'll never guess who the gal is in this picture! It's Jean Muir with her hair dyed black for her next picture. The chap is Gordon Oliver, her new romance.

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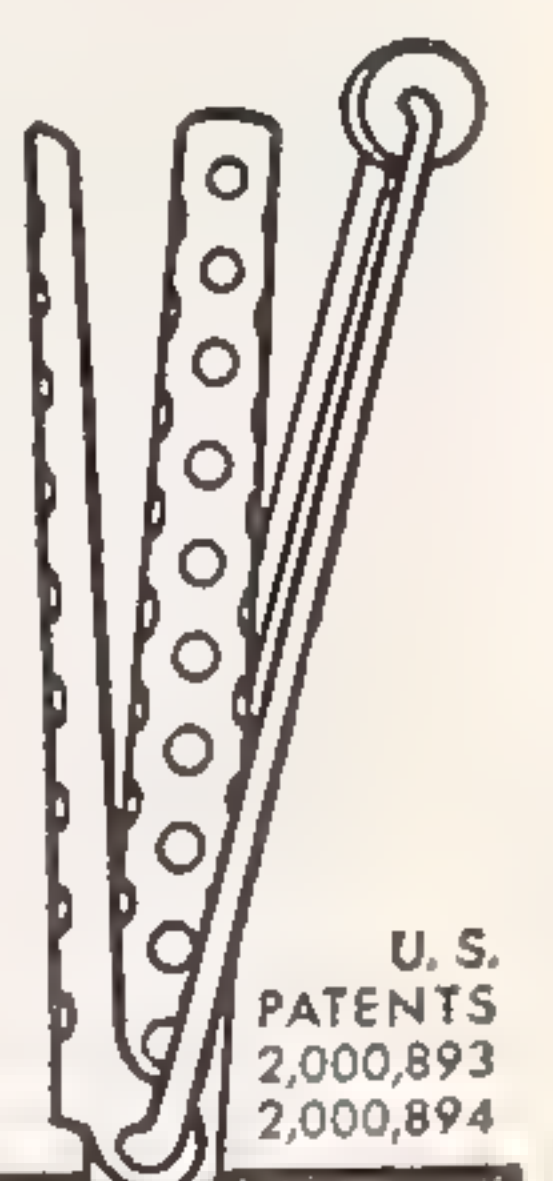
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## Good News

(Continued from page 66)

Goodbye to the Soil note: Spencer Tracy has sold his string of polo ponies and turned the profits in on a yacht.



'Way Back When dept.: The wife of a famous radio and screen comedian, at a Hollywood beauty shop with her sister, started complaining about having to wait around for service. But just before she became too, too grand about it the sister cut her down with: "Now, Sadie, remember Macy's basement."



Olivia de Havilland, the gal for whom The Light Brigade charged, says it ain't so about rumors of her romance with Jimmy Blakely. We were going to say de Havilland deNies deNews, but we decided it wasn't very funny.



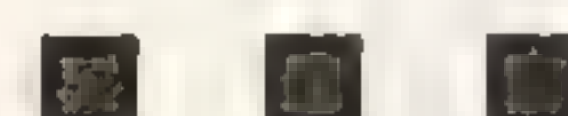
After one Hollywood date with Ginger Rogers, bandmaster Johnny Green made his appearance in a magazine interview entitled, "My Friend, Ginger Rogers." Now, after several dates with another young lady about town, we'll be looking for the next Johnny Green story entitled, "My Very Good Friend, Sylvia Sidney."



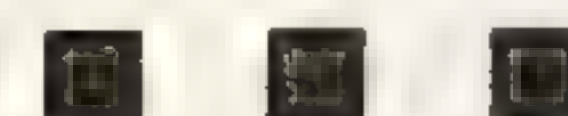
Practically all of Hollywood moved down to Palm Springs on the resort's opening night. Perhaps most of the gals had seen Dietrich in the desert in "The Garden of Allah," and hoped maybe the open spaces would do something for them. Anyway, there was much carrying on and about, with most of it concentrated at the Racquet Club, owned by Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy. And just to prove that times are good in the desert, Racquet Club memberships which sold for \$75, last year, are now retailing at \$1000 apiece. Your thousand bucks entitles you to walk right in and buy all the drinks you want.



Seen at Palm Springs: Newlyweds Joan Blondell and Dick Powell shopping for tiny garments. But not the kind you think—they were strictly for Mrs. P.

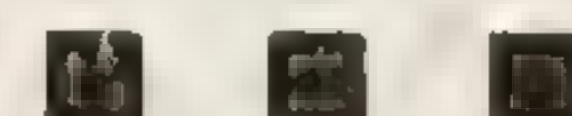


Want to hear a story about four pigeons? It was told to us by a very close friend, who also happens to be a pigeon, so we know it's true. Well, it seems Kay Francis expressed a desire for pigeons, so George Brent—good old George, they call him—who had a plethora of them gave her four of his. Miss F. took great care of them for several weeks, then let them out for sort of a test flight. They promptly flew right back to the Brent homestead. George and the four birds forgot to tell Kay they were homing pigeons.



The Francis gal, incidentally, is telling all her friends that she'll never marry while she's in pictures. Whether this is just a plea to all her fans to plunk down a quarter for her next picture to keep her single, or whether it's just bad news to gentleman friend Delmer Daves, nobody knows. In the

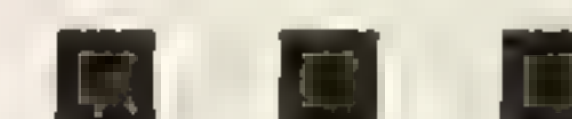
meantime she and Mr. D. are bound for Europe, and if they come back married, just pretend you didn't see this paragraph.



Prediction: The next child star sensation will be 13-year-old Deanna Durbin. We saw a couple of reels of her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," in a projection room at Universal, and it is our duty to report that the young lady has everything that's required. Sort of a combination Shirley Temple and Jeanette MacDonald, which seems like a very fine combination.



A number of hard-working Hollywood heroes don't have much time to indulge in their favorite sports, so they hie themselves to a Turkish bath and get their exercise flat on their backs on the masseur's table. Errol Flynn, who has trouble with his hips, often visits the masseur three or four times a week. "In my pictures," he says sadly, "I'm supposed to look like a wedge." So he takes his pounding, but he doesn't like it.



The David Niven-Merle Oberon romance took a sock in the jaw when Merle recently sailed for England and all the gossip columnists reported that she and David were straining at the leash. What really happened was this: David was spending a week with a friend in North Carolina, prior to shoving off for New York and a goodbye kiss for Merle. Two days before he was to leave, the flu caught up with him, so Merle sailed away with no adieu. But they say she carried a rain check.



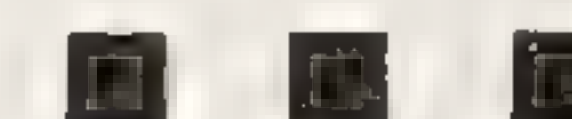
One of the shortest flights on record was Clark Gable's trip to New York. He planned a 10-day vacation to see plays, especially "Idiot's Delight," which he is to do for the films. He saw "Idiot's Delight," but he also discovered it was the delight of his fans to mob him wherever he went. So Mr. G., disguised as an unidentified citizen, sneaked through the Holland Tunnel to Newark and grabbed a plane back to Hollywood. Incidentally, when he left for the East, the Sunday airport sightseers were treated to something a little extra when Carole Lombard handed her hero quite a demonstrative send-off.



Joe E. Brown, who for years has been winning all the Warner Brothers ingenues in his screen life, is growing up. Evidence is that his son, Don, was one of the mainstays on last season's football team at the University of California at Los Angeles.



Probably to remind people he isn't Mr. Swarthout, Frank Chapman has given the missus a bracelet and necklace made of gold letters. The bracelet spells "Gladys" and the necklace spells "Chapman." Hollywood husbands please note.



The owner of the nimblest feet in Hollywood doesn't care about using them too much. The guy is Fred Astaire, and he's so kind to his breadwinners that he asked





Just a backward glance at four smart looking gals at the Del Rio Charity shindig. Virginia Bruce, Anita Louise, Dolores Del Rio and Joan Bennett in left to right order. Swell shot of all four, isn't it?

his studio for a bicycle to take him around the lot. But who cares, as the saying goes, so long as he doesn't wear it in his pictures.

■ ■ ■

Bob Montgomery had just returned to Metro for work, after his return from his farm in Connecticut, when a magazine writer swooped down upon him. "Oh, Mr. Montgomery," said the gal, breathlessly, "I'm so glad you're back. I want to get your ideas on love for a symposium I'm writing." "Just symposium I'm not back yet!" said Bob, beating a hasty retreat.

■ ■ ■

Note on Something or Other: Mack Gordon, 300-pound song writer—"Did you Ever See a Dream Walking?" etc.—entering the Brown Derby with a book under his arm. The book was "Live Alone and Like it."

■ ■ ■

Warner Baxter journeyed to the mountains in Colorado recently to join the elks—but the elks he wanted to get next to were of the four-footed variety. It is sad to report that all Warner brought back was a broken ankle, which is why you see him hobbling down Hollywood Boulevard these days with his foot in a plaster cast.

■ ■ ■

Chester Morris and his wife celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary the other evening with a party gala enough to do justice to such an event in Hollywood. Out

on the "I Promise to Pay" set at Columbia we asked Chester about the affair. "It was a nice party. There must have been about three hundred people at the house," he said. "And about half of them, I understand," he added sadly, "are still there."

■ ■ ■

**Fashion Note:** Robert Young's three-year-old daughter has always been one of Shirley Temple's more ardent fans. But since her father took her to visit on the "Stowaway" set, Carol Ann's love is more deeply entrenched, for Shirley paid her the finest female compliment known. "That's a very pretty dress, Carol Ann," she said, giving Miss Young's organdie number a critical gaze. "Where did you get it?"

■ ■ ■

Out at the 20th-Century-Fox studios, where Simone Simon holds forth, there is a new publicity man assigned to the redundant French gal. His name, believe it or not, is Gordon Gordon. But the studio indignantly denies that Simone's next picture is being scripted by a writer on the lot whose name—we swear it on a stack of scenarios—is Arthur Arthur: My! My!

■ ■ ■

Seen in Schwab's Pharmacy on Sunset Boulevard, the corner drug store for a lot of the stars: Frances Farmer, in blue denim shirt and slacks, the morning after the preview of "Come and Get It," reading glowing reviews of her work in the movie trade papers. And she didn't even gulp her coffee.

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Thousands who suffered from backaches, muscle pains and chest congestion, now find genuine relief in an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains of rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago. It draws the blood to the painful spot and gives a glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Make sure you get ALLCOCK'S, the original. No other porous plaster goes on and comes off as easily—or does as much good. 25¢ at druggists.



## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump  
Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.



# MORE GOOD NEWS



The John Barrymores attend their first movie preview after their much-publicized Yuma merger.

(Continued from page 66)

The John Barrymore-Elaine Barry romance—and it isn't true that it's a take-off on "Sing, Baby, Sing"—came to a climax in Yuma when Miss Barrie got that extra syllable tacked on her name. There were reports of a furious battle the day after the wedding, but it must have cooled down in a hurry, for we saw them a few days later in the Brown Derby's Bamboo Room sipping a bit of something or other with Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, the bride's parents.



Errol Flynn and Kay Francis claim the new endurance record for love scenes. In "Another Dawn," which they recently finished, they went into a romantic interlude which lasted, according to the director's watch, for seven minutes. And a seven-minute romance in Hollywoodtown practically means that you're childhood sweethearts.



A headline in a Hollywood paper recently announced: ARLINE JUDGE TO CHAPERONE DIXIE DUNBAR ON TRIP EAST. Now all they need is a chaperone for Arline and the trip's on.



Dodie, the hat check girl at the Trocadero, is one of the prettiest girls in town—and a book lover besides. She's had a book now for almost six months and some day she intends to read it. She must have got tired of hearing "You ought to be in pictures" from every gent who traded a quarter for his hat, so now you'll see her

Looking hale and hearty, Adolphe and Veree Teasdale Menjou see "The Garden of Allah" opening.



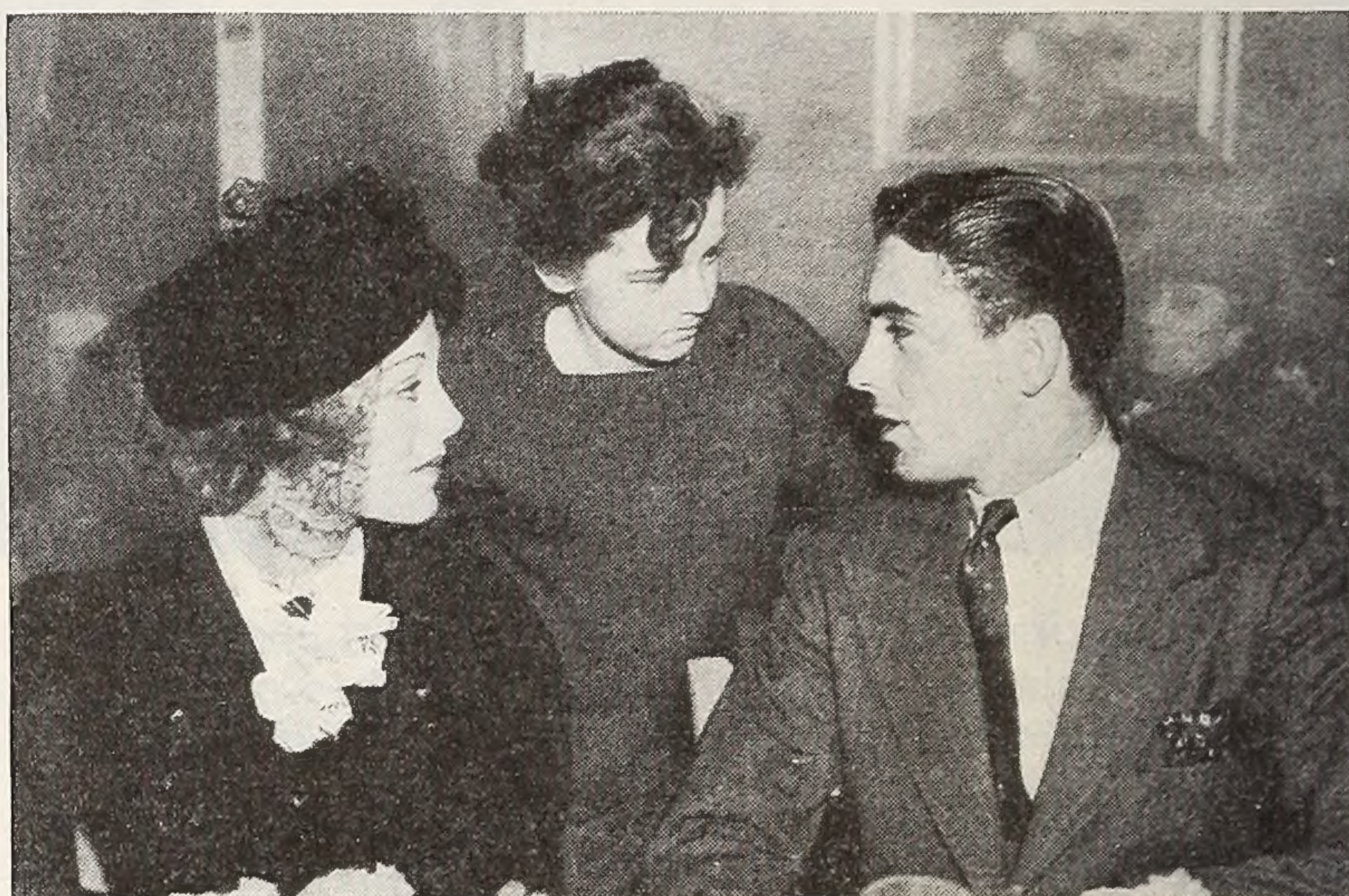
in the new Selznick-International picture, "A Star Is Born." Her name is Darlene Taylor, and she knows enough about pictures to hang on to her hat check job.



Saw Jean Muir in the Warner Brothers commissary, lunching with Gordon Oliver, a young contract player who has been Jean's constant companion for several months. And you ought to see little Miss Muir now that she's emerged with black bobbed hair for a part in her new picture "Lord of the Land." You also ought to hear her story about the penguin. We'd tell you, but we can't whisper.



Freddie Bartholomew in serious chat with Virginia Fields and Tyrone Power, Jr. at lunch.



Frances Langford helps Eleanor Powell and her mother read a wire at "Born to Dance" premiere.

When Arlington Brugh left Beatrice, Nebraska, three years ago he was just Arlington Brugh, so there was no send-off and no fireworks. But when he returned recently, he was Robert Taylor and the entire population turned out to greet him. After a few days of seeing old friends he returned to another swell homecoming in Hollywood, for M-G-M tore up his old contract and handed him a new one which calls for a starting salary of \$2500 per week. Besides being the country's Number One box-office attraction, he is one of the nicest guys out here, which is why everyone cheered at the new contract.



# Beautiful Eyes for You

easily with

## Maybelline



THE romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10c stores. 10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!

## Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids



Solid Mascara, Black, Brown or Blue, in brilliant metal vanity. 75c



Cream Mascara, Blue, Black or Brown, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c



Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown, Blue.



Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.





# Feeling Fine

## GOES WITH A LIGHT SMOKE

"On top of the world." It's the grand feeling that goes with smoking Luckies . . . a light smoke that treats you right . . . that's truly kind to your throat . . . that delights you with the savory flavor of the highest priced center leaves of rich tobaccos. A light smoke—because only Lucky Strike gives you such fine tobaccos plus the priceless throat protection of the "Toasting" Process. Only Lucky Strike.



*a light smoke*  
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"